Oct. 4, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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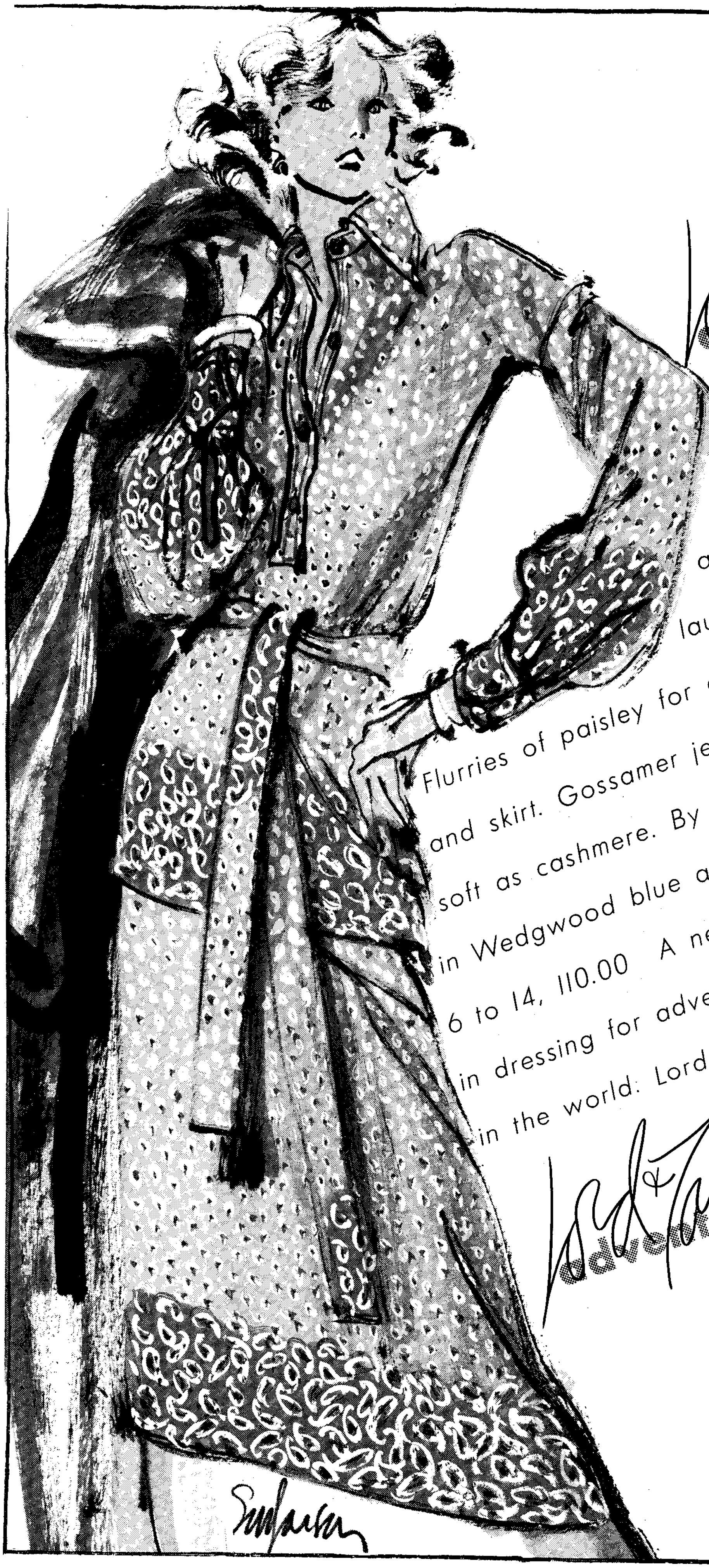

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Days in the Trees—Mildred Dunnock, Joseph Maher, and Suzanne Lederer are first-rate in this bitter comedy about family life, written by Marguerite Duras. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Going Up—A musical out of the time of the First World War. It has some pleasant dancing and perhaps two good songs, but the book is grisly, and so is much of the acting. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—A satisfactory production of this sturdy old warhorse of a musical. It is neither improved nor marred by the absurdity of its having an all-black cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Home Boy—A play by Ed Bullins. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-7190. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Oct. 10.)

I Have a Dream—Billy Dee Williams spends the evening quoting texts from Martin Luther King, Jr. What one feels is piety. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Jack Gelber's New Play: Rehearsal—It's all in the title. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—An immaculate revival of the enchanting Lerner-Loewe musical. Shaw in Heaven is *so* pleased with his royalties; he talks of little else. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

The Philanderer—A revival of the George Bernard Shaw comedy, with Donald Madden and Cara Duff-MacCormick. Stephen Hollis is the director. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 29, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 24. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 2.)

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Porgy and Bess—Gershwin's irresistible opera, played and sung for the first time as he wrote it. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 17.)

The Robber Bridegroom—A musical based on a novella by Eudora Welty (book and lyrics by Alfred Uhry, score by Robert Waldman), with Barry Bostwick, Rhonda Coullet, and Barbara Lang. Gerald Freedman directed the production, which was presented here briefly last season by The Acting Company. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 5. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 6. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Oct. 7, at 2.)

The Runner Stumbles—A first-rate play by an American newcomer, Milan Stitt. A priest and a nun fall in love in rural Michigan in 1911, and there is literally hell to pay. With Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue, directed by Austin Pendleton. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering *conversation of two old Jewish men* pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Texas Trilogy—Preston Jones' three independent plays, being presented in repertory. Directed by Alan Schneider. **THE LAST MEETING OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE MAGNOLIA,** with Fred Gwynne and Henderson Forsythe: Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 2 and 8; Saturday, Oct. 2, and Monday, Oct. 4, at 8; Thursday, Oct. 7, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2. . . . **LU ANN HAMPTON LAVERTY OBERLANDER,** with Diane Ladd: Thursday, Sept. 30, at 2 and 8; Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2; and Tuesday, Oct. 5, and Friday, Oct. 8, at 8. . . . **THE OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE,** with the Messrs. Gwynne and Forsythe: Friday, Oct. 1, at 8; Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2:30 and 7; Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699.)

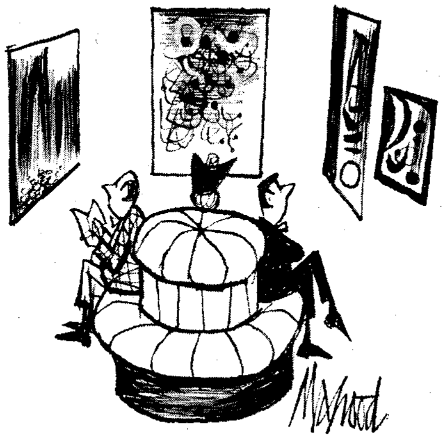
The Threepenny Opera—A superior production *of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate* translation of the harsh-voiced original. Raul Julia is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 5, Philip Bosco will replace Mr. Julia. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**BOY MEETS BOY:** As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish *takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties.* Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know *everything about all of them. A brilliant,* innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban,



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book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's *continuously exciting melodrama about a boy* who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. Reopens Tuesday, Oct. 5. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,841 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, *the songs* and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **ME AND BESSIE:** A vigorous attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson). The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Barry Williams, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Martial Arts of Kabuki—A company of ten male performers from the National Theatre Institute of Japan in a program of combat scenes (with swords, spears, daggers, and halberds) from the centuries-old Kabuki repertoire. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

DANCE

Siamsa, the National Folk Theatre of Ireland—A company of twenty-seven singers, dancers, and musicians performing—along with the jig—such dances as reels, hornpipes, polkas, and set dances, as well as seasonal, love, work, and other songs. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 8; and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2 and 8.)

Utah Repertory Dance Theatre—Four performances by a twelve-member modern-dance company from Salt Lake City—Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8: "Nocturne," "Lost and Old Rivers," "Between Me and Other People There Is Always a Table a Few Empty Chairs—C.H.," and "A Piece for Evan.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8: "Lost and Old Rivers," "Synapse," "Between Me and Other People There Is Always a Table a Few Empty Chairs—C.H.," and "A Piece for Evan.". . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2: "There Is a Time," "My Brother's Keeper," and "Session.". . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 3, at 7:30: "Nocturne," "Synapse," "Between Me and Other People There Is Always a Table a Few Empty Chairs—C.H.," and "Lost and Old Rivers." (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. 749-2802, Ext. 29.)

John Cullum and Emily Frankel—"Kings," three one-act dance dramas ("Oedipus," "Medea," and "Theseus and Hippolyta"), performed by this husband-and-wife team, with others in support. The second in a series of four Monday-evening performances. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Monday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 7-8, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2:30 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A former music loft that has been converted into a full-fledged, *if unpretentious, bar and soul-food* night club, owned by the gifted drummer and Coltrane alumnus **RASHIED ALI.** Since he reopened this summer, Ali has brought in some of the best new-jazz musicians on the scene. Baritone saxophonist Hamiet Bluiett heads up a quartet through Thursday, Sept. 30; Friday through Sunday, Oct. 1-3, Ali's own quintet will work out and back up bebop vocalist-pioneer **EDDIE JEFFERSON** as well; Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 5-7, alto saxophonist Jameel Moondoc and his band, Muntu, will perform; and on Friday, Oct. 8, the Visitors, a Philadelphia combo co-piloted by saxophonists Earl and Carl Grubbs, will arrive. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER,** who sat in the Basie band in the fifties and arranged much of the band's *material,* will lead the Loud Minority, a seventeen-piece affair. Music from about ten.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant that has for the past few years been presenting some of the best contemporary jazz players. Tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** is here with his current group through Saturday, Oct. 2. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On Wednesday, Sept. 29, bluesman **ALBERT KING** sings "Cadillac Assembly Line" and other tunes; Thursday through Saturday,

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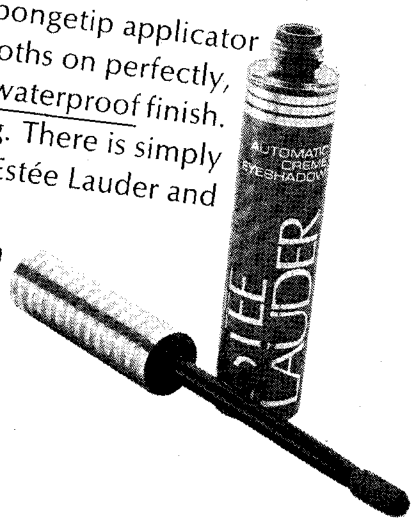

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Sept. 30-Oct. 2, British-blues patriarch John Mayall will alternate with the Rhinestones, a Woodstock rock band; singer Vicki Sue Robinson will drop in on Tuesday, Oct. 5; and on Wednesday, Oct. 6, singer and pianist Peter Allen will arrive with a backup crew, a repertory of bitter-sweet, world-weary, schlock-chic compositions, and a whole gang of Elton John mannerisms. Cathy Chamberlain, who has an ample, crusty voice and does old songs, such as "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?," and originals written in a similar, forty-year-old mode, will perform opposite Peter Allen. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists perform duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in hectic, buzzing surroundings. Mondays through Saturdays, **JIMMY ROWLES** and a bassist work against the din; on Sundays, another pianist takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is back, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, Coward, and others. Supported by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, he appears Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is once again in the Bemelmans Bar (she'll be there through next March), and she plays at least one night a week with **MICHAEL MOORE,** the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow, rustic bar, lined overhead with rows of neon beer signs that hang from the ceiling. Onstage are mostly local, primitive rock bands. There are no discreet sound checks, no roadies, no extensive record-company backing (in fact, there's usually none at all), no seating section for the music business, and, often, no place for *anyone* to sit. Music from about nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cleo's, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** will be back, as of Tuesday, Oct. 5, along with Jimmy Lyon, her calm and fatherly accompanist. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**MARY LOU WILLIAMS,** a Kansas City legend for more than forty years and still a rolling and tumbling pianist, dominates the place Mondays through Saturdays. She is admirably assisted by her bassist, Milton Suggs. Sundays are claimed by pianist **DICK HYMAN,** a neatly bearded musical historian and memory bank, who plays just about everything. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. Beginning Monday, Oct. 4, drummer Bobby Rosengarden will sit in for a week; on Tuesday, Oct. 5, Carrie Smith will contribute vocals to the regular proceedings; and on Sunday, Oct. 3, two current Basie-ites—trombonist **AL GREY,** perhaps the last of the great plungers, and tenor saxophonist **JIMMY FORREST,** who wonderfully combines raw blues with pre-Barbieri schmaltz—will perform with a quintet from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—pianist **BROOKS KERR,** drummer **SONNY GREER,** and clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 4-5, accommodate a mixed bag in mainstream vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON,** everybody's out-there bassist **DAVE HOLLAND,** and guitarist **JOE PUMA.** Music from ten to three. Chiasson and Holland will be back again from five to nine on Sunday, Oct. 3, but this time they'll work with **RONNIE MATTHEWS,** a fine young pianist. Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Loumell Morgan, and Morris Edwards collaborate from six to nine.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now, the bandstand is occupied by powerhouse pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** bassist **RON CARTER,** flutist and saxophonist **FRANK WESS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY**—collectively known as the New York Jazz Quartet. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is once again upholding tradition on West 54th Street, aided by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

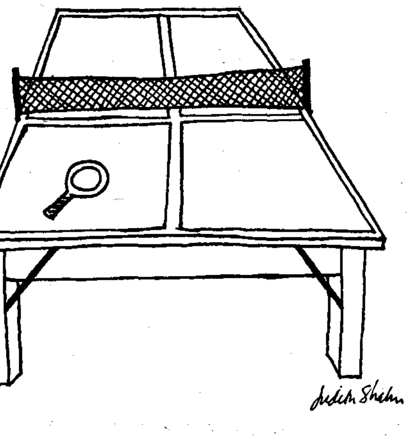
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**FLIP PHILLIPS,** playing his first New York gig in a decade or two, is sixty-one, and a wiser tenor saxophonist than he was when he graced Woody Herman's first Herd in the mid-forties. Ray Bryant is on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and Cliff Leeman on drums. On Tuesday, Oct. 5, **EARL HINES,** who assembled his first big band in Pittsburgh more than fifty years ago, when he was nineteen, will bring his quintet and his bubbly vocalist, Marva Josie, into these quarters. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups assemble on the canopied bandstand nearly every night. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Memphis R. & B. legend Otis Blackwell winds up his five-night stay on Thursday, Sept. 30. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, folksinger Andy Pratt will trade sets with two other folkies, Voudouris and Kahne. On Wednesday, Oct. 6, the Movies, a smiling pop-rock quartet, will begin singing Top Forty classics such as "Come and Go with Me" and their own originals, which sound very much like Top Forty classics. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Zulema, a soul singer, performs through Sunday, Oct. 3; on Tuesday, Oct. 5, Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein will return to present their evenings of Brecht and Weill. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.



Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Deceptively sleepy-looking from the outside, this small, dark, and pleasant upper West Side bar sees various first-rate jazz groups pass through every week. **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band meets on Mondays; on Tuesdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels is in charge of a robust quartet; **LEE KONITZ,** always worth hearing, is on hand with a quartet on Wednesdays and a nonet on Thursdays; and Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays are given over to musicians in transit. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The jammed-together tables and chairs are usually filled in this animated restaurant. Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** winds up a solo appearance on Sunday, Oct. 3. On Wednesday, Oct. 6, bassist Lyn Christie, guitarist John Scofield, and pianist Jim McNeeley will come in. On Mondays and Tuesdays, the knotty-pine music corner is reserved for singer Denise Delapenha and her backing band. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. **GIL SCOTT-HERON,** a popular black poet, novelist, and purveyor of rhythm-and-blues-with-a-message, works with his talented musical colleague composer **BRIAN JACKSON,** who plays piano and flute, and their percussion-rooted ten-piece band through Saturday, Oct. 2. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9, guitarist Earl Klugh will share a bill with comedian **DICK GREGORY.** Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. **BETTY CARTER,** one of the very few truly improvisational, risk-taking singers, is here through Sunday, Oct. 3, along with pianist John Hicks's trio, and she should be seen. On Tuesday, Oct. 5, a very fine quintet headed by trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** and hard-bop-and-beyond drummer **LOUIS HAYES** will descend the murky staircase. The instrumentation is pure Evans—tubas, French horns, timpani, several bushels of percussion instruments, and synthesizers—and he has surounded himself with some of the best young soloists on the scene. Music from ten. Closed Monday, Oct. 4.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Tenor (four-string) guitarist **TINY GRIMES** leads a quartet Wednesday, Sept. 29, and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 4-5. On Wednesday, Oct. 6, **JO JONES,** who takes his drum solos while sitting rigidly straight and smiling directly and placidly at the audience, will be joined by tenor saxophonist Harold Ashby, pianist Harold Mabern, and a bassist. Thursdays and Fridays, a swing-to-bop quartet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are usually session times for Paul Quinichette, Earle Warren, **BUDDY TATE,** and a rhythm section. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Air and the Oliver Lake Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8.

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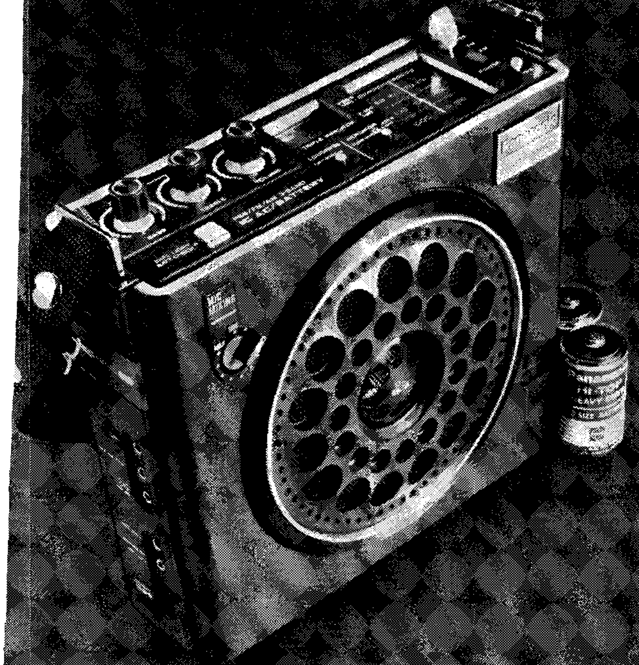

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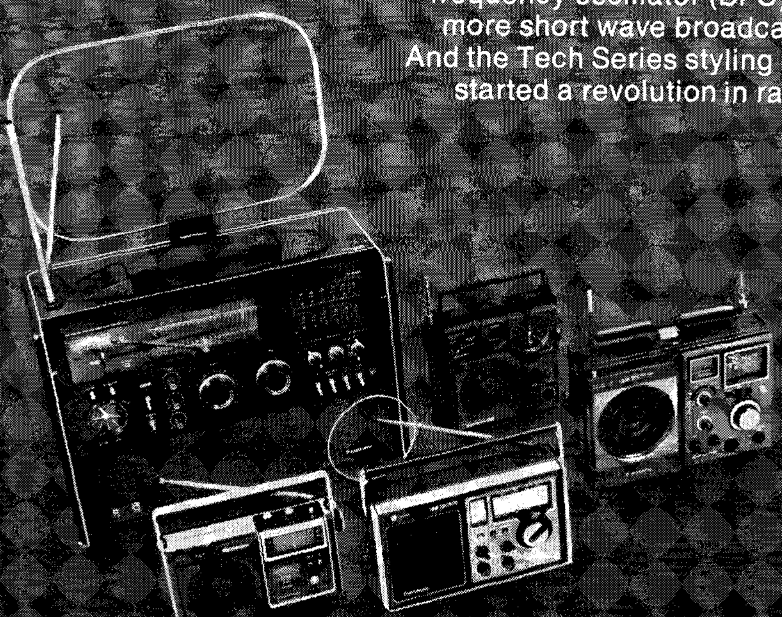

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*Broadcasts vary by area. Check with local authorities.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and **Rusty Weir**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

Frankie Valli & the Four Seasons and **K. C. and the Sunshine Band**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8.

Dizzy Gillespie's Band and **Eddie Palmieri's Orchestra**—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8.

Pure Prairie League and **the Volunteers**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 874-1717. Friday, Oct. 8, at 8.

Jackie McLean and **Carlos Garnett**—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 8, at midnight.

Norman Connors, Gato Barbieri, and **the Chambers Brothers**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8 and 11:30.

Jonathan Richman & the Modern Lovers—Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Anna Bak—Small clay-colored ceramic pieces—vases, saucers, jars, and vials, plus representations of figs, leaves, loaves of bread, and so on—nicely turned and arranged in altarlike settings that might have just been discovered in some archeological dig. In fact, a sort of Pompeian aura pervades the whole show. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Francine Barkan—Still-lifes and interiors in oil by a woman whose admiration for—and debt to—Matisse could hardly be expressed more frankly. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joe Bascom—Paintings suggested by the poems of Hart Crane. Through Oct. 16. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Opens at noon.)

Susan Sadler Hoeltzel / Banerjee—Unstretched canvases on which the artist has drawn trompe-l'oeil projecting snags of wire and has pencilled in messages apparently addressed to herself. / What appear to be small bundles of wet wash are sprayed with latex and painted and set forth as sculpture. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Winslow Homer (1836-1910)—A show of wood engravings and etchings, most of them clipped from the pages of *Harper's Weekly* and rich in genre details, plus one watercolor and one drawing, all from the collection of the Bowdoin College Museum of Art. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Pierre Jacquemon—Mysterious discs and tablets covered with ideographic messages from an imaginary civilization, painted in thick strokes by an artist who mixes silver or bronze pigments into oil paint to obtain a metallic surface. Through Friday, Oct. 8. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Joe Lasker—Watercolor illustrations for a children's book written by the artist and set in medieval times; they have some of the quality of illuminated manuscripts and are rich in turreted castles, knights in armor, peacocks, wimples, and Bruegelesque banquet scenes. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Grégoire Müller—Large figure paintings, several of which pay noticeable homage to Picasso, by a young Swiss-born artist who has returned full-time to his easel after a hiatus as a critic and art-magazine editor. Through Oct. 13. (Deitcher-O'Reilly, 35 E. 67th St.)

Wilbur Niewald—Expertly rendered still-lifes and landscapes by a Kansas City artist who has been moving away from the abstract for the past several years and now paints in a forthright (not to say foursquare) style directly from nature. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Barbara Schwartz—Casein-on-plaster wall sculptures. Through Oct. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Frank Stella—Half a dozen large works—shaped-canvas paintings and constructions—in this artist's characteristic stripes, some of which seem to have been done in Day-Glo colors. Through Oct. 16. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

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Cy Twombly—Abstract collage watercolor paintings in which waxed paper, postcards, and occasional crayon and pencil marks appear. Through Oct. 16. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At the **bykert**, 24 E. 81st St.: Works by artists who have not previously shown here, including Jo Baer and Tony Smith. Through Oct. 14. . . . **findlay**, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Three artists of the Vienna School of Fantastic Realism. Through Oct. 16. . . . **gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St., and **gruenebaum**, 25 E. 77th St.: A joint exhibition of three American painters, two of them—Robert Motherwell and Richard Diebenkorn—well known, and the third, Stephen Edlich, a relative newcomer, whose collages usually incorporate large areas of sacking. Through Oct. 30. . . . **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscapes and seascapes by Thomas Hart Benton, Louis M. Eilshemius, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. . . . **knowlton**, 19 E. 71st St.: The current group show here is more or less dominated by the comic linen-mâché figures and the colored drawings of Carol Anthony; a huge (six feet by ten) boulder-strewn seascape in pencil by David Hendricks; and a lively abstract painting on nylon by Frank Faulkner. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **lerner-heller**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by, for instance, Joan Semmel, Arnold Belkin, and Christa Dichgans, plus conceptual pieces by Vito Acconci and Carl Andre. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by gallery regulars. Through Friday, Oct. 1. (Opens at noon.) . . . **washburn**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: American abstract paintings from the thirties and forties by ten artists, including Ilya Bolotowsky and Alice Trumbull Mason. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: "Scenes of France" is made up of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings by Bonnard, Dufy, Pissarro, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 2.

Sculpture—A show of the works of twelve Japanese artists who live in the New York area, among them Fumio Yoshimura, who has carved a life-sized and very real-looking tomato plant of lindenwood (it has borne six fruit, and there are several promising buds); Toshio Odate, whose contributions include a large wooden cube that seems to be melting and spilling down to the floor; and Nobuaki Kojima, whose male figures, clad in bright-blue pants, have buried their head and shoulders under a nicely draped red-striped cloth. Through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Shlomo Cassos—Sparse, geometric abstract paintings reflective of desert scenes by a Morocco-born Israeli artist. Through Oct. 14. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Tom Forrestall—Highly realistic glimpses of Nova Scotia—a rude woodpile, a farmhouse that has been gutted by fire, a freighter seen in the distance—painted in egg tempera on shaped canvases. First one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ruth Gikow—Paintings and drawings, mostly of people of the street and the theatre, done with warm affection by an artist whose draftsmanship is exceptional and who knows her way around the areas she focusses on. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Bunny Harvey—Two recent extended visits to Egypt and studies of its archeology were the inspiration for most of the shapes and symbols in these large and colorful abstract paintings by a young woman who teaches at Wellesley. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Hudson—Paintings, drawings, collages, constructions, and ceramics by a multiple-threat artist from California who reflects pronounced American Indian influence in hi works. Some of them seem to have been th outgrowth of a happy scavenger hunt, sinc they are bedecked with feathers, sticks, cigar box labels, Cracker Jack prizes, bones, plasti cutlery, horns (both musical and animal) bits of machinery, cowboy hats, and so on Through Oct. 22. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon closed Sundays.)

Dennis Masback—This young New York artis applies thirty or forty solid-color layers o acrylic paint to each of his canvases and scrapes off each layer as soon as it is applied. The result is a rock-hard surface that glimmers with a shadowy amalgam of colors. First one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, Oct. 7. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sam Richardson—A large-scale piece built for the gallery space and made of canvas, pine poles, and nylon lines. Also related works. Through Oct. 16. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Len Rosenfeld—Satiric, cartoon-like paintings and collages depicting space-age comic-book heroes and villains living in (and out of) a world of ice-cream cones and tinsel stars. Through Friday, Oct. 1. (Cortella, a new gallery, at 41 E. 57th St.)

Dorothy Ruddick / Andrew Tavarelli—Ornate and captivating patterns embroidered in heavy thread and wool yarn on linen canvas in such a way that the designs seem to burst out of the cloth, spilling down in a lacy cascade. / Big geometrical abstract paintings that suggest industrial floor plans; some of them are inset with details from road maps. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bill Taggart—Bright-colored, happy-go-lucky abstracts in which flags seem to be waving, confetti flying, and a carnival spirit loose in the land. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Paris Theodore—Abstract Expressionist paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Margit Varga—Seascapes and landscapes painted in the Hamptons by a well-known artist who has been associated with the Midtown Gallery since the thirties. Through Oct. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: Large works by gallery artists William Fares, Howardena Pindell, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **genesis**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, graphics, and a few sculptures by James Rosenquist, Larry Rivers, Marisol, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.) . . . **zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: Precisionist drawings by Louis Lozowick along with photographs by Berenice Abbott, Ralston Crawford, and Ralph Steiner make up an exhibit that takes its subject matter from urban structures. Through Oct. 23. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

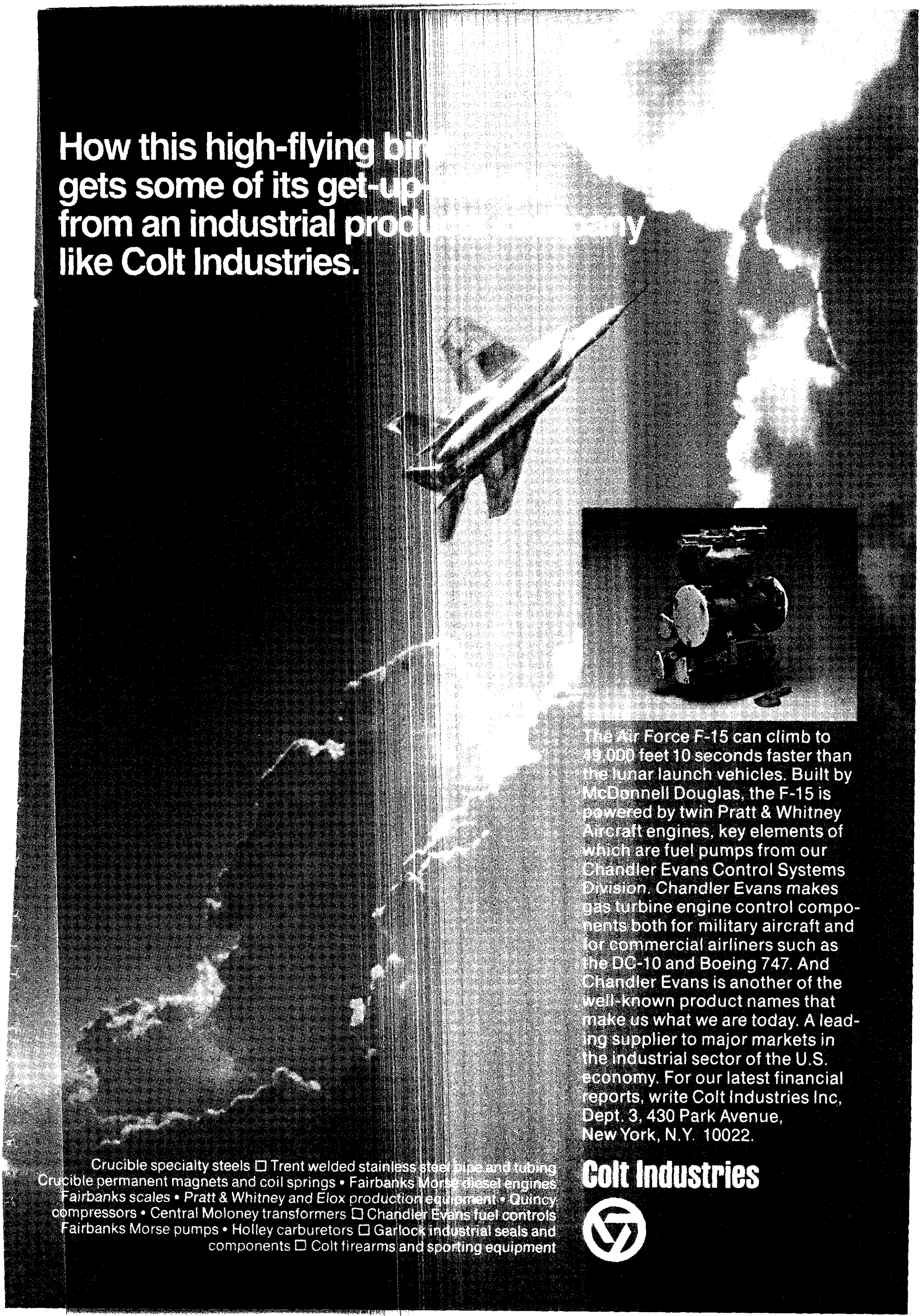
Dan Flavin—Six fluorescent works by this artist, whose sense of color and shadow and of the general fitness of things can transform a wall or a corner of a room. Through Oct. 15. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Joseph Greenberg—Paintings of city buildings, people, and local beaches, by an Expressionist. Through Thursday, Oct. 7. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Marcia Hafif—Pencil strokes done in a sort of random herringbone pattern in such a way that the surface seems to be in restless motion, like the sea; a couple of them are huge—six feet tall and eighteen and twenty-nine and a half feet long. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Mary Heilmann—Squares or rectangles of the brightest of primary colors, framed in broad bands of another, equally bright, primary—an arrangement that, in this artist's hands, seems to build up more power than the simple sum of its parts. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Miriam Schapiro / Maryann Harmon—Doilies and lace handkerchiefs, arranged in a grid pattern and splotched with enough paint to keep the effect from becoming monotonous, account for most of the pieces in this show, but the main event is a fifty-six-foot mural



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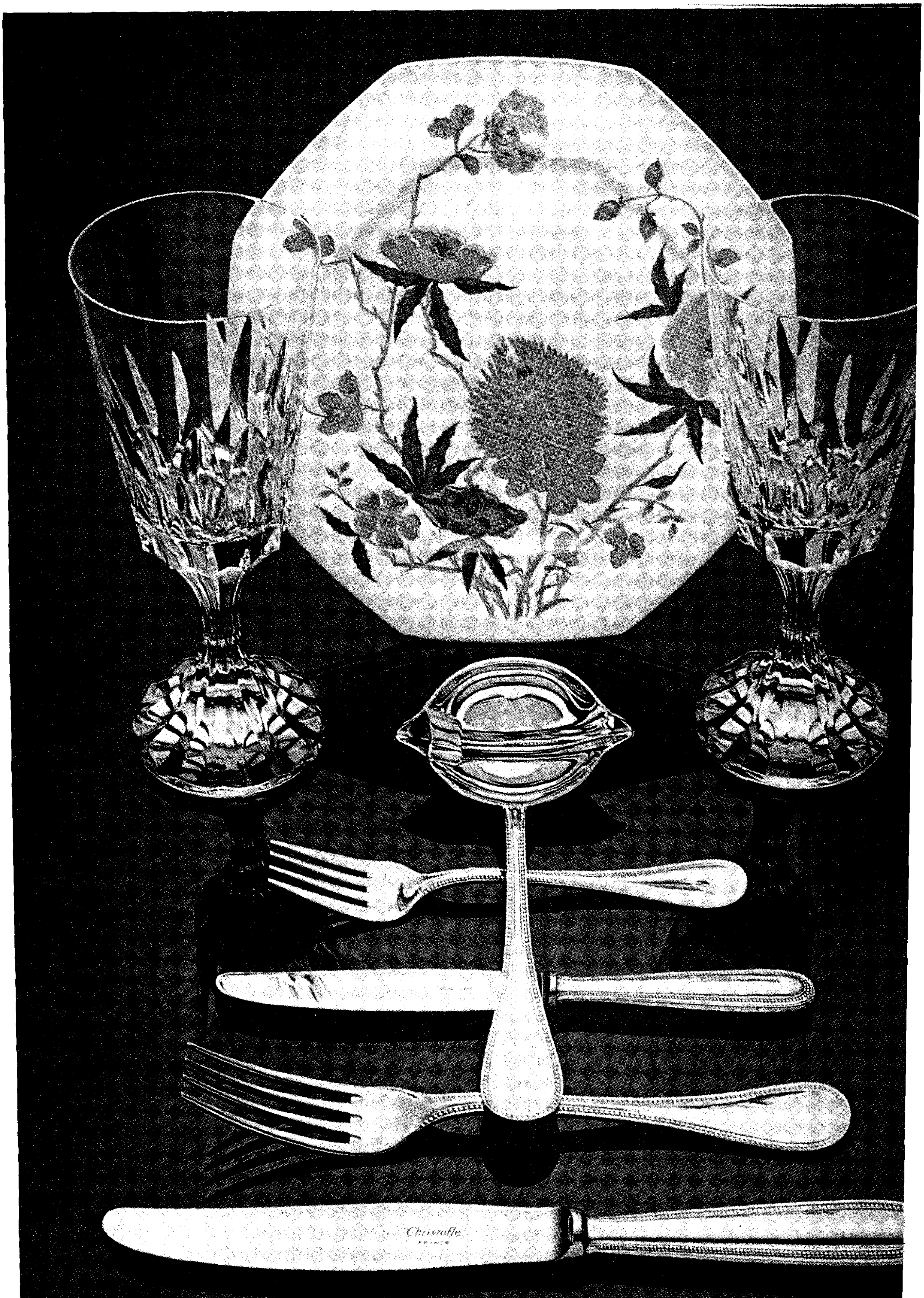

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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that goes around a corner of the gallery and is made up of multicolored cuttings of heavy, often brocaded fabric. / Sweeping panoramas of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia done in acrylics and oil on canvas in a manner that suggests ancient Japanese landscapes. Through Oct. 12. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Therese Schwartz—Abstract oils. Through Oct. 15. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Joseph Shannon—Soft-colored abstract paintings that might have been inspired by microscope slides of cellular organisms, by a New Jersey artist who is not to be confused with a Washington, D.C., realist of the same name. Through Thursday, Oct. 7. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Alex Siburney / Charles Hoot—Last time around, this Photo-Realist artist was making big enlargements of other people's vacation postcards. Now he is painting, in loving detail, souvenir plates picked up in various states of the Union. (He dropped the one from Florida and broke it, so we must make do with a painting of the collected fragments.) / Photographic glimpses of the Heartland—small-town parades, a motorcycle patrol of Shriners, and vignettes of a carnival midway. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Nancy Spero—In protest against people who torture other people for political reasons, this artist created a ribbonlike screed of slogans, quotations, and sketchy drawings—a hundred and fifty feet of protest—which runs all the way around the gallery's walls. Through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Carolee Thea—Snapshots of Westchester County train stations and graphite-on-paper drawings are the starting-off point for this Conceptualist's work. Through Oct. 13. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Paul Tschinkel—Floor and wall pieces made of construction materials. Through Oct. 13. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Lawrence Weiner—Videotapes, printed matter, and a wooden structure are the bare bones of a new work by this Conceptual artist. Through Oct. 16. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **Gibson**, 392 West Broadway: The works of Joseph Beuys, Christo, and Jean Le Gac are part of an exhibit marking the gallery's fifteenth year. Through Oct. 30. . . . **O.K. Harris**, 383 West Broadway: Duane Hanson's six vinyl figures, four male and two female, dressed in workaday clothes and so lifelike that they might be flash-frozen people (when spectators are around, it is hard to tell who is real and who isn't), are the main attraction of a group show that also includes painted aluminum panels by Fred Spratt and a collection of thirty-two oldtimey sheet-music covers assembled by Gary Kuehn. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. . . . **Protetch**, 157 Spring St.: Works by three artists include a painting of a gaunt kitchen chair silhouetted against an orange background by Denise Green; a narrow, horizontal panel, the left half of which is solid green and the right half an attenuated swipe of the same color on a white field, by David Reed; and a model of a religious building designed for an imaginary society by Will Insley. Through Saturday, Oct. 2.

OTHER GALLERIES

Peter Berg—This New York artist has built, from Sheetrock over a plywood frame, a large-scale environmental piece that the viewer is invited to inspect first-hand. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Richard Fleischner—A hundred-foot-long outdoor sculpture built at the site which consists of a wooden bridgelike structure covered with earth and finished with sod. Through Nov. 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Show—About seventy-five items from the New York University collection of paintings and sculptures. Among the artists whose works can be seen are Cornell, Frankenthaler, and Nevelson. Through Oct. 16. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

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Brassaï—". . . Drawn by the beauty of evil, the magic of the lower depths, having taken pictures for my 'voyage to the end of the night' from the outside, I wanted to know what went on inside, behind the walls, behind the façades, in the wings: bars, dives, night clubs, one-night hotels, bordellos, opium dens. I was eager to penetrate this other world, this fringe world, the secret, sinister world of mobsters, outcasts, toughs, pimps, whores, addicts, inverts. . . ." Thus Brassaï reminisces in the book "The Secret Paris of the 30's" (Pantheon), which was published coincidentally with the mounting of this exhibition of a hundred and fifty photographs, and in which the same hitherto "forbidden" images appear. What Brassaï unearthed during his explorations of the Paris underworld strikes a chord of recognition: these naked whores on high heels, these nasty-faced pimps and garish madams, these men hurriedly getting dressed—we have seen them all in the drawings and paintings of Toulouse-Lautrec, Schiele, and Pascin, and imagined them in the writings of Henry Miller. But we have never seen photographs like these—which have the pictorial presence of paintings but were (God knows how) taken on the spot. With Kertész and Cartier-Bresson, Brassaï forms the great triumvirate of the Paris school of photography, which transformed the medium into a twentieth-century art form; the resuscitation of these suppressed images adds an important body of work to the classics of this school. Through Oct. 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Elli Marcus—This now unknown figure was one of the leading portrait photographers of Berlin during the twenties and thirties. Her portraits of actors and dancers (Marlene Dietrich, Elisabeth Bergner, Emil Jannings, Oscar Homolka, and Peter Lorre are some of the familiar names in the show) are notable for their combination of the formal elegance that was characteristic of the period and an uncharacteristic expressiveness: her studies of actors' faces during performance bring to mind, in their exaggerated aliveness, the performers' faces taken by Richard Avedon. Marcus, who is Jewish, left Berlin in 1933 (one of her subjects, a Mrs. Goebbels, begged her to stay, assuring her that "we will protect you") and worked in Paris until 1941, when she came to America and photographed Stieglitz, O'Keeffe, Paul Robeson, Lillian Hellman, and Jo Davidson, among others. She now devotes herself exclusively to handwriting analysis. Through Oct. 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alfred Eisenstaedt—This show of a hundred and eleven photographs by the veteran *Life* photographer does not live up to the promise of its poster picture of a skating waiter serving cocktails at the Grand Hotel ice rink in St. Moritz. Plucked from the protective womb of *Life's* texts and captions, most of the pictures look weak and dull on the gallery wall. The captions provided by the gallery only underscore the absurdity of hanging pictures that belong in magazines. A picture captioned "Jascha Heifetz plays Beethoven's Violin Concerto" is one egregious example (what is there to show that he isn't playing the "Caprice Viennois"?), and "A Dying Monk" (a monk rolling his eyes but looking otherwise healthy) is another of Eisenstaedt's reliance on extra-photographic material—which was all very well for *Life*, but is not so good for art. Through Oct. 16. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

W. Eugene Smith—Smith's recent book, "Minamata," documenting the pollution tragedy of a Japanese village and the attempts of the photographer and his wife to help the victims get redress, was distinguished more by the author's good intentions and moral outrage than by the photographs in it. (Some were taken by Smith's wife after he was beaten up by company goons.) This exhibition of ninety-two images corrects any impression of Smith as a negligible photographer. Although many of the works on view were made during his years as a *Life* staff photographer, unlike the usual *Life* photograph, which is meaningless out of context and without a caption, they hold up as photographs, speak for themselves, express their meaning photographically. A doctor with an exhausted, desperate face looks up from patching up an unconscious injured child; Charlie Chaplin mocks himself in a mirror with sad irony; a black monkey holds a white kitten captive in its arms; a black madman's features emerge with eerie whiteness from the darkness; a worker with an enormous industrial faceshield holds a little white mouse; a mother tenderly bathes a horribly deformed child (one of the rare real photographs to come out of "Minamata"). These are some of the images that characterize Smith's preoccupation with life's victims, and demonstrate his ability to translate his preoccupation into powerful metaphors. Through Oct. 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

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Ann McGowan—Color photographs. Through Oct. 11. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Nicholas Nixon—Pictures taken with a view camera, including a score of high-vantage-point photographs of Boston. Through Tuesday, Oct. 5. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Group Shows—At the **Center for Inter-American Relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Pioneer Photographers of Brazil: 1840-1920," a show (admission $1) of more than a hundred and fifty pictures, half of them taken by Marc Ferrez, and the rest by fourteen other indigenous photographers. Through Nov. 14. A smaller group of pictures of Brazil by the same photographers is on view at the Neikrug Gallery (see below). (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **Helios**, 18 E. 67th St.: Nudes and still-lifes are the theme of this historical exhibit of more than a hundred prints, with earliest examples by W. H. Fox Talbot and Eadweard Muybridge, and the latest examples by Lilo Raymond and Joseph Sudek. The works of Strand, Weston, and Man Ray are, of course, included. Through Nov. 6. . . . **International Center of Photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of photographs by Andreas Feininger; a group of still photos by cinematographer Karl Struss (he filmed the 1932 version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"); and photographs of French decorative arts taken between 1925 and 1939 by Thérèse Bonney. Through Nov. 7. (Open Sundays.) . . . **Midtown Y Gallery**, 344 E. 14th St.: "E Pluribus Unum / From Many One" is an exhibit of photographs by amateurs and professionals, participants in a nationwide competition marking this country's two-hundredth birthday. Through Oct. 10. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **Neikrug**, 224 E. 68th St.: A group of prints by Rosalind Solomon that includes a series on doll heads. Through Oct. 16. / Pictures of Brazil, these taken from the larger collection on exhibit at the Center for Inter-American Relations. Through Nov. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of ninety drawings (landscapes, genre scenes, and portraits) by Europeans, among

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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them Rembrandt, Delacroix, and Gainsborough, from the Robert Lehman collection, many of which have not previously been on view. Through Sunday, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Nicely juxtaposed to the European show is an exhibit of fifty-seven prints, all done in the sixties and seventies by American artists, including Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, Helen Frankenthaler, and James Rosenquist. Through Oct. 17. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Natural Paradise," a show that examines the romantic element as found in the works of American painters from the early eighteen-hundreds to 1950. Thomas Cole, Edward Hopper, Barnett Newman, Jackson Pollock, and Georgia O'Keeffe are a few of the artists included. Starts Friday, Oct. 1. . . . ¶ A survey of drawings by American and European painters and sculptors (Charles Burchfield, Man Ray, Picasso, and Modigliani among them) covering the years 1919 to 1939. Through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Eleven bronze studies (exhibited indoors) for Rodin's "Monument to Balzac," which is permanently located in the museum's sculpture garden. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ A show of twenty-five flags that won a recent nationwide flag competition. Through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Photographs by Nicholas Nixon. Through Tuesday, Oct. 5. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Sunday, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ A single large-scale work, by Horia Damian, of styrofoam covered with luminous yellow paper spheres, plus related drawings. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures from the John D. Rockefeller 3rd collection of American art. The dates of the works range from the Colonial period to the present, but the nineteenth century (Hicks, Chase, Bingham, Johnson, etc.) claims the largest share. Through Nov. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of works by artists who use nontraditional mediums. For instance, Don Celender exhibits documents that give the results of a survey of attitudes toward the arts, and Gordon Matta-Clark shows a film of underground structures in New York City. Through Oct. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A documentation of the Lubavitcher Hasidic Jewish community of Crown Heights by photographer Mal Warshaw. Through Nov. 28. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Minerals and Gems has on display such nonpareils as a diamond necklace made up of about five hundred diamonds to the order of King George III in 1776, the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A life-size female deity carved from a single block of wood and a bronze mirror fragment, both from the eleventh century, are part of an exhibition, called "Shinto Arts," on loan from shrines, temples, museums, and private collectors in Japan. Through Oct. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books and manuscripts collected by William Morris, along with examples of his calligraphy and of books that he himself designed (including the Kelmscott Press Chaucer of 1896). Through Nov. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) A complement to this show is a display of Morris's wallpaper patterns at the Reinhold-Brown Gallery, 26 E. 78th St.

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—More than fifty prints by Josef Albers (1888-1976), with examples from his entire career. Through Monday, Oct. 4. (Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A series of realist paintings depicting contemporary Indians, by Paul Collins. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—At the time of going to press, labor negotiations involving the musicians were in progress, so you would do well to check by telephone to make certain of the schedule—Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8: "The Makropoulos Affair" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Elizabeth Hynes, Richard Taylor, David Clatworthy, and Nico Castel; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Puli Toro, Henry Price, James Billings, and David Holloway; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 8: A new production of Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, Guillermo Sarabia, and Spiro Malas; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 1: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Betty Jones, Sandra Walker, John Alexander, and Jerold Siena; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Kathleen Hegierski, Gaetano Scano, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 3, at 1: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Patricia Craig, Elizabeth Hynes, Kenneth Collins, and John Darrenkamp; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 3, at 7: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Puli Toro, Henry Price, James Billings, and David Holloway; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Johanna Meier, Guillermo Sarabia, Spiro Malas, and Kenneth Collins; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, John Sandor, James Billings, David Holloway, and David Griffith; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Betty Jones, Barbara Conrad, Glenys Fowles, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 8: "La Traviata," with Mariana Niculescu, Kathleen Hegierski, William Harness, and Dominic Cossa; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Diane Curry, Gaetano Scano, and William Justus; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Glenys Fowles, Samuel Ramey, and John Darrenkamp; David Effron. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, James Levine conducting four in a "Mahler-month" of nine concerts—Friday, Oct. 1, at 8:30: The Second Symphony, with Carol Neblett and Jessye Norman, sopranos, and the Westminster Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8:30: The Sixth Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:30: The Fourth Symphony, as well as selections from the Rückert lieder and "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," with Judith Blegen, soprano, and Maria Ewing, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30: The Eighth Symphony, with Miss Neblett, Teresa Zylis-Gara, and Kathleen Battle, sopranos; Lili Chookasian and Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-sopranos; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Donald McIntyre, baritone; Michael Devlin, bass; the Westminster Choir; the Little Church Around the Corner Choir; the Trinity School Choir; and the Brooklyn Boys' Chorus.

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—Leonard Bernstein conducting a benefit concert, with Yefim Bronfman, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

Polish National Radio Symphony Orchestra—Jerzy Maksymiuk conducting, with Piotr Paleczny, piano, and Roman Jablonski, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

Buffalo Philharmonic—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Joseph Evans, tenor; David Evitts, baritone; and the Cornell University Glee Club and Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2.)

RECITALS

Aldo Ciccolini—Piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

In Praise of Early Music—Medieval and Renaissance music from France and the Low Countries performed by the Ensemble for Early Music, Music for a While, the New York Consort of Viols, the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble, the New York Renaissance Band, and Western Wind. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Florence Soonkin Wong—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—Mets vs. Montreal. (Shea Stadium. Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 7:05.) . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 2-3, at 2.) . . . ¶ The American League Championship Playoffs: Starts Saturday, Oct. 9, in the Western Division city. The first two games will be played there, and the third and, if necessary, fourth and fifth games at Yankee Stadium.

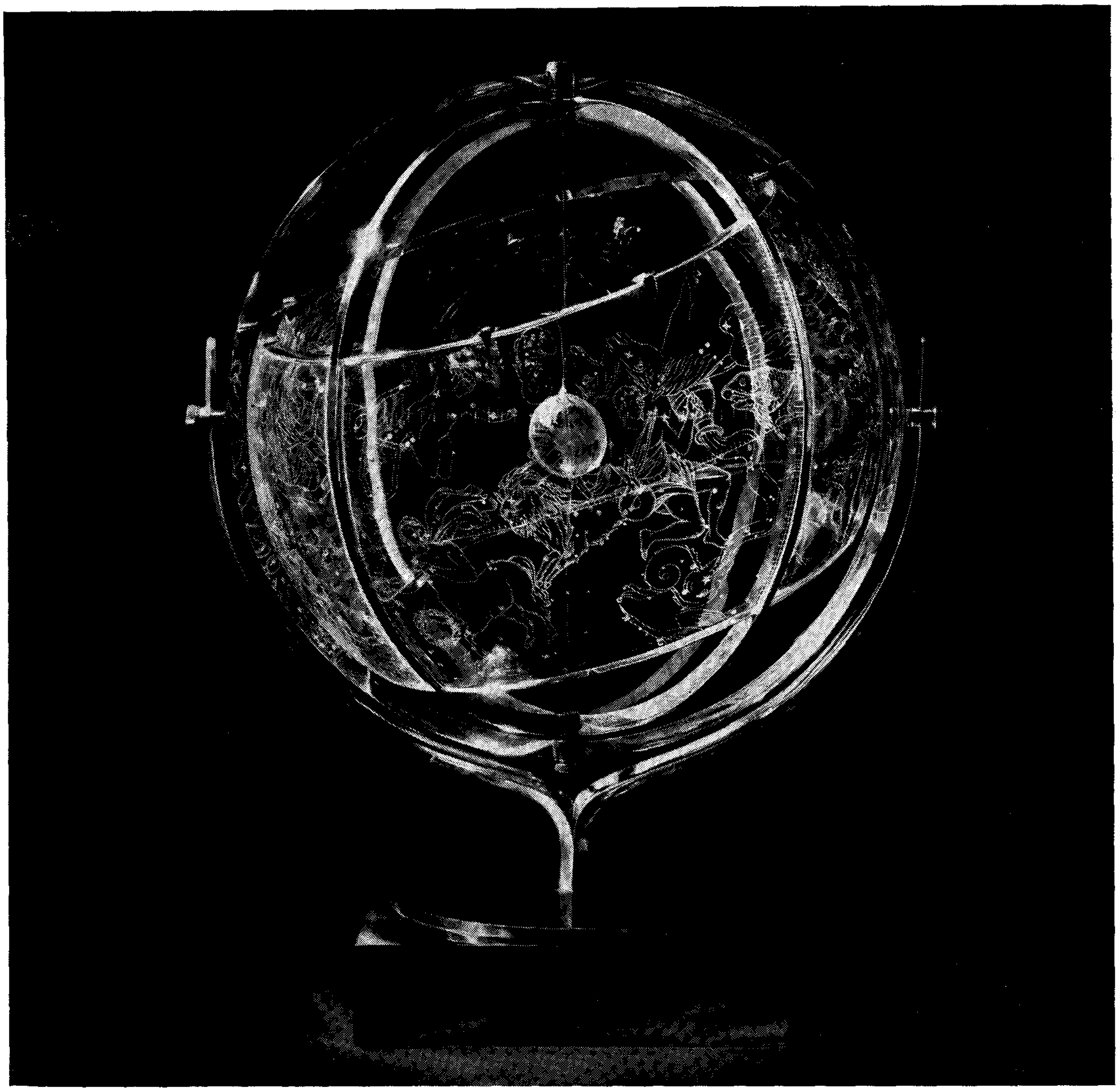
Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Nets, exhibition game. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Oct. 7, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, exhibition game. (Nassau Coliseum. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8:05.)

College Football—FRIDAY, OCT. 1: Fordham vs. Kings Point, at Fordham, at 8. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 2: Army vs. Stanford, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Brooklyn, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Cornell, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Lehigh, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 9 (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Connecticut, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 3: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis. . . . ¶ Jets vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, at San Francisco.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers (exhibition game), Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames (exhibition game), Sunday, Oct. 3, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:05.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 23. The Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 29; the Marlboro Cup Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 2; the Frizette, Monday, Oct. 4; and the Ruffian, Saturday, Oct. 9. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through



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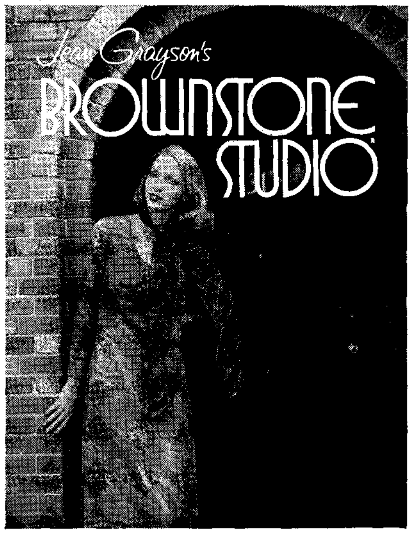

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fridays between 11 and 1:05, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.)... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 13.... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Wednesday, Sept. 29, and Friday, Oct. 1, at 7:15, and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2.... BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Thursday, Oct. 21.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 16.... MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31.

Yachting—The tenth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from a point near the Statue of Liberty to a mark south of the George Washington Bridge and back. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 9 (rain date Sunday, Oct. 10). A spectator boat will embark from the Whitehall Ferry Terminal, foot of Whitehall St., at 9:30 (no boat on the rain date); for information about tickets, call 766-9020.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Bryant Park Flower Show—Included will be exhibits by the Horticultural Society of New York, the Garden Clubs of America, and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 29-Oct. 2, from 10 to 5:30, and Sunday, Oct. 3, from 10 to 3.)

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the displays will be a selection of daguerreotypes and rare cameras from Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Sprung's collection, American Indian artifacts and beadwork, several examples of signed John Henry Belter furniture (1840-60), and a broad sampling of French Art Nouveau. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Oct. 9, through Sunday, Oct. 17. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

New York City Kite Festival—The third annual event will be held in Central Park's Sheep Meadow on Sunday, Oct. 3, from 1 to 5; rain date, Sunday, Oct. 10.

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2: French furniture and decorations, from several collectors.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 2: English and American nineteenth-century fiction, from the collection of Katharine de B. Parsons.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9, at 2: English and French and other Continental furniture and decorations, plus paintings and drawings; from the collection of Marietta Peabody Tree and the late Ronald Tree. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 2.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 2 elections are Saturday, Oct. 2, and Tuesday, Oct. 5, from 1 P.M. to 9 P.M.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Automobile Racing—United States Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen. Oct. 10.)

Baseball—The World Series starts Oct. 16 in the home park of the National League champion.

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Oct. 14 (Washington, exhibition game). Oct. 16 (Boston, exhibition game). Oct. 21 (Los Angeles). Oct. 23 (San Antonio). Oct. 26 (Buffalo). Oct. 30 (New Orleans). Nov. 9 (Washington).... ¶ The Nets at the NASSAU COLISEUM: Oct. 27 (Washington). Oct. 29 (Indiana). Nov. 1 (Cleveland). Nov. 3 (Buffalo). Nov. 5 (Houston).

Professional Football—SUNDAY, OCT. 10: Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Giants Stadium, Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J., and Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium.... SUNDAY, OCT. 17: Giants vs. Minnesota Vikings, at Minneapolis.... MONDAY, OCT. 18: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro.... SUNDAY, OCT. 24: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium.... SUNDAY, OCT. 31: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium and Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo.... SATURDAY, NOV. 7: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Ranger games on Oct. 13, 17, 20, 24, 27, and 31, and Nov. 10.... NASSAU COLISEUM: Islander games on Oct. 12, 16, 19, 28, and 30, and Nov. 6 and 9.

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 2-7.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Oct. 25-Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Oct. 18-Dec. 11.

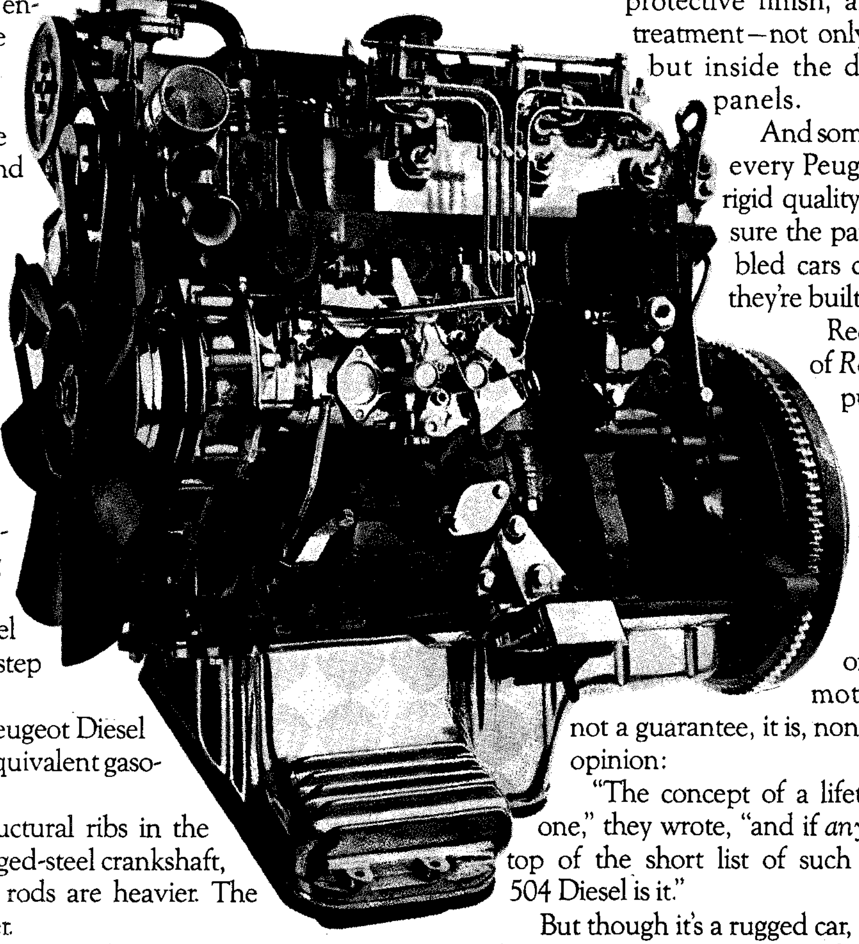
Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season will open on Oct. 11, with Verdi's "Il Trovatore," and will run through April 16.... AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The newly rebuilt hall will open with Pierre Boulez conducting the New York Philharmonic on Oct. 19 (non-subscription benefit concert) and Oct. 21 (first concert of the regular season).... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 10.... ¶ New York Philharmonic "Mahlermonth" concerts, Oct. 11, 16-17, and 25.... ¶ Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 12.... ¶ Orchestre de Paris, Oct. 13-14 and 31.... ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 15.... ¶ Ferruccio Tagliavini, tenor, Oct. 17.... ¶ Opening performances of the Boston Symphony here, Seiji Ozawa conducting, Oct. 20-21.... ¶ Vladimir Viardo, piano, Oct. 26.... ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, Oct. 27.... ¶ Lazar Berman, piano, Nov. 3.... ¶ Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Nov. 4.... ¶ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and Jörg Demus, piano, Nov. 5 and 11.... ¶ Symphony of the New World, Nov. 7.... ¶ Vladimir Spivakov, violin, Nov. 7.... ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 8 and 10.... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Bach Aria Group, Oct. 20.... ¶ Musica Sacra, Oct. 24.... ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Oct. 27.... ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Oct. 31 and Nov. 2, 5, and 7.... ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 8.... ¶ Clarion Concert, Nov. 10.... KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Jerome Rose, piano, Oct. 12.... ¶ New York Chamber Soloists, Oct. 13 and Nov. 3.... ¶ The Waverly Consort, Oct. 20 and 23-24.... ¶ Grant Johannesen, piano, Oct. 27.... ¶ Lili Kraus, piano, Nov. 7.... ¶ Lorin Hollander, piano, Nov. 9.... ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Nov. 10.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Janos Starker, cello, Oct. 16.... ¶ Sergiu Luca, violin, Oct. 22.... ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, Oct. 23.... ¶ The Festival Winds, Oct. 29.... ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 4.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Julian Bream, guitarist and lutanist, Oct. 23.... ¶ Evelyn Lear, soprano, and Thomas Stewart, baritone, Oct. 31.

Dance—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Oct. 13-Nov. 7.... ¶ Eliot Feld Ballet, at the Public Theatre, Oct. 19-Nov. 20.... ¶ Dutch National Ballet, at the Uris Theatre, Nov. 9-14.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Wheelbarrow Closers," a play by Louis La Russo II, with Danny Aiello in the leading role.... ¶ Barbara Baxley in a four-character play, "Best Friend," by Michael Sawyer.... ¶ Czech playwright Pavel Kohout's "Poor Murderer," translated by Herbert Berghof and Laurence Luckinbill. The cast is headed by Mr. Luckinbill, Maria Schell, Ruth Ford, Kevin McCarthy, and Larry Gates.... ¶ Claire Bloom will star in a revival of "The Innocents," William Archibald's play based on Henry James's story "The Turn of the Screw."... ¶ An Israeli musical, "Don't Step on My Olive Branch."... ¶ John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson in a limited engagement of a new play by Harold Pinter, "No Man's Land," imported from London.

Other Dates—Columbus Day will be celebrated on Monday, Oct. 11.... ¶ The Fall Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Oct. 22-24.... ¶ Veterans Day is Monday, Oct. 25. (There will be a second Veterans Day on Thursday, Nov. 11.)... ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 31.... ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 2.

If there's ever a lifetime car, it'll probably have this engine in it.



Since our first production diesel in 1928, Peugeot has built more than a million light diesel engines.

The diesel engine, invented in 1892, may well be the engine of the future. Because no automotive engine produced in the 84 years since then has been able to equal its toughness and economy.

That's why diesels are the engines used in trucks and buses that carry freight and passengers over long distances, day after day after day.

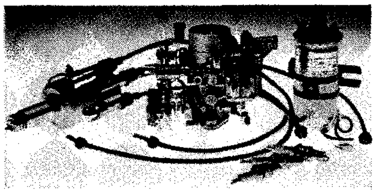
So while there's no such thing as a car or engine that will last a lifetime, there's no denying that a Peugeot Diesel engine in a Peugeot Diesel Sedan or Wagon is a big step in the right direction.

To begin with, the Peugeot Diesel engine is stronger than equivalent gasoline engines.

There are more structural ribs in the crankcase block. The forged-steel crankshaft, pistons, and connecting rods are heavier. The bearing surfaces are larger.

All together, some 100 pounds of extra strength are built into it.

What's more, there are no spark plugs, points, or condensers to be replaced, or carburetors to be adjusted.



Parts you don't have to replace

You do have to change the oil and filter every 3,000 miles. And after 100,000 miles or so, you *may* want to replace the glow plugs.

If Peugeot Diesel engines are tough, so are the cars they go into.

The patented shock absorbers are designed to absorb shocks for 60,000 miles of normal driving.

Many parts are costly forged steel instead of castings or stampings.

The body is put together to stay together, with more than 7,000 welds, five coats of protective finish, and anti-corrosive treatment—not only under the body, but inside the doors and rocker panels.

And some 46,000 points on every Peugeot are subject to rigid quality controls, to make sure the parts and the assembled cars can last as long as they're built to.

Recently, the editors of *Road Test* Magazine put a Peugeot Diesel through a 50,000-mile road test. Then, they pulled it completely apart.

While their conclusion is the opinion of just one group of automotive experts and not a guarantee, it is, nonetheless, an expert opinion:

"The concept of a lifetime car is a great one," they wrote, "and if *any* car should be on top of the short list of such cars, the Peugeot 504 Diesel is it."

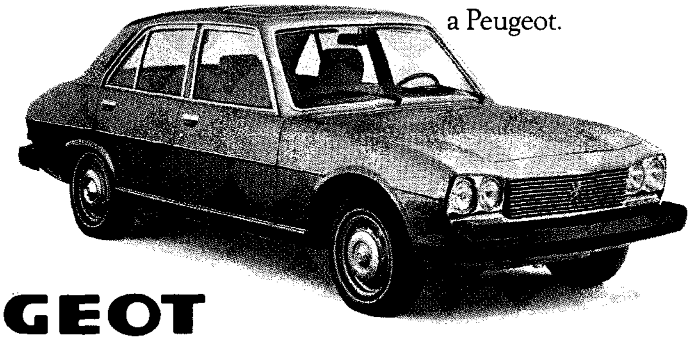
But though it's a rugged car, the Peugeot Diesel is anything but an austere or uncomfortable one.

It's compact on the outside, but has much the same headroom, legroom, and trunk space as in a full-size luxury car.

And the same kind of luxuries come as standard equipment:

Fully reclining front seats. Deep, plush carpeting. Power-assisted brakes. Electric front windows. Tinted glass all around. And childproof rear door locks.

In short, the Peugeot Diesel is a tough, economical car because it's a diesel. But it's a luxurious car because it's a Peugeot.



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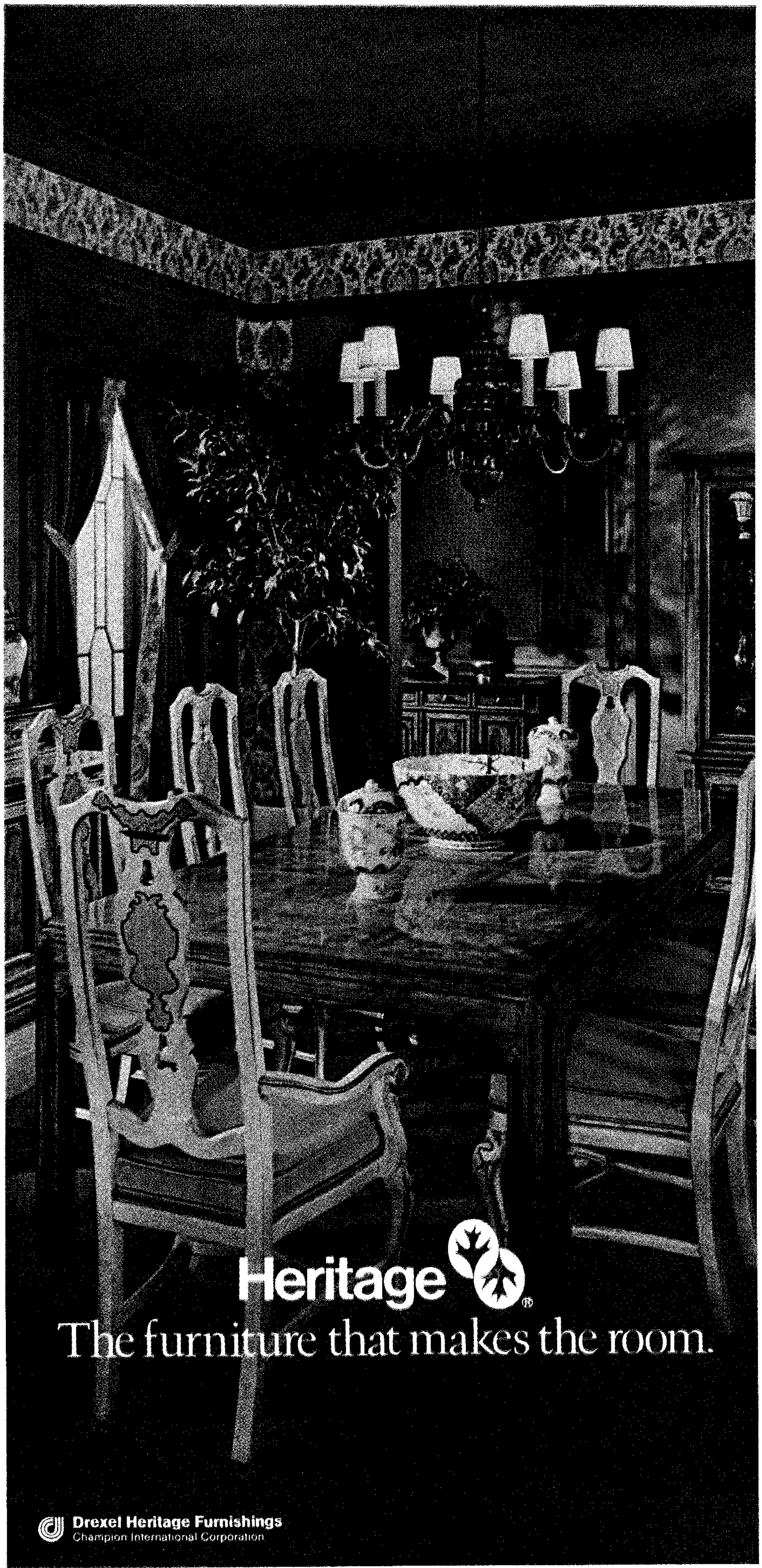
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Omaha, Peg Boyle Interiors Ltd.

NEW JERSEY
Cherry Hill, Jack E. Bateman's Interiors
Paterson, Bograd's

NEW YORK
Farmingdale, Interiors by Atlantic
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Lynnwood, Ken Schoenfeld

Heritage

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			29	30	1	2
3	4	5	6	7		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through the afternoon of Oct. 5: "Silent Movie."
From Oct. 6: "Obsession."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Oct. 5: "Gator" and "White Lightning."
From Oct. 6: To be announced.

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through Oct. 5: "The Shootist" and "Three Days of the Condor."
From Oct. 6: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 5: "Murder by Death."
From Oct. 6: "Obsession."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"America at the Movies."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 5: "Mad Dog." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Sept. 29.)
From Oct. 6: To be announced.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Oct. 2: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" and "Captain Blood."
From Oct. 3: "Alex & the Gypsy."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"How Funny Can Sex Be?"

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Sunday Woman."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"America at the Movies."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bugsy Malone."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
From Sept. 29 at 7:45: "The Front." (Opening night by invitation only.)

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Idi Amin Dada."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
To be announced.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Spirit of the Beehive."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ritz."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Oct. 2: "Silent Movie."
From Oct. 3: "Small Change."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Clockmaker."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Burnt Offerings."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"America at the Movies."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Keetje Tippel."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Oct. 5: "Mad Dog."
From Oct. 6: "Marathon Man."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 5: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
From Oct. 6: "Obsession."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Burnt Offerings."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Norman . . . Is That You?"

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Sept. 30: "Smile Orange."
From Oct. 1: "Diamonds."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Oct. 5: "Street People."
From Oct. 6: "Black Emmanuelle."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Face to Face."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Idi Amin Dada."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Burnt Offerings."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Shootist" and "Three Days of the Condor."
Theatre 2: "The Clockmaker."
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 5: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" and "Barbarella." From Oct. 6: "Obsession" and "Taxi Driver."
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 5: "Mad Dog." From Oct. 6: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Where the Red Fern Grows."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Oct. 6: "Paper Tiger."
From Oct. 7: "A Matter of Time."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Edvard Munch."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 5: "The Outlaw Josey Wales" and "Magnum Force."
From Oct. 6: "Logan's Run" and "Rollerball."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Oct. 5: "Obsession."
From Oct. 6: "Fantasia."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"America at the Movies."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 5: "Murder by Death."
From Oct. 6: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 4: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
From Oct. 5: "Kings of the Road."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Sex with a Smile." From Oct. 1: "The Pom Pom Girls."
Theatre 2: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "The Shootist" and "Three Days of the Condor."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 30: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" and "Barbarella."
Oct. 1-5: "Bambi" and "Escape to Witch Mountain."
From Oct. 6: "Singin' in the Rain" and "The Wizard of Oz."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 29: "Open City" (1944), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani; and "Shoe-Shine" (1946), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
Sept. 30: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948), directed by Orson Welles, with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Mr. Welles; and "The Immortal Story" (1968), directed by Orson Welles, with Jeanne Moreau.
Oct. 1: "The Curse of the Cat People" (†); and "Cat People" (1942), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Simone Simon, Kent Smith, and Tom Conway.
Oct. 2: "The Gambler" (1974), directed by Karel Reisz, with James Caan; and "The Loves of Isadora" (1969), directed by Karel Reisz, with Vanessa Redgrave.
Oct. 3: "Guys and Dolls" (†) and "Little Miss Marker." (†)
Oct. 4: "Blind Husbands" (†) and "Foolish Wives." (†)
Oct. 5: "Death by Hanging" (1968) and "Boy" (1970), both films in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima.
Oct. 6: "Paisan" (†) and "A Walk in the Sun." (†)
Oct. 7: "Savages" (1972), directed by James Ivory; and "The Guru" (1969), directed by James Ivory, with Rita Tushingham and Michael York.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 29: "My Life to Live" (1962), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina; and "Klute" (1971), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.
Sept. 30: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder; and "Les Biches" (1968), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Jacqueline Sassard, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Stéphane Audran.
Oct. 1: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974), directed by Ted Kotchoff, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman; and "O Lucky Man!" (1973), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.
Oct. 2: "Pal Joey" (†) and "Guys and Dolls." (†)
Oct. 3: "Eugene Onegin" (1959), in Russian, performed by the Bolshoi Theatre group; and "Prince Igor" (1972), in Russian, performed by the Kirov Opera and Ballet of Leningrad.
Oct. 4: "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (1954), directed by Luis Buñuel, with Dan O'Herlihy and James Fernandez; and "Illusion Travels by Streetcar" (1952; "La

Ilusion Viaja en Tranvia"), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel in Mexico.

Oct. 5: "The Green Wall" (†) and "The Garden of Delights." (†)

Oct. 6: "The Eagle" (†) and "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex." (†)

Oct. 7: "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" (†) and "Crucified Lovers." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Oct. 2: "To Have and Have Not" (1944) and "The Big Sleep" (1946), both films directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

Oct. 3-5: "The Fountainhead" (1949), directed by King Vidor, with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Little Caesar" (1930), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Edward G. Robinson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell.

From Oct. 6: "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "Dark Victory" (1939), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Sept. 29: "Sanjuro" (1963) and "Yojimbo" (1962), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Sept. 30 (one showing only, at 2): "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970), directed by Marcel Ophuls, a documentary on the German Occupation of France.

Oct. 1: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "Skidoo" (1969), directed by Otto Preminger, with Jackie Gleason and Carol Channing.

Oct. 2: "Easy Rider" (1969), directed by Dennis Hopper, with Peter Fonda, Mr. Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; "Wild in the Streets" (†); and "The Last Movie." (†)

Oct. 3: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.

Oct. 4: "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

Oct. 5: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson; and "Payday" (1973), directed by Daryl Duke, with Rip Torn.

Oct. 6: "Zatoichi at Large" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori; and "Sword of Justice" (1972), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi.

Oct. 7: "The Fortune" (1975), directed by Mike Nichols, with Warren Beatty, Jack Nicholson, and Stockard Channing; and "The King of Marvin Gardens." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Oct. 2: "The Little Minister" (1934), directed by Richard Wallace, with Katharine Hepburn, John Beal, and Donald Crisp; and "Morning Glory" (1933), directed by Lowell Sherman, with Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou.

From Oct. 3: "Sylvia Scarlett" (†) and "Quality Street." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 29: "The Uninvited" (†); and "Supernatural" (1933), directed by Victor Halperin, with Carole Lombard and Randolph Scott.

Sept. 30: "Wings." (†)

Oct. 1-3: "Roberta" (1935), directed by William Seiter, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley; and "Show Boat" (1936), directed by James Whale, with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson.

Oct. 4-5: "The Guardsman" (†); and "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

Oct. 6-7: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (†); and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 30 at 2:30: "Sailor Beware" (1952), directed by Hal Walker, with Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, and Corinne Calvet.... ¶ Sept. 30 at 6: "The Senator Was Indiscreet" (1947), directed by George S. Kaufman, with William Powell, Ella Raines, Peter Lind Hayes, and Arleen Whelan.... ¶ Sept. 30 at 8:30 and Oct. 1 at 2:30: "Miss Tatlock's Millions" (1948), directed by Richard Haydn, with John Lund, Wanda Hendrix, Monty Woolley, and Robert Stack.... ¶ Oct. 1 at 6: "Everybody Does It" (1949), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm, and Charles Coburn.... ¶ Oct. 2 at noon: "Francis, the Talking Mule" (1950), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Donald O'Connor, Patricia Medina, ZaSu Pitts, and Ray Collins.... ¶ Oct. 2 at 2:30: "Sailor Beware."... ¶ Oct. 2 at 5: "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, and Tom Ewell.... ¶ Oct. 3 at noon: "Ma and Pa Kettle" (1949) directed by Charles Lamont, with Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride, and Richard Long.... ¶ Oct. 3 at 2:30: "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House" (1948), directed by H. C. Potter, with Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas.... ¶ Oct. 3 at 5: "The Jack-Knife Man" (1920), directed by King Vidor.... ¶ Oct. 4 at noon: "The Marrying Kind" (1952), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray, and Madge Kennedy.... ¶ Oct. 4 at 2:30: "Champagne for Caesar" (1950), directed by Richard Whorf, with Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm, and Vincent Price.... ¶ Oct. 4 at 6: "A Letter to Three Wives" (1948), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Jeanne Crain, Linda Darnell, Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, and Paul Douglas.... ¶ Oct. 5 at noon: "Take Me to Town" (1953), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Ann Sheridan and Sterling Hayden.... ¶ Oct. 5 at 2:30: "Born Yesterday" (1950), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford.... ¶ Oct. 7 at 2:30: "Breathless" (1960), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg; English subtitles.... ¶ Oct. 7 at 6: "The Marrying Kind."... ¶ Oct. 7 at 8:30: "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (1956), directed by Richard Quine, with Judy Holliday, Paul Douglas, and Fred Clark. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Starting Sept. 30: "Video Trans Americas" (1976), directed by Juan Downey. Continuous showings at noon to 5:45 (9:45 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Bresson, Cocteau, Dreyer, Davis, Sweeney, Cornell, Dovzhenko, and others. Showings Sept. 29-30 at 7 and 9; Oct. 1 at 8 and 10; Oct. 2 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Oct. 3 at 8; and Oct. 5-7 at 7 and 9.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. (362-1911)—Oct. 1 at 6:30 and 9:30: "Small Change" (François Truffaut; France).... ¶ Oct. 2 at 3: "Ossessione" (Luchino Visconti; Italy, 1942).... ¶ Oct. 2 at 6: "Jonas Who Will be 25 in the Year 2000" (Alain Tanner; Switzerland).... ¶ Oct. 2 at 9: "In the Realm of the Senses" (Nagisa Oshima; Japan; no one under eighteen will be admitted).... ¶ Oct. 3 at 5: "Kings of the Road" (Wim Wenders; West Germany).... ¶ Oct. 3 at 9: "Jonas Who Will be 25 in the Year 2000."... ¶ Oct. 4 at 6:15: "In the Realm of the Senses."... ¶ Oct. 4 at 9: "Kings of the Road."... ¶ Oct. 5 at 6:30: "The Memory of Justice" (Marcel Ophuls; United States and West Germany).... ¶ Oct. 5 at 6:15 and 9:30 (at the **ZIEGFELD,** 141 W. 54th, because it needs a special screen): "Dersu Uzala" (Akira Kurosawa; U.S.S.R. and Japan).... ¶ Oct. 6 at 6:15: "Rites of Passage," a three-part film consisting of "Bernice Bobs Her Hair," Joan Micklin Silver; "In the Region of Ice," Peter Werner; and "Sunday Funnies," Ray Harp. (United States).... ¶ Oct. 6 at 9:30 and Oct. 7 at 6:15: "Cadaveri Eccellenti (Illustrious Corpses)" (Francesco Rosi; Italy).... ¶ Oct. 7 at 9:30: "The Story of a Sin" (Walerian Borowczyk; Poland).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films; stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. With Errol Flynn slinging a deer across his shoulders, almost impossibly pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, and, for villainy, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains. Michael Curtiz and William Keighley directed; Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvellous score. (Sutton; through Oct. 2.)

Alex & the Gypsy—With Jack Lemmon and Geneviève Bujold, directed by John Korty. (Sutton; starting Oct. 3.)

America at the Movies—A two-hour compilation of films prepared by the American Film Institute. (Murray Hill, Plaza, Beekman, and Paramount.)

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn, Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that when the mother is killed by hunters, small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. From the Felix Salten novel. (Olympia; Oct. 1-5.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (Olympia; through Sept. 30.... ¶ Quad Cinema; through Oct. 5.)

Blind Husbands (1918)—Erich von Stroheim's first film as writer, director, and star, and he was the designer besides. The setting is a resort in the Dolomites, and von Stroheim plays an immaculately groomed Army officer who makes advances to the naïve, dark young wife (Francilla Billington) of a vacationing American doctor (Sam de Grasse). Gibson Gowland plays the Alpine guide. The film is a catalogue of the themes von Stroheim later developed, as well as a predecessor of the German mountain films, such as the ones starring Leni Riefenstahl. It isn't likable, exactly, but you certainly can't mistake it for a film by any other director. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 4.)

Buffalo Bill and the Indians—A Robert Altman film, drawn from Arthur Kopit's play about frontier legend and how it is fed, perhaps, by wish. The setting is a Wild West Show. Buffalo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup and a wig of long, fair hair; Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) is a totemistic figure, almost mute throughout; Annie Oakley is played by Geraldine Chaplin. Everything that Altman photographs is about stage heroics. This is not a picture about sociological differences between white men and Indians; it is about their different sorts of dream. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/28/76.) (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 6.)

Bugsy Malone—An aberration from England, set in New York in 1929 and made with a cast of children, average age twelve. It's a kiddie-gangster musical, with slapstick gang wars—a film that operates on darlingness and the kitsch of innocence. Alan Parker wrote and directed; the score (sung by adults) is by

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Paul Williams. With Jodie Foster as the vamp Tallulah, Martin Lev as the villain Dandy Dan, and, among the nonprofessionals, the appealing Florrie Dugger as the complacent ingenue Blousey. (9/27/76) (Baronet.)

Burnt Offerings—With Karen Black, Oliver Reed, and Burgess Meredith; directed by Dan Curtis. (Columbia II, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Greenwich.)

Captain Blood (1935)—Flynn swashing his buckle for the first time. He plays a doctor pressed into becoming a pirate, spliced up for a time with Basil Rathbone but enamored of the very genteel Olivia de Havilland. (Sutton; through Oct. 2.)

The Clockmaker—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grown-up son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. A splendid, sober film. In French. (8/9/76) (Columbia I, and Quad Cinema.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings, full of Rabelaisian cheer. Finely acted by people whom the director has helped to embody a mixture of the droll and the fragile. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

Crucified Lovers (1954; "Chikamatzu Monogatari")—A sensitive psychological study of a woman's passions and adultery in seventeenth-century Japan, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, a master of the nuances of women's emotions. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 7.)

The Curse of the Cat People (1944)—Val Lewton produced this sequel to his famous low-budget thriller, the hard-to-forget "Cat People," in which Simone Simon tried to convince her husband (Kent Smith) that she would turn into a panther if he tried to consummate the marriage. He sent her to a psychiatrist who attempted to make love to her and was mauled to death, after fatally wounding her. In the misbegotten sequel, Kent Smith, who has remarried, fears that his small daughter, Amy (Ann Carter), is under the influence of his first wife, and by his repressiveness drives the lonely, imaginative child to invent a friend, who is indeed the first wife (played once again by Simone Simon). The film is a true oddity, since Lewton perversely refused to give the studio the feline shocker it wanted, and instead tried to make a poetic film about a lonely child's need of an imaginary friend. The film is a clumsy mixture of unrealized ideas, gothic effects, and stiff, dull acting, but it has some unusual qualities; David Riesman devotes several pages to it in "The Lonely Crowd." Directed by Gunther Von Fritsch and Robert Wise. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 1.)

Diamonds—With Robert Shaw and Richard Roundtree, directed by Menahem Golan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Oct. 1.)

The Eagle (1925)—Rudolph Valentino as a Cossack turned outlaw in the time of Catherine the Great (Louise Dresser). Clarence Brown directed; William Cameron Menzies did the sets. With Vilma Banky. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 6.)

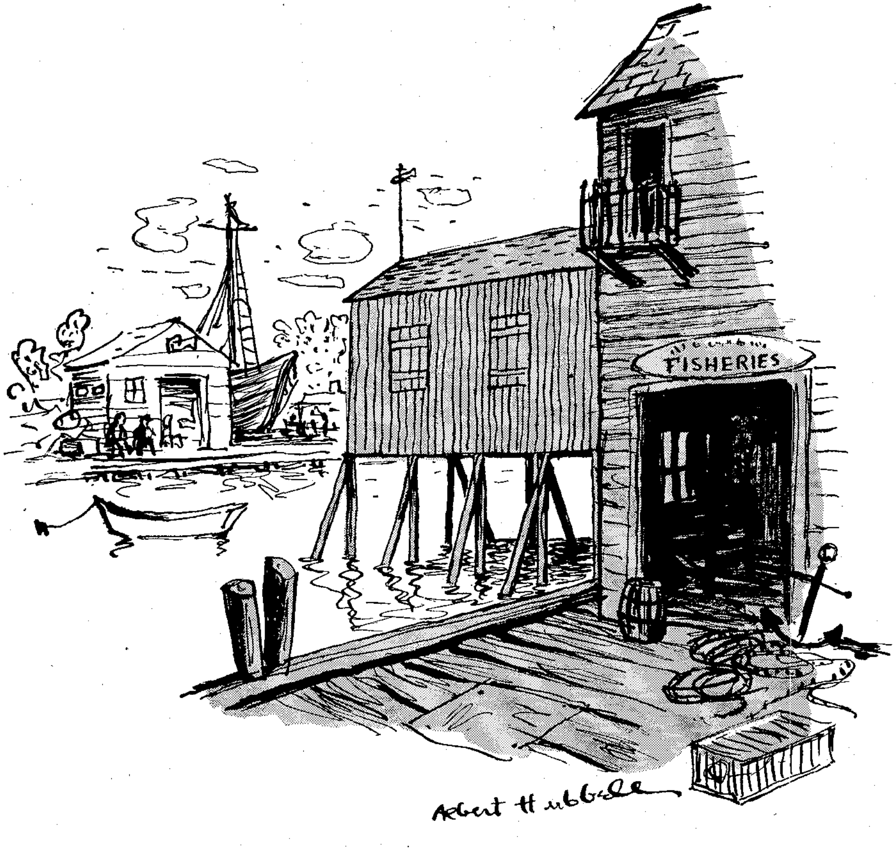
Edvard Munch—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, he has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now, like his BBC film about the Battle of Culloden. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his strength of feeling about the intimacy he fiercely longed for but thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (9/20/76) (Festival.)

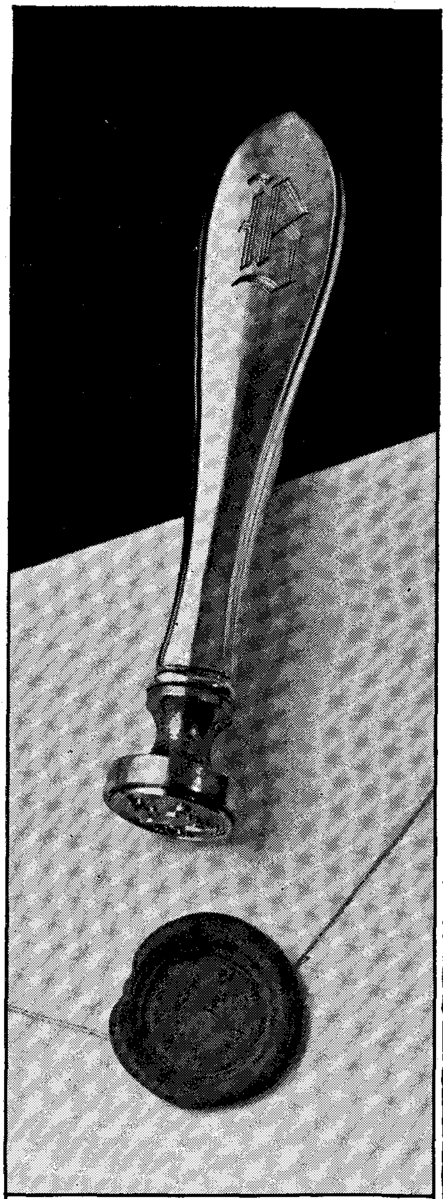
Escape to Witch Mountain (1975)—From the Disney studios, with Eddie Albert, Ray Milland, and Donald Pleasence, directed by John Hough. (Olympia; Oct. 1-5.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Waverly.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Little Carnegie; starting Oct. 6.)

Foolish Wives (1921)—Erich von Stroheim





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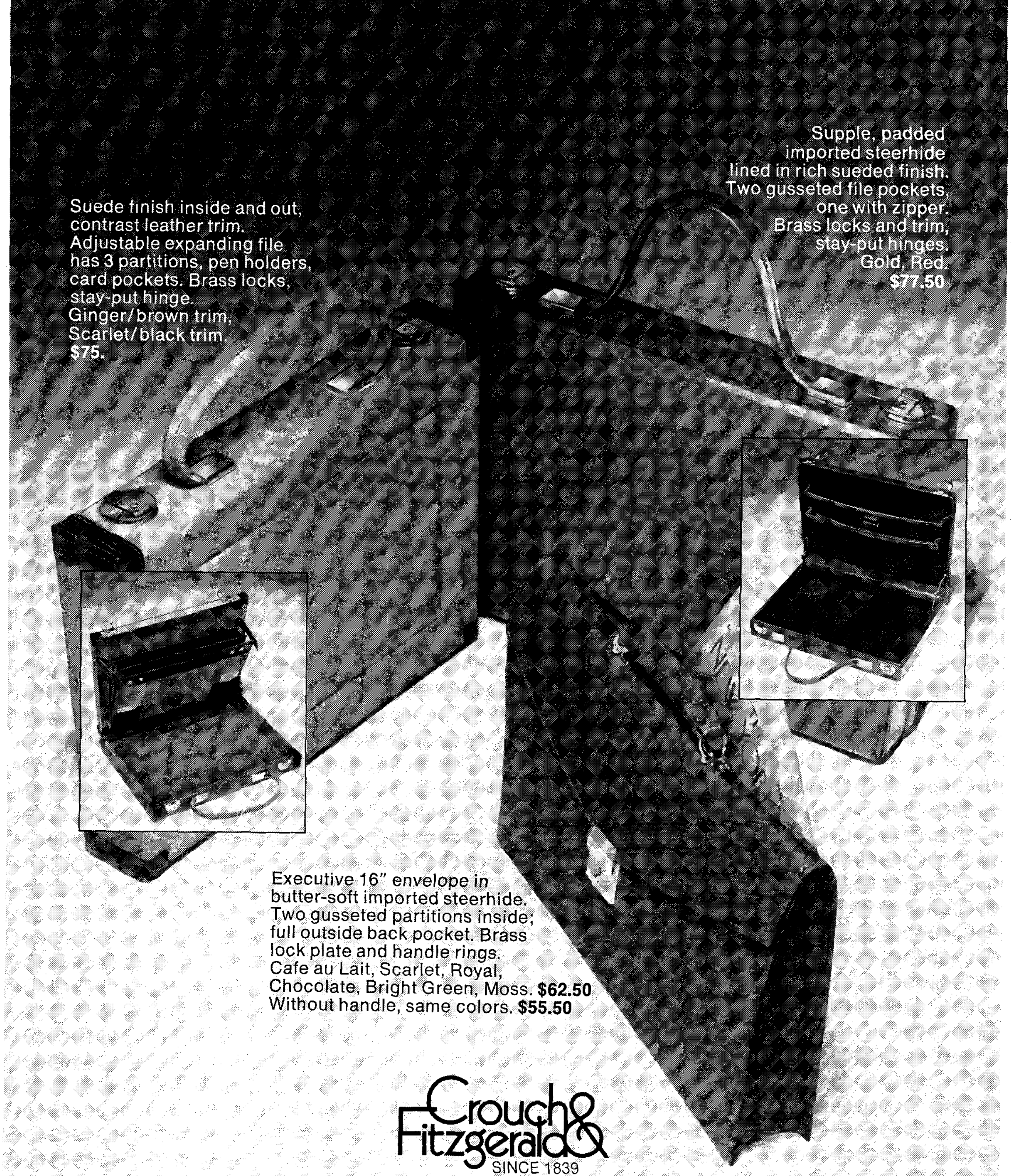

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wrote and directed, but this is the first time he lost control of a film, and the studio cut it by about a third. What's left is still fairly overpowering in the thick mixture of fetishistic sophistication and sentimentality; it's just about impossible to sort out one's responses. Has any other filmmaker made carnal desire so revolting? This time von Stroheim is the corrupt lecher Count Sergei Karamzin, and he goes after the wife of the American ambassador to Monaco. With Mae Busch, Miss Dupont, Cesare Gravina, Dale Fuller, and Maude George. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 4.)

The Front—With Woody Allen, Zero Mostel, and Herschel Bernardi; directed by Martin Ritt. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet; starting Sept. 29 at 7:45. Opening night by invitation only.)

The Garden of Delights (1971)—A comedy about upper-middle-class greed by Carlos Saura, the director of "The Hunt." In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 5.)

Gator—With Burt Reynolds, Jack Weston, Lauren Hutton, and Jerry Reed; directed by Reynolds. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 5.)

The Green Wall (1972)—This would probably be the first Peruvian film you ever saw, and it would even more probably be the last. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 5.)

The Guardsman (1931)—More like a photographed play than a movie adaptation, but a memento of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at work; they appear to be having a wonderful time mugging and grinning. They play an acting couple, and for a good part of the film the husband (in disguise from his wife) wears something stuck under his lower lip, which gives him a beefy, puffed-out jaw that is irresistibly ridiculous. Sidney Franklin directed this early-talkie version of the Ferenc Molnár play that Lunt and Fontanne had done on Broadway in 1924. (It was later turned into a movie musical, "The Chocolate Soldier.") The cast includes Roland Young as a critic, Ann Dvorak as a fan, ZaSu Pitts, Maude Eburne, and Herman Bing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 4-5.)

Guys and Dolls (1955)—Samuel Goldwyn's big, beribboned version of the Broadway musical. Never one to skimp on words, the director-scenarist Joseph L. Mankiewicz seems to have fallen in love with Damon Runyon's cute, stilted locutions; the camera stands still while the actors mince through lines like "This is no way for a gentleman to act and could lead to irritation on the part of Harry the Horse." Frank Sinatra is the crap-game proprietor who bets Marlon Brando that he can't lure straitlaced Jean Simmons, a mission worker, to Havana with him. Sinatra and his partner, Vivian Blaine, sing pleasantly, and Brando and Simmons are ingratiatingly uneasy when they burst into song and dance, but the movie is too extended to be the light diversion it should be. With Stubby Kaye, Sheldon Leonard, and the Goldwyn Girls. Michael Kidd did the choreography, Oliver Smith the self-conscious sets. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 3.)

How Funny Can Sex Be?—With Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

Idi Amin Dada (1974)—A documentary about the Ugandan General. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Keetje Tippel—With Monique van de Ven, directed by Paul Verhoeven. In Dutch. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Elgin; Oct. 7.)

Kings of the Road—With Rudiger Vogler and Hanns Zischler, directed by Wim Wenders. In German. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 5.)

The Last Movie (1971)—Dennis Hopper directed this put-on, knockabout tragedy, in which he stars as a stunt man with an American film company in Peru who becomes a Christ figure when the natives imitate filmmaking. The movie grinds to a painful halt right at the start; it is visually beautiful, but the editing is so self-destructive that it's as if Hopper had slashed his own canvases. (Elgin; Oct. 2.)

Little Miss Marker (1934)—You've never seen anything like it; that doesn't mean you need to. Tiny tot Shirley Temple is left as a "marker" with a bunch of gambler-racketeers, who talk in the coy Broadway low-life argot invented by Damon Runyon, on whose story the film is based. Adolphe Menjou is the head hoodlum; he and the others bedeck themselves as King Arthur's knights in order to please wee Shirley, and at her instigation he also recites "Now I lay me." No one can deny that the infant Shirley Temple was a trouper; she delivers her lines with a killer instinct, and she sings, natch. Alexander Hall directed this exceedingly popular whimsey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 3.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (Playboy; starting Oct. 6.)

Mad Dog—With Dennis Hopper as Daniel Morgan, a nineteenth-century bandit in the Australian outback. Directed by Philippe Mora. (Loews Tower East, and Quad Cinema; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Oct. 5. No evening performances on Wednesday, Sept. 29.)

Magnum Force (1973)—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. (Playboy; through Oct. 5.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Olympia; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through Oct. 5.)

Marathon Man—With Dustin Hoffman and Laurence Olivier, directed by John Schlesinger. (Loews Tower East; starting Oct. 6.)

A Matter of Time—With Liza Minnelli, Ingrid Bergman, and Charles Boyer; directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Music Hall; starting Oct. 7.)

Murder by Death—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Gramercy, and Cinema Studio; through Oct. 5.)

Norman . . . Is That You?—With Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey, directed by George Schlatter. (86th St. East.)

Obsession—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a Daddi in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (8/2/76) (Little Carnegie; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Art, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 6.)

The Outlaw Josey Wales—Directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Playboy; through Oct. 5.)

Paisan (1946)—Roberto Rossellini made this episodic film after his first breakthrough with "Open City." Each of the six parts has a story and deals with an aspect of the war that had just ended. The present-tense semi-documentary visual style is innovative; the content less so, though the film is often hailed as a peak in the history of the screen. In English, French, Italian, and German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 6.)

Pal Joey (1957)—Blighted Hollywoodization of the musical by John O'Hara, Richard Rodgers, and Lorenz Hart, with the score purified along with Joey's character. The heel-hero has been changed from a hoofer to a crooner—in line with the talents of Frank Sinatra. His singing helps things along, and he also does the only acting, though Kim Novak's vacuity is rather touching and is certainly not as laborious as Rita Hayworth's misconceived performance. This sad botch was directed by George Sidney. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 2.)

Paper Tiger—With David Niven, Toshiro Mifune, and Hardy Krüger, and with Ivan Desny and Jeff Corey. Directed by Ken Annakin. (Music Hall; through Oct. 6.)

The Picture of Dorian Gray (1945)—It has its ludicrous side. Hurd Hatfield's Dorian (who sells his soul to keep his youth) doesn't look fresh; he looks glaceed. And the other characters don't seem to age with the years, so there's no contrast with him. But the Oscar Wilde story has its compelling side and its cheap thrills, and despite the failings of Albert Lewin as writer and director, he has a feeling for plushy décor. Neither Hatfield, who tries scrupulously hard, nor George Sanders, who plays the epigrammatic Wilde figure, Lord Henry Wotton, rises above Lewin's chic gothic conception, but as Dorian's victim, gullible Sibyl Vane, the young Angela Lansbury gives the film momentary authority. When she sings "Little Yellow Bird," the viewer can grasp that the man who would destroy her really is evil. With Donna Reed, Lowell Gilmore, and Peter Lawford. Harry Stradling did the cinematography; the Albright Brothers—Ivan and Syzygy—painted the portraits. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6-7.)

The Pom Pom Girls—With Robert Carradine and Jennifer Ashley, directed by Joseph Ruben. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Oct. 1.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century: a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 7.)

The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex (1939)—Bette Davis, well painted and dressed for the role of the shrewd old Queen, looks the part and gives a magnetic, tough performance, but an impossible task was set for her, since as Essex Errol Flynn couldn't come halfway to meet her. His talents were in other directions; the role was totally outside his range, and the poor man seemed to know it. Davis's performance is bound to suffer from comparison with Glenda Jackson's multifaceted Elizabeth on television, but Davis's Elizabeth is a precursor of Jackson's—it might almost be a sketch for the Jackson portrait. Michael Curtiz directed this adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. With Olivia de Havilland, Henry Daniell, Leo G. Carroll, James Stephenson, Vincent Price, Donald Crisp, and Ralph Forbes. Music is by Erich Wolfgang Korngold. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 6.)

Quality Street (1937)—It isn't really so long ago—though it seems like another age—that the heroine of an American movie could say, "I could bear all the rest, but I've been unladylike." This film is from the James M. Barrie play about a street where gentlemen are an event, and where a dashing, gallant officer (Franchot Tone) devastates the maiden ladies. As in so much of Barrie, the sensitive, all-knowing woman (Katharine Hepburn) gets the vain, infantile male. Underneath all the proprieties, there's a dismaying and rather grim view of human relations. The director, George Stevens, holds to a quaint style that gets silly, but Hepburn does wonders for the material. With Cora Witherspoon as the belligerent servant, Fay Bainter, Eric Blore, Bonita Granville, and—in a lace cap and tall hat—Estelle Winwood. (Regency; starting Oct. 3.)

The Ritz—From Terrence McNally's play, di-

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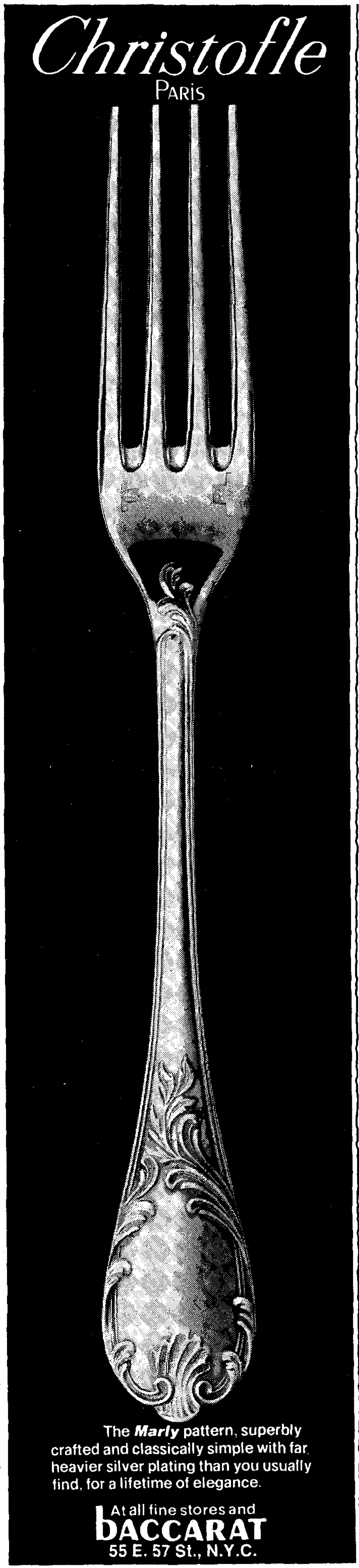
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rected by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (Cinema I.)

Rollerball (1975)—Norman Jewison's noisily unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in to the rules of the game is quite an omission. (7/7/75) (Playboy; starting Oct. 6.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 4.)

Sex with a Smile—With Marty Feldman, directed by Sergio Martino. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through Sept. 30.)

The Shootist—A Western, with John Wayne and Lauren Bacall, directed by Don Siegel. (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 12th St. Cinema; through Oct. 5.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Cinema II; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Art; through the afternoon of Oct. 5.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Olympia; starting Oct. 6.)

Small Change—With Gregory Desmouceaux, directed by François Truffaut. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II; starting Oct. 3.)

Smile Orange—A Jamaican film, with Carl Bradshaw, directed by Trevor D. Rhone. Occasional subtitles for the Jamaican dialect. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Sept. 30.)

The Spirit of the Beehive—Directed by Victor Erice. In Spanish. (D. W. Griffith.)

Street People—With Roger Moore and Stacy Keach, directed by Maurice Lucidi. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Oct. 5.)

Sunday Woman—With Marcello Mastroianni, Jacqueline Bisset, and Jean-Louis Trintignant; directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Fine Arts.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 4.)

Sylvia Scarlett (1936)—This Katharine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and, fascinating as it is, you'll know why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel, and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Miss Hepburn is dressed as a boy throughout most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn, as her conman father, and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainess. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case: when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Miss Moore sing a music-hall version of "By the Beautiful Sea." (Regency; starting Oct. 3.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 6.)

Three Days of the Condor (1975)—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it, and it's empty, like "The Parallax View," so that you may come out feeling depressed or angry. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 12th St. Cinema; through Oct. 5.)

The Uninvited (1944)—Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey are the brother and sister who buy a house on the Cornish coast only to find it inhabited by an evil presence. Sexy-eyed Gail Russell had an eerie ambience, and she's lovely as the mysterious young girl who helps in the exorcism, even though she never could act worth a damn. The picture was popular, though it doesn't come anywhere near fulfilling one's initial hopes that it will be a first-rate ghost movie. Lewis Allen directed this adaptation of Dorothy Macardle's novel. With Alan Napier, Donald Crisp, Dorothy Stickney, and Cornelia Otis Skinner playing the Gale Sondergaard role. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 29.)

A Walk in the Sun (1945)—This account of an American infantry platoon in Italy has a great big inexplicable reputation. Maybe people were impressed by its serious and poetic intentions, evidenced by the film's having no one higher in rank than the sergeants who take over when their lieutenant is killed, and by the stylized recurrence of such lines as "There's no sense in it—no sense at all" and "That's the way it is—sure as little apples, that's it." The director, Lewis Milestone, brought the film a visual style, and Robert Rossen's script (from the Harry Brown novel) emphasizes that these civilians turned soldiers are just stumbling about, wondering what's going on. But this is the kind of literate movie that is more impressive than enjoyable. With Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, Lloyd Bridges, John Ireland, Huntz Hall, Herbert Rudley as the psycho, and blond, cracked-voiced Sterling Holloway, who gets a death scene (maybe for the only time in his movie career). The ballad on the sound track, which adds to the air of fanciness, is by Millard Lampell and Earl Robinson. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 6.)

Where the Red Fern Grows—With James Whitmore and Beverly Garland, directed by Norman Tokar. (Guild.)

White Lightning (1973)—With Burt Reynolds, directed by Joseph Sargent. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 5.)

Wild in the Streets (1968)—This blatant, insensitive, crummy-looking American International Pictures movie is entertaining in a lot of ways that more tasteful movies aren't; it has wit without any grace at all, and is enjoyable at a pop, comic-strip level. The story (by Robert Thom) is a satirical fantasy about the freaked-out young as a new breed of Fascist; it's treated with lunatic relish and enough mockery to make it funny. Barry Shear's direction isn't up to the playful paranoia of the script, but the cast is good—Christopher Jones, Shelley Winters, Millie Perkins, Diane Varsi rattling a tambourine, Hal Holbrook as a congressman who has a faint twitch when he smells trouble, and a very young Richard Pryor in his first screen appearance. (Elgin; Oct. 2.)

Wings (1927)—With Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers, directed by William A. Wellman. Fine slambang hokum about airmen in the First World War, with a minute steel-jawed appearance by the very young Gary Cooper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 30.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Olympia; starting Oct. 6.)

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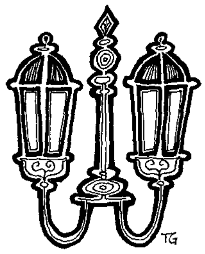
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE "new season" this year has brought with it reports of events of more lasting significance than the usual theatre openings, new television shows, and campaign maneuvers—reports concerning the presence of life elsewhere in the solar system. Mingled with the accounts of stepped-up terrestrial activity, there has been news from chillier zones, in outer space, including Mars, where the two Viking spacecraft have landed and begun to hunt for signs of life. For the last few months, the odds on Martian life have been rising and falling as the results from the Viking craft have been coming in. Indeed, there is so much news arriving from outer space in general these days that newspapers might well want to consider supplementing their usual division of the news into local, national, and international with a fourth category, for which we suggest the title "universal." (The *Times*, we note, has chosen to put the news from Mars in its "national" category.) The sources of universal news seem unlikely to dry up soon, for the whole earth has now been wired by American space scientists with a network of receiving stations that stay in touch with one another through the help of orbiting satellites and are spaced around the globe in such a way that, as it turns, one of them is as often as possible facing any spacecraft that we may have sent out, and thus can receive the spacecraft's signals and relay them back to the central command in Pasadena or Houston. In other words, the world has now been turned into a single giant ear that listens for the latest information from outer space.

Another planet on which the status of life is uncertain is our own Earth. Here life does exist but its survival is in question. Over the last several months, one would have to say, the odds on survival have fallen slightly. It is true that in a laboratory at M.I.T. a few weeks ago a team under the direction of Dr. Har Gobind Khorana synthesized the basic building block of life—the gene—thereby apparently bringing mankind one step closer to the artificial manufacture of living organisms, including, perhaps, humanoid ones. But this achievement, which may at a glance look favorable to the survival of life—and which would no doubt rate a headline or two on the "universal" page of newspapers on Mars or wherever else there might be creatures wondering about the chances for life in the universe—is merely redundant from the point of view of the survival of life on Earth. Regrettably, in a nuclear holocaust any humanoids that we might have created would probably stand no better chance of surviving than the human beings. Moreover, we can already create as much life as we want in the old way, far removed from laboratories. Of greater significance in weighing the possibilities for survival was some recent news from Taiwan. There, it was learned, the government has built a reprocessing plant capable of producing weapons-grade plutonium. The other day, Taiwanese officials announced that they would refrain from production, but the fact that they retain the capacity for it enables them to resume whenever they wish to. If the Taiwanese one day do go ahead and build nuclear weapons, then the Chinese, who, whether they live on Taiwan or on the mainland, consider themselves to belong to a single nation, would become the first nation in which both sides in a civil war possessed nuclear arms. They would have established a purely Chinese balance of terror. At that point, they would find themselves facing some baffling questions: Can it ever make sense to use nuclear weapons in a civil war? Can one liberate one's own people by blowing them off the map? That is to say, they would begin to face within their own divided nation the questions that mankind has already been facing for more than thirty years within a larger realm—the divided planet Earth.



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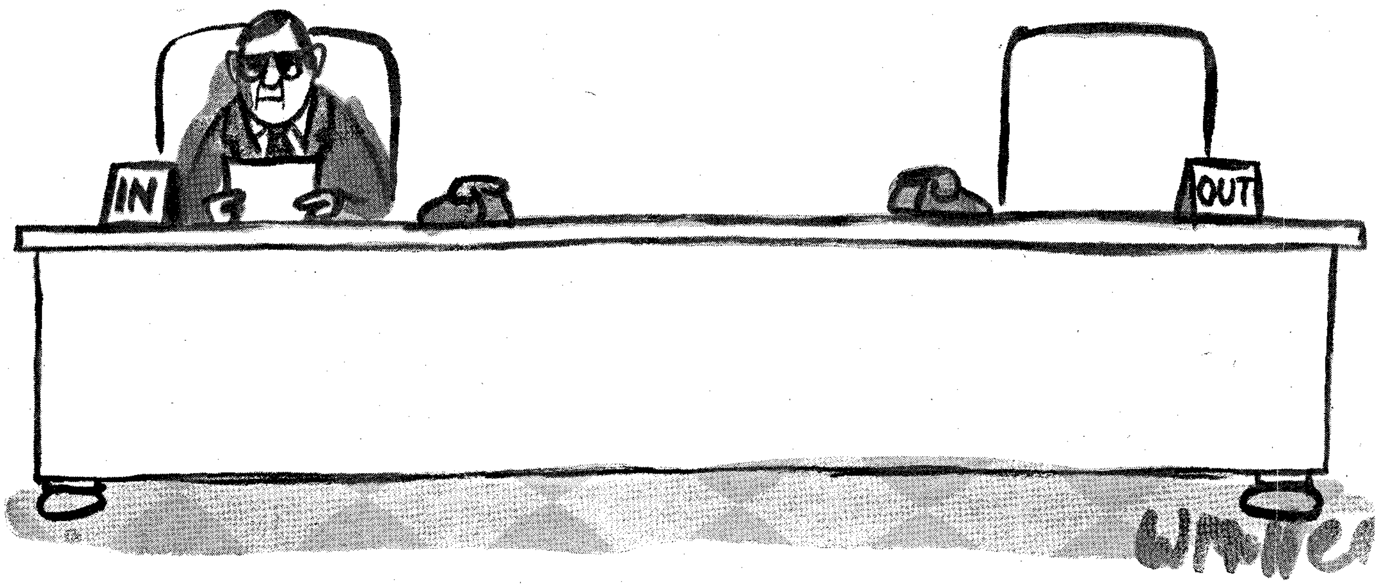
Opryland

REPORT from a friend, a see-America-firster, who says that his car has now broken down in eight states and the District of Columbia:

My two-door late-model sedan is still wheezing from the long push it just made to New York from Nashville, Tennessee—Music City, U.S.A. According to the odometer, it was a nine-hundred-mile trip exactly—eighteen hours door to door, with the anticipated stops for gasoline and refreshment and an unanticipated late-night visit with a Pennsylvania state trooper named George Fausnaught. Trooper Fausnaught, bless him, has convincingly harnessed the awesome power of radar. Going 66 m.p.h. in a 55 m.p.h. zone cost me a footloose $57. Keep up the good work, Fausnaught!

I deserved the fine, and the altercation was almost painless, materializing, as it did, in the soothing afterglow of the Friday-night show at the Grand Ole Opry. It's been two and a half years since the Opry moved out of treasured and fabled Ryman Auditorium and into the Opry House at Opryland, U.S.A., home of—and I quote from the souvenir program—"major thrill rides, petting zoos, and quaint little specialty shops and restaurants." Nine miles of freeway separate Opryland from downtown Nashville, and the parking lot holds eighty-five hundred cars—easy to retrieve after the show, thanks to the Opryland courtesy trams. Opryland might or might not be what George D. (The Solemn Old Judge) Hay had in mind when he founded the Grand Ole Opry, in 1925. When the new Opry House opened, on March 16, 1974, Richard Nixon still enjoyed the services of Air Force One,



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and he flew to Nashville and seized the spotlight for part of the evening by playing on a piano and with a yo-yo. Photographs of the event appeared in the newspapers around the country, and a feeling akin to despair rushed through the hearts of some Opry lovers, myself among them. In fact, the memory of this incident explains why it has taken me so long to get around to visiting Opryland. On the other hand, the Grand Ole Opry has managed to sell out every single summer weekend without me. The new auditorium has two enormous balconies, and seats forty-four hundred customers on cushiony, carpet-upholstered dark-orange benches. Here and there, the architectural aura faintly evokes an all-sports complex coupled with an airport lobby, but showtime at the Grand Ole Opry is still a non-stop toe-tapper. The interior decorators have thoughtfully arranged for enough legroom in the balconies so that you can prop your feet on the bench in front, keep time to the music, and still somehow avoid kicking your neighbor in the ear.

I arrived in the middle of the second set of the night (sponsored by the Kroger grocery chain and Sunbeam Bread)—the estimable Roy Acuff; The Four Guys; and Wilma Lee and Stoney Cooper—having missed the Odom Sausage-and-Jack Spence Motel-sponsored portion of the show, which offered, according to the unsolicited opinion of one usherette, "the evening's best acts, Charlie Walker and Mary Lou Turner." I didn't bother to tell her that I had caught Charlie and Mary Lou over WSM Clear Channel 650, the spot on the dial that has been the proud home of the Opry's "Country Music Show"—America's oldest continuing live radio program—since it began. It seems reasonable to assume that visitors to the Opry—who are reported to average nine hundred and forty miles round trip to see an Opry show—like to have their music delivered as advertised, on schedule, and the "Country Music Show," because it is *live radio*, proceeds with an admirable respect for precision timing. (It also seems fair to assume that a lot of Opry visitors go to the trouble to experience most of the major thrill rides and quaint little specialty shops of Opryland. I didn't. I spent my day at the well-preserved Belle Meade mansion, southwest of town, where the portly William Howard Taft, during his first visit, had to be indelicately pried out of a too small bathtub.)

The burst of camera flashcubes that erupted when Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys sang "Wabash Cannonball" was matched only by the burst that greeted Johnny Paycheck later in the evening, when he stepped up to the microphone in a white suit, white boots, and a felt cowboy hat and sang "Let's All Go Down to the River." Acuff is now seventy-three, and a lot of the women who milled in front of the stage appeared to be his contemporaries. At the beginning of almost every song, one of the Opry announcers—either Hairl Hensley or Grant Turner—raises his arms, palms up, to coax a ripple of applause from the audience, but the ovation for Acuff was spontaneous. Years ago, Dizzy Dean gave Acuff the title King of Country Music, and he wears his elder statesmanship with insouciant poise. Opry fans appreciate his professionalism.

Roy Acuff, by the way, knows how to make a yo-yo do *tricks*, and he executed admirable variations of Walking the Dog and Around the World during a brisk version of "Back to the Mountain." When he wasn't singing or fiddling, Acuff kept his portion of the show smoothly gliding along. He introduced the Four Guys, Opry regulars who now have their own supper club in Nashville, by saying, "Here's the Four Guys—Sam, Rich, Brent, and Gary. It took me five years to learn their names, and there's only four of 'em. Sometimes I introduce 'em as Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and sometimes as Two Guys and Two Other Guys."

The evening—three hours of relatively secular activity followed by the "Grand Ole Gospel" segment—passed much too quickly. Not knowing the words of several songs turned out to be an insignificant handicap. I was particularly gratified when Lonzo and Oscar—who are to Nashville what the comedy-and-song team of Allen & Rossi once was to the Catskill Mountains—sang one of my favorite lyrics: "You get a line and I'll get a pole and we'll go down by the crawdad hole." Unfortunately, this song does not appear on Lonzo and Oscar's new album, "Did You Have to Bring That Up While I Was Eating?" The show reached no single high point—it cruised along on a lofty plateau—although I was especially impressed by Leona Williams, a brunette thrush who wore a thin-strapped blue evening gown and quickened pulses throughout the Opry House. "I'd like to do you a song off an album I recorded at San Quentin Prison," she said at one point. "It's called 'San Quentin.'" Leona also sang "Dallas," which she wrote several years ago but allowed Connie Smith to record originally. The song includes the memorable line "These city lights of Tulsa make me lonesome for you, Dallas."

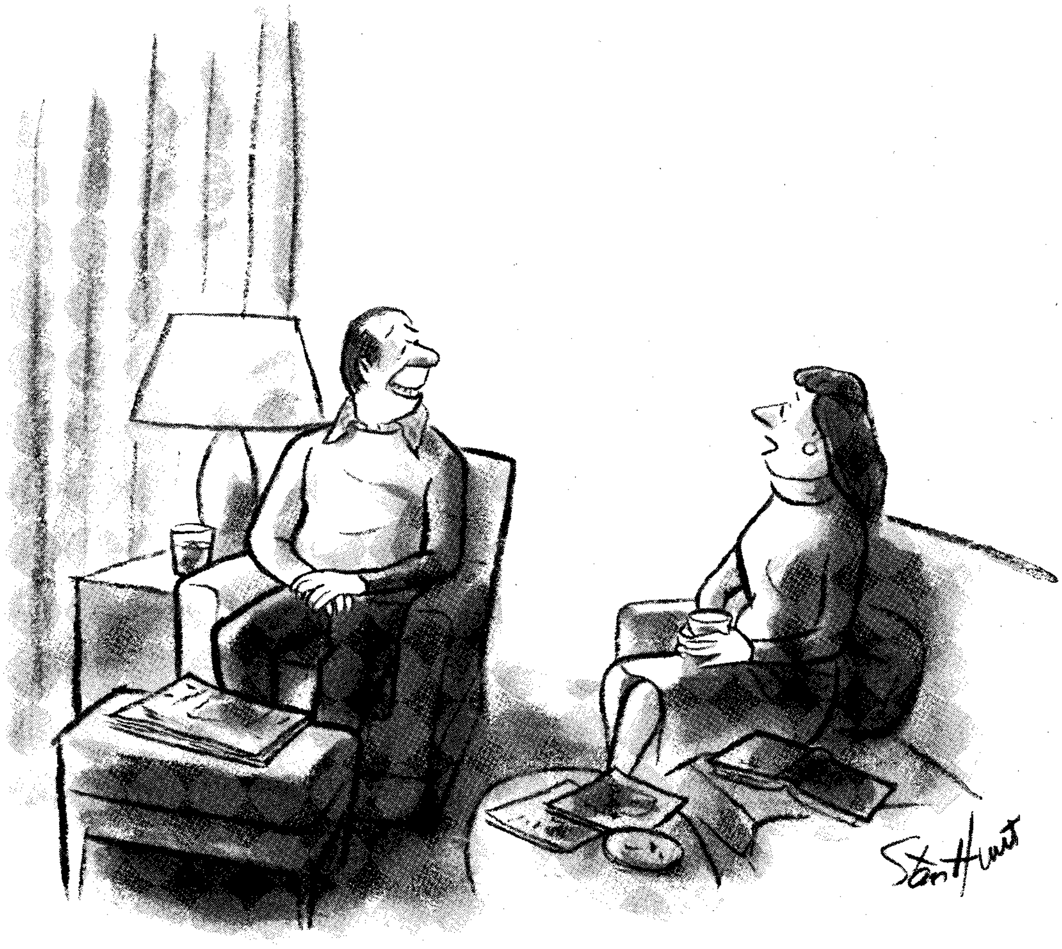
And, finally, best wishes to the Calhoun Twins, Jack and Jerry, who were not listed on the souvenir program but who appeared during the Acme Boot-and-Beechnut Tobacco portion of the show. Before they sang "It's My Way of Lovin' You," the twins announced to the Opry crowd, "Guess we'll dedicate this one to Karen, who's got a bad headache out in the bus." Get well real soon, Karen.

Peruvian Conservationist

ECOLOGICAL good news is so rare that we feel it should be passed along. This item concerns the achievements of a remarkable man named Felipe Benavides, who is Peru's leading conservationist. Thanks to him, Peru has recently established two magnificent national parks, and the vicuña, a fragile cameloid that bears the world's most precious wool, has been saved from probable extinction. In recognition of these and other efforts, Señor Benavides was chosen last year as the first winner of the J. Paul Getty Wildlife Conservation Prize of fifty thousand dollars. This is the largest sum ever awarded in conservation—equivalent in its field to the Nobel Prize for Peace. Señor Benavides was in New York not long ago, and we met him for a drink at the Plaza. He is a tall, elegant man of fifty-eight with graying hair, a small mustache, and lively eyebrows, and with dark eyes and a high-bridged nose that seem to have come from a portrait in the Prado. He was wearing a blue suit with a pronounced silver stripe. He looks like a Peruvian diplomat, and for some years he *was* a Peruvian diplomat. His father was Ambassador to London, and he himself was in the diplomatic service—London, Stockholm, New York—for almost twenty years. "In 1954, I quit the service and came home," he told us. "I went around my country and was shocked by what I saw. I saw people shooting condors and killing sea turtles. I saw wounded sea lions crying like babies, condors left to rot in the sand. Horrible! Horrible! From the shore, I went to the Andes. I could find no vicuña. 'What is going on?' I asked myself. I found that there was not one conservationist in the country. Not *one!* I had to do something."

Señor Benavides began to turn out a flood of magazine and newspaper articles describing the grim state of Peruvian wildlife. Sometimes he wrote three a week. Gradually, a conservation movement grew, and greatly enhanced his power to persuade the government to take needed action. Perhaps the finest fruit of his twenty years of writing and persuasion was the establishment, in 1973, of Manu National Park, the largest park in Latin America and the largest rain-forest park in the world. It covers eighty-five hundred square miles, and is more than twice the size of Yellowstone. His eyes lighting up with pleasure and enthusiasm, Señor Benavides described its beauties.

"The park has marvellous diversity," he said. "It starts in the barren heights of the Andes at eleven thousand feet, where there are spectacled bear and Andes deer, and descends to a dense jungle that has long been protected because it could be reached only by river. This is virgin jungle. The flora and fauna are quite intact. The park is in Madre de Dios Province, northeast of Cuzco. Getting there is difficult, but we will arrange for tourists to reach the park, and the trip itself will be an adventure. The tourist can fly from Lima to Cuzco in an hour, then drive by jeep for six hours to a small village on the banks of the Manu River. This is a big river—a tributary of the Amazon. From the village, it is a day's journey by canoe to the park headquarters. At the moment, there are only tents there, but within six months we will have a lodge. There are no roads in the park, but many streams. Visitors will view the beauties of the park from little boats—a jungle Venice! It will be a unique experience, as exciting as anything in Africa. Without roads, we will disturb nothing. The jungle will keep its virginity. In the jungle of Manu, the tourist will be able to see jaguars—even black jaguars—and ocelots, caimans ten feet long, bush dogs, giant otters, and much more. There are tapirs, our largest mammals, and capybaras, the world's largest rodents. There are hundreds of peccaries and all sorts of *little* things—many monkeys, macaws, coatimundi. One of the most beautiful creatures is the cock of the rock. It is a red-and-black bird with a cockade. Beautiful! Beautiful! It does a famous dance. The female stands on a rock, and five or six males gather around and dance. Finally, she chooses one as her mate. How on earth does she choose? They are all so handsome! In the Manu, birds are everywhere. The trees are huge. The variety of plants is fantastic. There are



"Gee, Walter, I think it's great the way you bear it. I just wish sometimes you wouldn't try to grin *and bear it."*

Indians living in the park. We will not disturb them. We will live in peace with them. The depths of the jungle have never been explored by white men. We have heard that there are still Stone Age, pre-Inca people in the Manu. Recently, a Franciscan missionary found a very small tribe whose members are totally nude. Most of the Indians are very gentle, except for the Amahuaca tribe, who live on the outskirts. They are quite aggressive, and we will take care to avoid them. They use arrows. Poisoned? Oh, yes, indeed! One American shot by a poisoned arrow, and we have had it touristically. We shall leave them in peace.

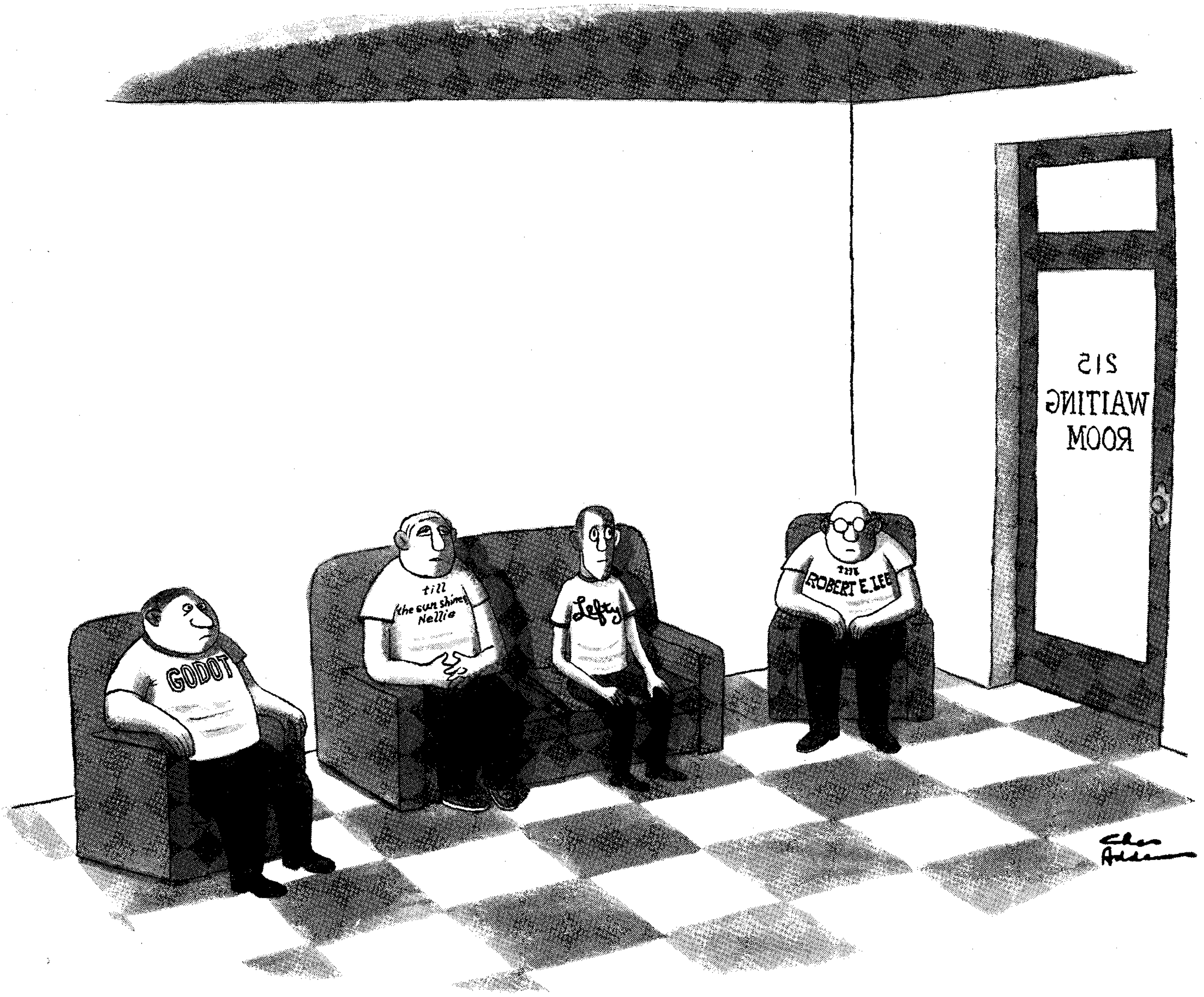
“How did I come across this area? I was building a zoo in Lima fifteen years ago. I think people must see animals in order to feel the need to protect them. I also wanted a natural-history museum. I went looking for the best taxidermist. I looked at natural-history museums in New York, Paris, London, Washington. My search led right back home. At the Smithsonian, I saw some beautiful stuffed birds and found they had been done by a Peruvian of Polish origin named Celestino Kalinowski, who was living in Cuzco. His father had been sent to Peru in the eighteen-eighties by a Polish prince to collect birds for the prince's Warsaw collection, and had married a Peruvian and had sixteen children. One of them, Celestino, learned the art of taxidermy. He lived in the Manu jungle for twenty-seven years, collecting birds for museums, and he treasures a letter he received from S. Dillon Ripley congratulating him on the quality of his work. Celestino told me that the only virgin jungle left in Peru was in the Manu area. Commercial hunters had not got there yet. There are other jungle areas left in Peru, but they are being raped of wildlife for the fur trade. It is horrible. The Manu is cut off by mountains and by the rapids of the river, so it had been spared, but hunters and timbermen were beginning to arrive. I immediately asked the government to declare it a national park. It took ten years to achieve that. At first, it was a game reserve. The World Wildlife Fund gave us money to hire guards. Now, at last, we have a government appropriation for such things as boats, radios, and guard posts. It wasn't easy to get the park, but Peruvians are proud of it. Now we are worried about oil. It is of great concern in the entire Amazon basin. Oil has been found in the jungles of Ecuador and Peru. There was prospecting in Manu Park, but they didn't find oil, so they left. That didn't worry me too much. If proper regulations are observed in the jungle, drilling will not disturb the animals. It is the transport of oil on the rivers that is a nightmare to conservationists. Already there are tankers in the heart of the Amazon. This traffic can destroy everything—the plankton, the fish, the entire food chain. Roads and settlements will appear. If we lose the rain forest, we lose the whole equilibrium of nature. The Organization of American States must see to it that all the countries connected with the Amazon coördinate strict regulations. Nature has no frontiers.”

The second park created largely by Señor Benavides' efforts is Paracas National Marine Park, on the coast, south of Lima, where Señor Benavides first saw the carnage that inspired his work. “This park,” he told us, “which is not quite a year old, covers nine hundred thousand acres of coastal land and extends ten miles out to sea to include islands where thousands of guano birds—mostly cormorants—roost. The mainland section is part of the Atacama desert, which runs along Peru's seacoast. It is one of the driest deserts in the world. Nevertheless, it supports a great variety of birds. There are condors (they are no longer shot), flamingos, Humboldt penguins, and about one hundred and twenty-five other species of shorebirds and seabirds, including thirty-five that come from the Arctic and North America every year on their way to Patagonia or the Antarctic. Off the shore there are sea lions, sea turtles, coastal otters, dolphins, and sperm whales. Whales were worshipped by pre-Inca people who once inhabited Paracas. Their mother was the sea, not the sun. In August, we opened the Oceanographic Institute of Paracas, which will work with Woods Hole.”

Señor Benavides has been struggling for more than twenty years to save the lives of whales and other marine creatures along Peruvian shores, and is struggling still. His first struggle, in 1952, was with Aristotle Onassis, whose whaling ship Olympic Challenger was illegally killing whales in Peruvian waters. At Señor Benavides' insistence, the Peruvian Navy captured the Challenger, which proved to be laden with the oil of approximately four thousand whales, and its owner was fined two million dollars. Another ocean crisis arose in 1974, when the Peruvian Ministry of Fisheries acquired Japanese advisers, who recommended the use of huge nets off Paracas. These caught everything that swam, including turtles, seals, diving birds, and penguins “Peruvians had fished there for centuries without harming sea life, but this new Japanese technology was destroying everything,” Señor Benavides said “It was becoming a goddam tragedy!” Fortunately, he was able to convince the government of this, and, after a long struggle with the powerful fishing interests involved, the nets were outlawed. The Japanese, however, are still giving Señor Benavides trouble. A Japanese company has established a whaling station at Punta Colorado, Paita, in the north, that kills two thousand whales a year. “When I called attention to the station, the Japanese became very aggressive toward me,” Señor Benavides said. “Naturally, I had to become more aggressive myself. I insisted to the government that the company was killing undersized whales. There was an investigation and it turned out I was right, but nothing happened.”

Señor Benavides' third triumph is the Pampas Galeras Reserve, for vicuña, in the southern Andes, on the road to Cuzco. “In 1957, I began to bellow and shout that there were no vicuña left,” he said. “They said I was mad. Probably some of the government people were involved in the skin racket. Through the World Wildlife Fund, we got a scientist to study the vicuña. He found they were almost gone. From four hundred thousand fifty years ago, they had sunk to five thousand, and those were going fast. Llama and alpaca are domestic animals; they can be bred and sheared like sheep. But, compared to the wool of vicuña, their wool is coarse. Vicuña are very wild and very delicate. To keep their fine wool and their beauty, they must be free. The Incas sheared vicuña by surrounding them with thirty thousand men. That is now impossible, so hunters shoot them to get the wool. One vicuña gives only half a pound of wool. Even in Inca times, it was so precious that only the royal family used it.”

The reserve was established in 1965 and now holds twenty-two thousand vicuña. Scientists are studying ways to capture and shear vicuña without killing them. Señor Benavides is the author of what is known as the La Paz Agreement, between Peru and neighboring countries, which bans traffic in vicuña wool. But illicit trade continues. Two guards and a guide at the reserve have been shot by poachers. A Hong Kong company offers vicuña coats by mail. Recently, Señor Benavides dropped in at a fashionable shop in Paris and was shown vicuña fabric for seven hundred dollars a square metre. A coat would cost about four



thousand dollars. Señor Benavides' current crusade is to stop such trade, not only in vicuña but in the skins of all the animals of the South American jungles. Hundreds of thousands of skins of ocelot, jaguar, otter, and other rare animals still go down the Amazon to be shipped to Frankfurt, Paris, and Stockholm. Señor Benavides is working for the ratification of the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna and Flora by all the countries of the world. Thirty-two, including Peru, Switzerland, and the United States, have ratified so far. He is also working, through the O.A.S., for enforcement of the existing laws. Catching poachers in the jungle is not easy. "I can play Rachmaninoff on a grand piano on a raft in the middle of the Amazon and no one will hear me," Señor Benavides said.

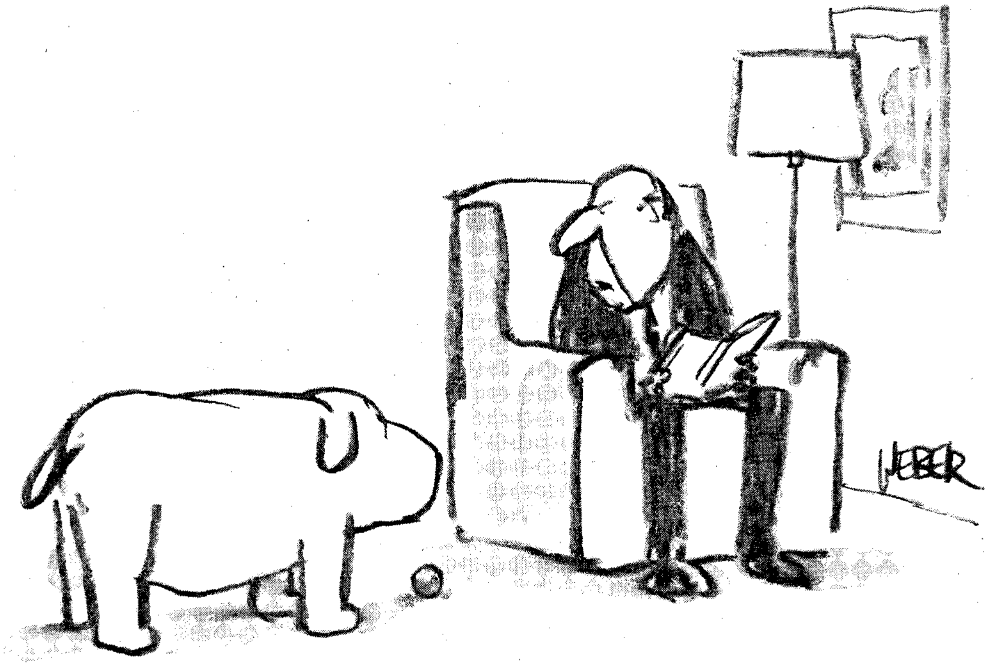
We asked Señor Benavides how his special feeling for wildlife had developed.

"My parents loved animals, and I was brought up among them," he said. "When I was seven, I had a beautiful parrot. One day, I had a fever. The doctor blamed the parrot, and the poor bird was executed. I cried a great deal and vowed that someday I would have all the parrots I wanted. Today, I have over two hundred parrots in my garden. I have monkeys, which roam free. I have mastiffs and dachshunds and Siamese cats. My wife and I raise ocelot kittens for the Lima Zoo."

Commenting on the Getty Prize, Señor Benavides said, "I was selected from five hundred and twenty-five nominees, in forty-two countries. I no longer feel I am so peculiar. I hope that the others, everywhere, will also feel that they are not alone."

Books

THE world-famous Eighth Street Bookshop, a scholarly, literary, and friendly place at 17 West Eighth, which had long been acknowledged to have the most extensive paperback list in art, theatre, film, poetry, literature, and criticism in the city, and the best history and social-studies collection of paperbacks in the country, was open for business again last week, six months after still unidentified pre-dawn arsonists efficiently destroyed ninety-five per cent of the seventy-some thousand books on hand, and even partly melted the store's Rolodex of charge customers (a list that includes names like Edward Albee; Uta Hagen and her husband, Herbert Berghof; Nat and Margot Hentoff; Jane Jacobs; Irving Howe; the Columbia philosophy professor Sidney Morgenbesser; the mythologist Joseph Campbell; Robert Jungk, the Austrian writer on technology; Gloria Caruso Murray, Caruso's daughter; Ivan Illich; Alger Hiss; and Anaïs Nin), and last Monday night at six, when Elias S. Wilentz, the Eighth Street's founder-owner, broke out bottles of I. W. Harper, Courvoisier, Jack Daniel's, Tanqueray, a '74 Beaujolais, and a '75 Muscadet called Château de la Sebinière, for a grand-reopening party in the store for a couple of hundred friends—family, writers, and neighbors, mostly—Greenwich Village, a community that



"*Continue playing with the ball.*"

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uses books the way Laplanders use reindeer (for food, shelter, ornament, and transportation), was feeling the way Scotland felt after the return of the Stone of Scone.

Guests—familiar faces included Joe Lash, the Hentoffs, Michael Harrington (the writer, not the Congressman), the poet Richard Howard, and Imamu Baraka, who arrived with his wife and some free copies of the Mao memorial issue of *Unity & Struggle*, the political organ of the Revolutionary Communist League (the front-page headline began "LONG LIVE INVINCIBLE MARXISM-LENINISM-MAO TSE-TUNG THOUGHT! LONG LIVE THE GREAT, GLORIOUS AND CORRECT COMMUNIST PARTY OF CHINA!")—stood about with either drinks or books in their hands, and the writers among them talked shop. A *Times* reporter said happily that the paper's new six-column format means that page-one story leads can be longer and more informative and that the *Times* copy desk is now, for the first time, passing discursive, relaxed sentences. A magazine editor who had organized a team for the annual New York Publishers' Softball League in Central Park this summer talked about the writer he had asked to play right field. The writer had inquired, "Would that be stage right or audience right?"

The bookstore itself looks better than ever. It has new strip lighting on the ceiling, and new, roomier display shelves on the floor, which were designed by Wilentz himself, and the stock has been rearranged (literature on the mezzanine and social studies on the second floor)—a move that Wilentz admits he had been contemplating for some time before the fire but had been too lazy to make. Eli Wilentz started the Eighth Street twenty-nine years ago, when he was himself twenty-nine. The idea was to give the Village a Gotham Book Mart. In the fifties, the store became the major outlet in the city for the Beat poets and also the first store to catch on to quality paperbacks and stock them heavily. In 1967, the store moved across the street from its original quarters, when Wilentz bought the town house where Texas Guinan had once had an apartment. He says he was never able to find the gold bathtub she was supposed to have installed. He converted the first three floors into a store, and left the top two floors divided into apartments, one of which his daughter Eileen now occupies. (He himself lives, with his wife, Jean, in Brooklyn Heights.) In the early years, the store ran a lending library, and W. H. Auden checked out each new Nicholas Blake (C. Day Lewis) mystery title—fifteen cents for three days—because, he said, it was the only way he could keep up with local English gossip. Marianne Moore was a regular, and so was E. E. Cummings, who lived on Patchin Place, off Sixth Avenue. His Patchin Place neighbor Djuna Barnes still drops by the store from time to time. Dick Barnett, of the Knicks, bought business books there when he was taking business-management courses at N.Y.U., and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar once came into the store, banging his head on the door. Wilentz, in his upstairs office, has a copy of the autobiography of Jinichi Uekusa, the writer the Japanese consider to be the most reliable reporter on American and European trends. The book sold fifty-five thousand copies in Japan, and its frontispiece is a color photograph of the author wearing a red-and-white Eighth Street Bookshop T-shirt. Two years ago, another bookstore opened up next door and started cutting into the Eighth Street's business by selling all hardcover books at thirty per cent off. But last year the Eighth Street followed suit, and it was just pulling even when the fire hit.

Wilentz is a cheerful man with the face of a reformed Pan, who smokes small cigars and serves as a member of the New York City Art Commission, the body that must approve the design of any new municipal building and the purchase of any art or sculpture by the city. We approached him to wish him the best, and had to wait in line while a New School teacher told him that the hardcover philosophy section was inadequate ("Where's Merleau-Ponty?") and a young Bennington grad said, "I'm glad you're open—you're the only store that gives me credit. The first time I came in, I opened my wallet to show identification, and the salesclerk saw I had a picture of Julius Lester, the novelist, and said, 'Any friend of Julius Lester's is O.K. by us.' "

Wilentz invited us upstairs to his daughter Eileen's apartment for a family *post-restaurationem* champagne party. Eileen, a Bennington grad herself, with an M.A. in English history from Columbia, now manages the store. There are two other Wilentz children—Philip, a Columbia undergrad, who also works in the store, and Sean, who is a grad student in history at Yale writing a Ph.D. thesis on New York artisans and labor from 1815 to 1850. Wilentz and his wife entered Eileen's to applause. Wilentz said, "I was never interested in just being in business. If the store couldn't be here, I didn't want it. There have always been kind of two aspects to this place—one a center for writers, the other pure business. The trick is to combine the two. I thought seriously about not reopening after the fire, but Eileen and Phil wanted it, and a lot of people either stopped by or sent notes enclosing small checks, and the publishers have all been very nice about extending credit, and—well, it feels good to be back, and we intend to stay around for some time. I wonder how much business we lost by closing the store for the party."

AT LUNCH WITH THE ROCK CRITIC ESTABLISHMENT

I WENT to lunch with the Rock Critic Establishment. No one said anything about its being a lunch for the Rock Critic Establishment. No one was as unsubtle as that. Nonetheless, all of us at lunch knew that we constituted the Rock Critic Establishment, as how could we not?

Vivian Aspair was there. Vivian Aspair is the editor of *Mother Rock*, the feminist rock-and-roll quarterly. Vivian has a theory that women have an innate urge toward percussion that has been thwarted by men. Vivian Aspair is trouble. Vivian Aspair tries for effect, always, and clings to an outmoded preference for 45-r.p.m. singles. She used to live with Lester Rax, but that was before Monterey. She drinks Wild Turkey, which is something she picked up from the Allman Brothers Band.

Havana and Dominica Davenport (who are Negroes) arrived together. They walked right by Vivian and sat down next to Lester Rax. Havana and Dominica cultivate Lester Rax. It was Lester who gave Havana and Dominica their first break in *Moonshadows* magazine (the old *Moonshadows*, the monthly on newsprint, not the slick faggot weekly that comes out now). Dominica, who hates textiles of any kind, was wearing aluminum party pants, as usual. Havana was dressed in a soft feminine caftan but wore one of the little metal spiders people are taking up.

"I love your spider," Lester Rax said to Havana.

Anson Briggs, who was the first person to describe Elton John as "annoying," spoke to Vivian but not to Lester Rax, and not, thus, to Dominica or Havana Davenport. Anson and Lester have never been close, although both of them are friends of David Gorm, the most important of the daily critics. David and Anson and Lester go to the same exercise class, but they are assigned to different platoons. Anson Briggs, in talking to Vivian Aspair, tried to turn the conversation to 45-r.p.m. singles. Anson told Vivian that he had all the singles Elvis put out on Sun.

Vivian laughed wickedly. "That's just pathetic," she said. "That's the most pathetic thing I ever heard in my life." Vivian laughed again.

People grew silent to hear Vivian's laugh.

"He's got all the Elvis singles on Sun," Vivian said loudly. "Him and five million shopgirls."

Lester Rax just ignored Vivian. It really gets to Vivian when Lester ignores her. Sometimes when the Rock Critic Establishment comes together all that really happens is that Lester ignores Vivian and then Vivian makes so much trouble Lester can't ignore her anymore and then the group breaks up. Lester is the most important member of the Rock Critic Establishment. It is impossible to forget that Lester founded the old *Moonshadows* magazine on National Merit Scholarship money. But Lester offends a lot of people. Jack Loam, a very thoughtful writer, doesn't talk to Lester. Angela Farl, another writer of distinction, quarrelled with Lester over "Blood on the Tracks," and Lester was so incredibly mean about it that she moved to Dallas. Writers like Trinc in Boston, Halstin in L.A., and Joppe, Sloan, and Hawthorn (from the old *Polecat* group in San Francisco) steer clear of Lester altogether.

TO one side (at lunch) stood Mary Jacro, who is not a member of the Rock Critic Establishment. Mary Jacro writes for the leisure pages of an important news weekly. She goes to concerts all the time, which none of the rest of us really do—except for Gorm. Mary Jacro will interview anyone. Once she found herself on a hydrofoil with Jim Morrison, but nothing came of it. Mary Jacro brought to lunch a friend who was a researcher for her news weekly. This researcher thought that Mary Jacro belonged to the Rock Critic Establishment.

"Isn't that Vivian Aspair?" the researcher asked.

"Oh, yes," said Mary Jacro.

"Do you know Vivian Aspair?" asked the researcher.

"Oh, yes," said Mary Jacro. "We went through the whole Isle of Wight thing together."

"Why don't you *talk* to her?" asked the researcher.

"No one talks much at these things," said Mary Jacro, cursing the little researcher to herself.

Lunch for the Rock Critic Establishment was provided by the publicity department of Modern Rhythm Records. Allison Fradrer, the head of Artist Development at Modern

"Foster here is our man on guidelines and criteria."

Rhythm Records, supervised the catering. The vogue at that moment was for very expensive lunches. There was saddle of lamb, there were tiny little carrots and tiny little potatoes, and there were several wines.

"Oh, God," said Lester Rax. "Saddle of lamb again." Lester Rax took on his plate the tiny carrots only.

Vivian Aspair began to pound her thigh with her fist in a manner that was percussive.

"Oh, God," said Lester Rax. "Vivian is going into one of her trances."

Allison Fradrer handed out press kits. The vogue at that moment was for press kits with a piece of clothing inside. Each press kit contained a flannel shirt. The flannel shirts were white. Across each one the legend "TRAITOR" had been stencilled in black. Allison tried to talk for a minute to each member of the Rock Critic Establishment as she handed out the press kits. She gave extra time to Lester Rax. She told Lester about the rock-and-roll group Traitor.

"Listen, I wouldn't try to hype you, Les," she began. "I mean, let's talk turkey—these kids aren't really traitors. I mean, Jimmy, the lead, spent some time in Sweden, and I think he was involved in some fragging or something, but we're really not even pushing that angle."

"Good," Lester said.

"The other kids—Rushing, Jake, and Calvin—have just had the usual drug busts and I think we're just going to soft-pedal the whole thing," Allison said.

"Great," Lester said.

"I told them upstairs, 'Don't hype it with a criminal-record thing, because it will just backfire,' " Allison said. "And so we're going with a much more honest approach, which is great because we don't really *need* to hype it, because in *spirit* these kids are *completely* criminal and against the whole blind loyalty-duty-sin-guilt thing."

"Umm," Lester said.

"Which is *exactly* where it's at," Allison said. "I mean, *beyond* Punk Rock."

"Beyond Punk Rock?" Vivian asked wickedly. "Did she say '*beyond* Punk Rock'?"

"I'm sorry, Allison," Lester said. "I think it's just hype."

"Oh, no," Allison said.

"This kid Calvin," Lester said. "Wasn't he . . . didn't he . . . do back-up for Donovan?"

"He was a *child*," Allison said. "My God, you can't hold that against him. And he was very disillusioned. He practically had a breakdown. It was *very painful*." Allison was nervous. Everyone else was quiet—even Vivian.

SCENE

One day at a time. And one barn.
Lovers inside and horses ignoring the lovers.
And the creek nearby. The willows.
That was the scene. I forget the sky.
The sky, let's say, was green
and dotted with silly clouds
that looked like dimes.

Then the horses were lovers.
The lovers had gone to the creek
to celebrate their bones
under the willows and green
under the drifting dimes.
Let's say the lovers were green,
and this dream is about them.

And let's say let's say woman and man.
One barn at a time. One moon.
The dimes are dark monsters
ignoring the lovers, the horses
who are also lovers and asleep.
Deep inside deep that is the scene
and I never wake up.

—RICHARD HUGO

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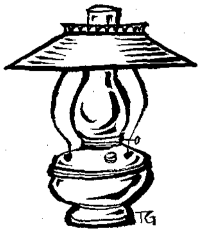
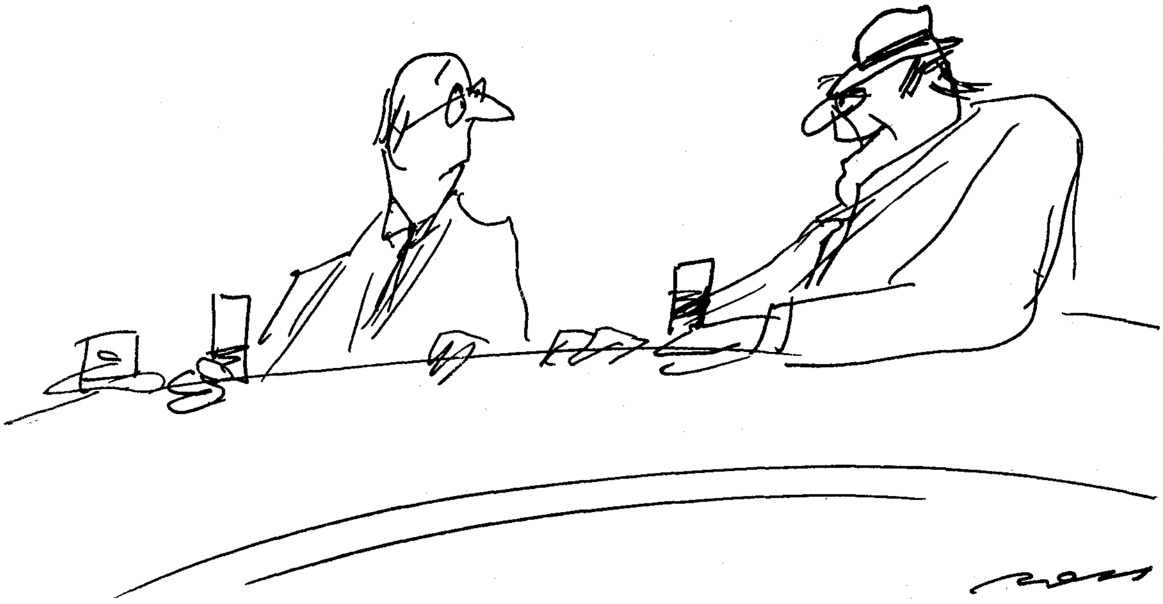
"I'm sorry, Allison," Lester said. "I'm afraid it's just hype."

I should explain that Lester has the most stringent standards of anyone in the Rock Critic Establishment. Some people think that because he usually goes to the Coast on the Modern Rhythm jet his position has been compromised, but it isn't true. Lester won't lie for anybody. Lester was the first to say that Jimi Hendrix was being too self-indulgent with those endless riffs. "The ultimate groove is one chord, but so what?" was something Lester said. He said that to Ben Joppe at a time when Joppe was deep into Cream and Cream was deep into jamming. Lester has always said exactly what was on his mind. Lester has always stood for complete integrity. Where Lester goes wrong is that he doesn't know his own power. The fact is that the Rock Critic Establishment is an enormously powerful institution, and the fact is that Lester is the most powerful member of that institution. But Lester just won't come to terms with that.



ALLISON FRADRER gave a Traitor shirt to Mary Jacro. Allison treats Mary Jacro as though she were a member of the Rock Critic Establishment, which is why Modern Rhythm gets coverage in the leisure pages of Mary Jacro's news weekly. Allison Fradrer gave a shirt to Mary Jacro's friend, the little researcher. The researcher put the shirt on right then and there, which was a big gaffe and very embarrassing to Mary Jacro. To make up for the researcher's gaffe and to make sure she stayed on the Modern Rhythm guest list (and to make sure she got another chance to meet Vivian Aspair), Mary Jacro promised Allison Fradrer a spread on Traitor in the leisure pages of her news weekly. (This spread, by the way, saved Allison Fradrer's job. Allison had been in deep trouble for failing to get any coverage for the comeback of Valerian DiMucci, who is doing disco versions of his 1956 hits, with no success at all. Allison staged a shooting for Traitor at the old immigration depot on Ellis Island, and Mary Jacro wrote a story under the headline "TRAITOR: BEYOND PUNK ROCK." This story, the only publicity resulting from the Traitor lunch, was then made into a little flyer, which was reproduced in quantity and sent to the members of the Rock Critic Establishment, who threw it away.)

GERALD SHINE arrived for dessert, which was a very delicate *mousse au citron*. Gerald Shine is *indirectly* a member of the Rock Critic Establishment. He writes a column for a mimeographed tip sheet. What he does, mostly, is write about members of the Rock Critic Establishment. Gerald Shine is the only person who is on speaking terms with both Vivian and Lester. Gerald sat down next to Vivian Aspair, and just at that minute Jimmy Garvin, the lead singer of Traitor, came in. Allison Fradrer had hoped Jimmy Garvin wouldn't come to lunch, but it was hard to explain to him why he shouldn't come, so he came. Gerald Shine looked at Jimmy Garvin with contempt.



"Nothing personal, pal. I don't like anybody's face."

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"Well, what do we think of *this* number?" Gerald asked Vivian Aspair.

"Just Ticketron trash," said Vivian Aspair.

"Oh!" said Gerald Shine with mock horror. "Aren't you *mean*."

Lester talked to Havana Davenport about real estate. Lester predicted continued softness in the condominium market. Allison Fradrer waited for Lester to finish. Then, very politely, she asked Lester if he would like to meet Jimmy Garvin, the lead singer of Traitor.

"That's very sweet of you to ask," Lester said. "But no."

It was a mistake for Allison to go to Lester first. If there had been a *major* star in the room protocol would have demanded that he be brought to Lester first, but it was a mistake to bring, or even to offer to bring, a *non-established* singer to Lester first. If Lester had agreed to meet Jimmy Garvin it would have seemed like an endorsement, since the meeting would have taken place in front of the entire Rock Critic Establishment. So Lester was obliged to refuse. Allison Fradrer had the sense to know that once Lester had refused to meet Jimmy Garvin everyone else in the Rock Critic Establishment would refuse to meet him, too, so she took Jimmy Garvin over to Mary Jacro and the little researcher. Mary Jacro was thrilled. The little researcher, who had been having doubts, was convinced that Mary Jacro belonged to the Rock Critic Establishment after all.

GERALD SHINE was angry that he had not been given a chance to refuse to meet Jimmy Garvin, the lead singer of Traitor. To show how annoyed he was he went up to Lester Rax and told Lester that he thought Traitor was going to be big. "I think they're going to happen, Les," he said. "I really do. I love the whole disloyalty thing. I think it's very new. I think it's the most exciting thing since Anson discovered Bruce Springsteen."

This was just an incredibly explosive thing for Gerald Shine to say, and it brought up the most complicated and *dangerous* issues facing the Rock Critic Establishment. Actually, Trinc had been the first writer to see Springsteen: Trinc saw Springsteen and told Ben Joppe that Springsteen was "great," and then Joppe saw Springsteen and said Springsteen was "great," too. But Trinc and Joppe are into a whole *reportorial* number, and while they are respected, they aren't really *critics*, and they see hundreds of singers and they say So-and-So is "great" and it doesn't matter so much. So it wasn't until a month or so after Joppe said Springsteen was "great" in the Sunday *Times* entertainment section that it really began to happen. What happened was that Lester began to feel that it was time for him to get involved, and he saw Springsteen and began to write a really long piece, which everyone knew about and was waiting for, but in the meantime Anson Briggs saw Springsteen and had a *minor stroke* at the performance, which got a lot of publicity, and when Anson Briggs returned to consciousness he said that he had had a vision of Springsteen as a Black Angel and he said that Springsteen "justified the future," which was a phrase that caught on. So Briggs got all the credit for discovering Springsteen, which was ironic, because the piece that Lester wrote about Springsteen was probably the finest thing he ever did and was a beautiful piece of writing.

Lester was cool in the face of Gerald Shine's hostile remark. "I think that's just hype, Gerald" was what Lester said. It really annoyed Gerald that Lester was so cool and he left without finishing his *mousse au citron*. Vivian was really mad, too. She came up to Havana Davenport, who was sitting right next to Lester. "I just hate your stupid metal spider," she said, and then she left, and then the party thinned out.

There has been an incredible amount of malicious talk about what happened at lunch that day, most of it started by Gerald Shine. I have heard people say that Lester threw a metal spider at Vivian, that Lester made a pass at Mary Jacro, that Lester tried to punch out Anson Briggs, and so on, but none of that is true. The most stupid rumor was that Lester tried to get Jimmy Garvin, lead singer of Traitor, to pose for nude pictures, which is completely untrue, and which shows that some people still confuse Lester Rax with Lester Walkib, the Syrian who is the editor of the new *Moonshadows* magazine. Later on, Lester Walkib did take some pictures of Jimmy Garvin for the new *Moonshadows*, but he wasn't at lunch that day (that day, in fact, he was presenting the Walkib Dance Award to an octogenarian ballerina), and in any case he is definitely not a member of the Rock Critic Establishment—a fact that must irk him.

—George W. S. Trow

THE ELEMENT

LYING on the floor of the veranda, in the dark, he considered the fact that he had never in his life been so far off the ground. He had known it would be so today, but he had not thought about it in words. The fourth floor. At each floor, on the way up, he had seen a double door without a handle. It looked like a sliding lid. Each double door had a sign over it saying "Elevator," and on the door there was an orange paper pasted, with the words "Out of Order" printed by hand. He had seen all that in the daylight, in the early afternoon, as he had climbed.

He had wondered what time to come. The professor's note from the capital had said simply to come on the ninth. Why don't you come on the ninth. Why don't you come on the ninth, that was all it said, and he had tried to extract more information, just from the wording, but without success. It was written on university stationery. He had never been to the city, but now was the time. He knew the day but not the hour. So he planned to arrive in the morning.

He took the night train, which got you into the city in the early hours when the sky was just growing light and the carts and trucks were rolling through the outskirts, converging on the marketplace, the wet stones, the waiting cats. He could see the cats in the first gray light as the train entered the station, where everybody got off and became a crowd, hurrying definitely, mingling with other hurrying streams of people. Inside the station they began to swirl and go off in different directions, and the current dissipated itself, died out at counters where tickets, food, or magazines were for sale. The sound of feet everywhere. The people standing in backwaters were closed in on themselves, busy with tickets, or else eating, or counting money, not looking at him drifting among them. He asked a small old man in a dark suit the way to the university, but the old man stared at him and did not answer. He asked a heavy man in a cap with a polished black visor, who said, "Out there," and pointed.

He went out through the door the man had pointed to. The noise of the city struck him in waves. He asked a woman selling fruit, who told him what street to follow. She said it was a long way.

It was a few miles, through the sound of traffic. But the day was Saturday, and almost no one was at the university. The doors seemed to be locked. A young man with a bicycle told him how to find the architecture building. The glass doors at the front would not open, and no one came when he knocked, but a smaller door on the side opened when he pulled it, and he went in and walked along the marble halls until a man in a uniform appeared around a corner and asked what he wanted.

When he said he wanted to see the professor, the man was unwelcoming. Said that it was not possible to see the professor. The professor wasn't there.

The young man asked him if he knew the professor, and the man said of course he did. "I am the superintendent of the building," he said. "Today's Saturday."

"Yes," the young man said.

"And anyway you need an appointment," the man said. "Not just anybody can walk in." He stepped forward and took the young man by the arm.

The young man said that the professor had told him to come.

"What for?"

"To see him."

"What about?"

"I wrote him a letter."

"You can't just go walking through the building," the superintendent said, and began to turn him around.

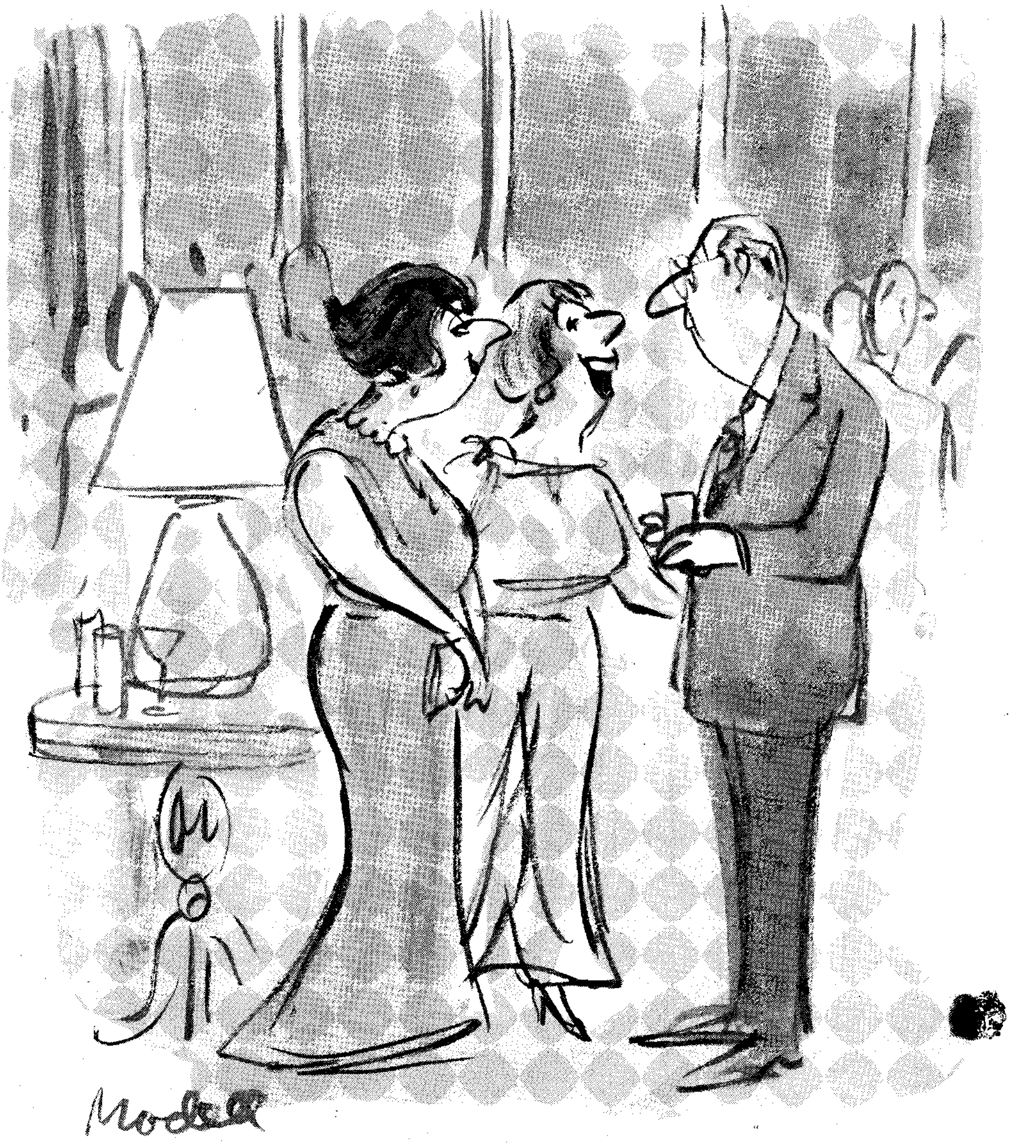
"He told me to come," the young man repeated.

"Not today," the superintendent said.

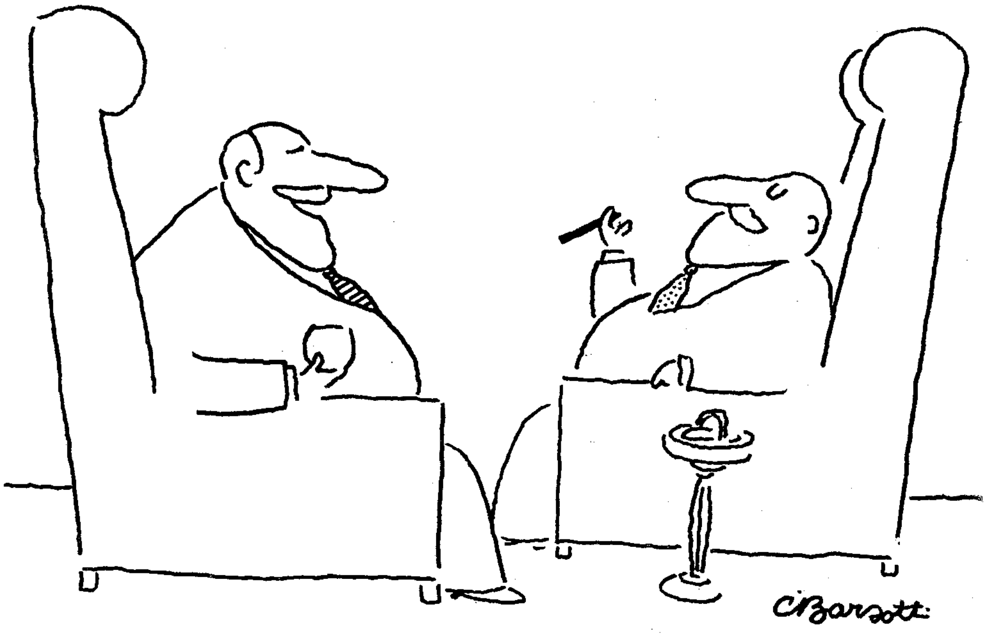
"Yes, today," the young man said. "The ninth."

"Didn't you hear me, today's Saturday. He isn't here," the superintendent said, growing taller as he said it, and pleased.

The young man dug the letter out of an inside pocket and said, "Look. 'Why don't you come on the ninth.'" He read the words out distinctly, pointing at each one with his finger. Then there was a pause.



"Marsha Hammond is who I had in mind when I invited you."



"I'm voting my pocketbook again this year. How about you, Winstead?"

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"That's different," the superintendent said. He passed his fingers over his head as though he had just lifted a hat off, and said, "That's for the party, of course." He patted the young man on the shoulder. "But that's not here."

"Where is it?"

"It's not now, either. It's later on."

"Where will it be?"

"Some of the students are giving it."

"Where?"

"You'd never find them," the superintendent said. "I know they have a number of things planned. But they're all for later on."

"But where?"

"They were going back to his place afterward. The way they always do," the superintendent said, glad to show he knew it.

"I'll go there, then," the young man said.

"Not now," the superintendent said.

"When?"

"I'll call up his apartment house," the superintendent said. "Wait here." He left the young man and went off down the hall. When he came back, he said that in the professor's building they did not know the professor's plans.

"Can't you telephone to him?" the young man asked.

"No, no. Can't do that. But I know you can't go in the morning. I know that."

The superintendent told the young man the address and how to get there, in exchange for a promise not to go until the afternoon. He did not say what time in the afternoon, and the young man thought about it as he went. The streets grew quieter.

The address was in a neighborhood of high buildings all of which the professor and his students had designed, so the superintendent had told him. There were courtyards, with flower beds enclosed by low walls. It was a sunny afternoon. The young man felt too warm in his long gray overcoat, which never was warm enough when he wore it on Sundays, at home in the country. He found the entry. He waited until he heard two o'clock strike, and then he rang the downstairs bell, but nothing happened. He opened the door and went to the elevator, read the orange paper, and started to climb the stairs. Each flight led to a wide, long veranda overlooking a courtyard. An apartment door opened off each veranda. Benches, ivy gardens furnished the verandas, and flowers were planted along the balustrades. Quiet. People walking on verandas across the courtyard flickered through shadows. He heard their footsteps but they said nothing. After he had climbed three flights he came to the door, the right number. He rang the bell there, and heard it ring inside, but nobody answered. He went to a bench, and sat down to wait.

He felt hungry. He had been feeling hungry for a while, but it had seemed important to come to the apartment before he ate. He had had no breakfast, and he was used to eating the main meal of the day at noon. When he had waited for several hours, getting up occasionally to look into the courtyard, he walked back down the stairs and began to look among the buildings for somewhere to eat. The only place he found with a restaurant sign was already closed. Too late for the midday meal, too early for the evening meal. He walked around the group of buildings. There were new shops, looking as though they had not yet sold anything. He went back up to the fourth floor veranda.

He had slept badly on the train, sitting up all night, and now he felt tired. He wanted to lie on the bench and sleep. But that would be taking liberties, he thought. He had not even met the professor yet. He sat on the floor, in his overcoat, and leaned against the bench. After a while he lay down. In the summer at home, he used to lie in the hay in the afternoon and read popular-science magazines until he fell asleep, if he was working alone on a job, as was often the case during the years he had been a roofer's assistant. That was before he had taken over the farm, which was already behind in its taxes and barely fed them, the way things had got. Even as recently as his own childhood, things had been different. Cleaner, brighter, better off. And yet even these days he would go fishing—wet flies in the daytime, and at night poaching in the dark, shallow, fast-running river, setting nets too small to be legal, at the edges of backwaters, in the parts of the current he had known all his life. He could sell the catch in the hotels. He worked without a light, because of the police. They all knew him, though they came from other parts of the country. They got to know everybody along the river. If they caught him on the bank, or outside his barn, with the nets and fish, they would ask him to open the nets, and when they found the fish below legal size they would fine him. Depending on who was on duty and how heavy the catch was, they might fine him more, or less. Sometimes nothing. If there was a new man or they had been told to crack down, they might fine him for possessing a net too fine to be legal. Once, they had confiscated a net, but it was an old one and he had managed to buy it back later, very cheap, through a friend. They never looked into the rusted metal barn. If he could once get the nets in there, he could stand there in the dark and listen to the voices in the kitchen, where his mother would be pouring drinks for them, and watch through the murky window, hearing the fish flipping their tails in the trickling net behind him. Until they left. And then he would get a light and shade it, and start taking the fish out of the net.

He read about fish in the magazines. He thought about their lives. There was an article about their hearing. He read it many times. The author said that fish heard with their whole bodies. Their element conveyed a continuous message to them. Their bodies were shaped like sound waves. All waves were echoes of each other: waves in the sea, and in the air; sound waves, brain waves.

He looked at a leaf, one day, and considered its spine, like that of a fish, and he thought of how the whole leaf vibrated in the wind. Each leaf must turn the waves of the air into a kind of sound, though he could not hear it, any more than he could hear what the fish heard in the water. The author of the article referred to the element in which human beings spent their lives—whatever it might be called.

The young man had wondered why we did not hear our element, whatever it was, with our whole bodies. He felt certain that the shapes of fish were very important in understanding the whole matter. He built a boat shaped like a fish, with ribs laid like fish spines, and he lay in it listening to the current. If you could live that way, he decided. If you could keep those shapes around you all the time, maybe you would begin to be able to recognize the sound of the element in which you were living passing through you. He made drawings of buildings with spines like fish spines, and curved walls and windows like scales. He used photographs from the magazines of groups of buildings in cities, and he drew pictures of them shaped like fish, schools of fish.

But I have to be practical, he said to himself. What use would it be, they will ask. Hospitals and schools for the deaf—start with the kind of hearing that everyone agrees about. Then Centers for the Deaf, shaped like fish. His designs grew more elaborate.

He saw an article about a famous architect living in the capital, teaching at the university, a professor who spoke of using in his buildings the shapes found in nature. There were pictures of important buildings that exemplified the architect's theories, and beside them drawings and photographs of natural objects whose shapes he had adapted: shells, grains in sections of wood, nests. His latest building, as it happened, had been an aquarium into which he had built shapes of waves from different sources. The young man had decided to write to the professor about his theory concerning the importance of the fish shape, and his idea for Centers for the Deaf. He had sent a few drawings, to make certain things clear. Why the buildings were arranged as they were, in relation to each other, in a current. "Dear Sir," he began his letter, but the title on the envelope, of course, was "Professor."

HENRY MANLEY, LIVING ALONE, KEEPS TIME

Sundowning,
the doctor calls it, the way
he loses words when the light fades.
The way the names of his dear ones
fall out of his eyeglass case.
Even under the face of his father
in an oval on the wall
he cannot say *Catherine*, *Vera*, *Paul*,
but goes on loving them out of place.
Window, *wristwatch*, *cup*, *knife*
are small prunes that drop from his pockets.
Terror sweeps him from room to room.
Knowing how much he weighed once
he knows how much has departed his life.
Especially he knows how the soul
can slip out of the body unannounced
like that helium-filled balloon
he opened his fingers on, years back.

Now it is dark. He undresses
and takes himself off to bed,
as loose in his skin as a puppy,
afraid the blankets will untuck,
afraid he will flap up, unblessed.
Instead, proper nouns return to his keeping.
The names of faces are put back
in his sleeping mouth. At first light
he gets up, grateful once more
for how coffee smells. Sits stiff
at the bruised porcelain table
saying them over, able
to with only the slightest catch:
Coffee. Coffee cup. Watch.

—Maxine Kumin

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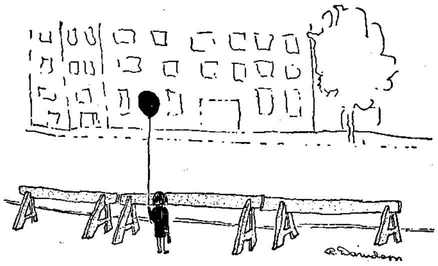
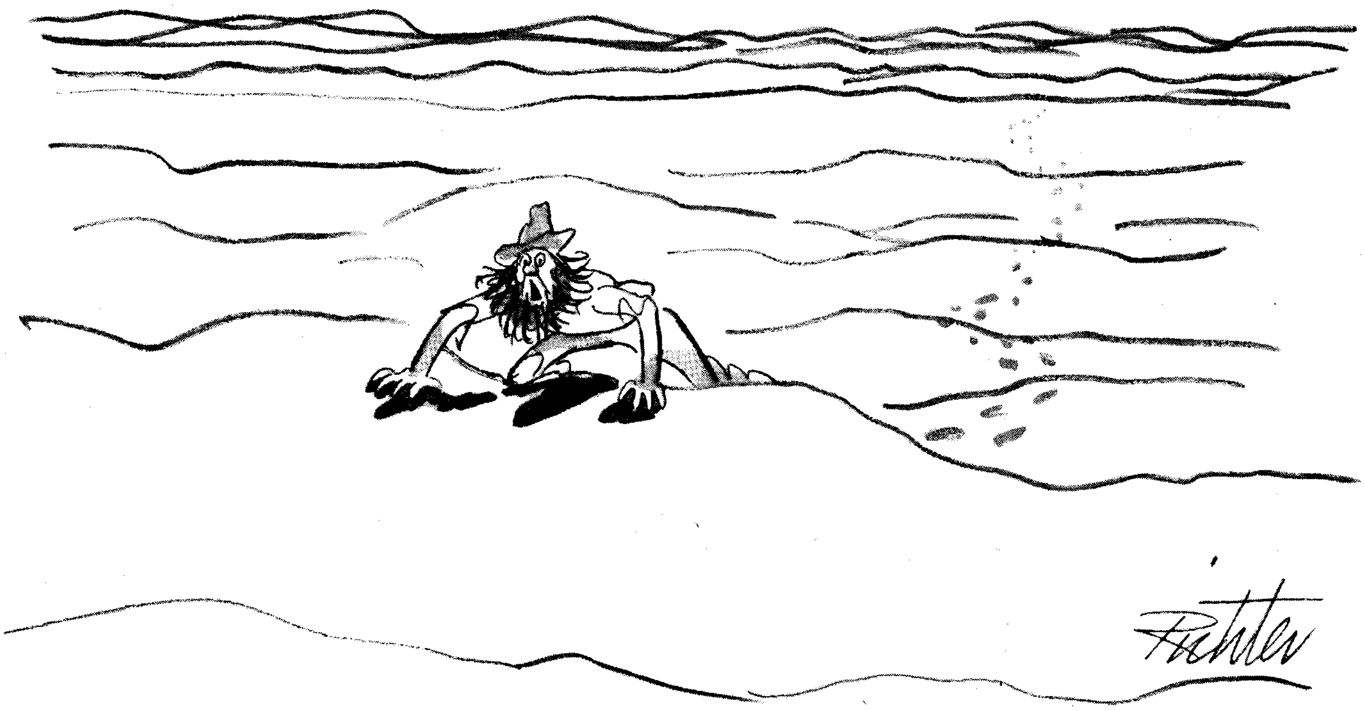
THE young man had thought he would fall asleep, but he had lain there, thinking about his plans, wide awake. Maybe the restaurant would be open now, he thought finally, and it came to him for the first time, like the recollection of something funny, that he was farther above the ground than he had ever been. He had known from the article that the professor lived in a tall building like this, which he had designed himself. The young man tried to see what kind of natural form was echoed in the shapes of the balustrades, but he could not recognize anything. The professor had said that mathematics, too, was an expression of nature, and perhaps the tiers of shadowy verandas were mathematically harmonious. The young man made his way back to the restaurant. Lights were on now, inside. It was later than he had supposed. It was hard to tell how a day was passing, in a city. He went in. There was a counter to sit at. No one else was sitting in the restaurant. He imagined the buildings around him shaped like fish, in the gathering dusk. A woman came from another room and gave him a menu, in silence, and he ordered a fish to eat, to see what it would be like here. It was all right. The woman who served him left the radio on in the next room and stayed in there, but she came back as he was finishing, and he paid her and went out into the lighted spaces curving





"Junk food! Junk food!"

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around the new buildings, and up to the veranda. One small light was burning by the door. He lay down again, beside the bench.

He began to think about his letter—whether he had made it sound clear and correct, what impression it had made. He had heard nothing for several weeks, but he had seen in a paper that the professor had been away for the opening of a building in another country. But one day the note came saying "Why don't you come on the ninth." The young man had imagined many kinds of meetings, and he lay and worried in the dark, thinking, Why should I worry?

Then he heard them coming, a group, on the stairs. Young men, young women, laughing and talking. He remembered where he was. A big dog came running up to him, and sniffed him all over, lying there by the bench. Didn't even bark at him. Wagged his tail and went to the door. And the people he had heard on the stairs began to spill onto the veranda, and along to the door, without even noticing the young man, at first. When they did, they looked startled, and stared at him. Not one was wearing an overcoat. Shirts, blouses. Some carrying jackets. He recognized the professor from pictures. But taller than he had imagined. The professor did not look as old as he must be, talking fast with all the young people, who must be the students the superintendent had spoken about. The young man stepped forward and told the professor who he was, his name.

The professor looked as though he had forgotten.

The young man said his name again.

"Oh yes," the professor said, with no sound of recognition in his voice.

"You said why didn't I come on the ninth."

"You— Oh, are you the—the fish shapes?"

The young man nodded.

"Come in. Come in. Too bad you weren't with us earlier. Have you been waiting long?"

The professor had his key ready, and opened the door without waiting for an answer. The students moved into the apartment as though they were coming home. They turned on the lights, established themselves here and there on the furniture, went on into other rooms, picked up half-empty wine bottles, found glasses; one opened a guitar case and took out a guitar.

"Let's see what we can find," the professor said, turning to his new guest. "Have you eaten?"

The young man nodded.

"Something to drink," the professor said, and held up his hand as he walked toward the door that probably led to the kitchen. "This is the young man with the fish designs," he said, and left the room. The dog, lying on a sofa, watched him go out and got up and followed him.

The students all looked at the young man, but nobody spoke. The walls of the apartment were of brick painted white. There was a large fireplace, wide and deep, raised above the floor. One student, who was lighting a fire, had turned to look at him, like the others. A big painting over the fireplace. The young man tried to see what it was a picture of. He felt it was much too warm in the room, which had been closed all day. He missed the air of the veranda. He was sure he would not know the answer when the professor came back with glasses and a question. Where and when would they have a chance to talk, he wondered. He felt certain that he would find nothing to say and would pass out after a few drinks, but he stood waiting. Some of the students were talking to each other again. He stood looking at the picture, and at the walls with lights shining onto them, and the large windows in which the lighted windows of other buildings could be seen. He imagined himself as the professor, and at once it seemed to him that he could not hear anyone in the room.

—W. S. MERWIN

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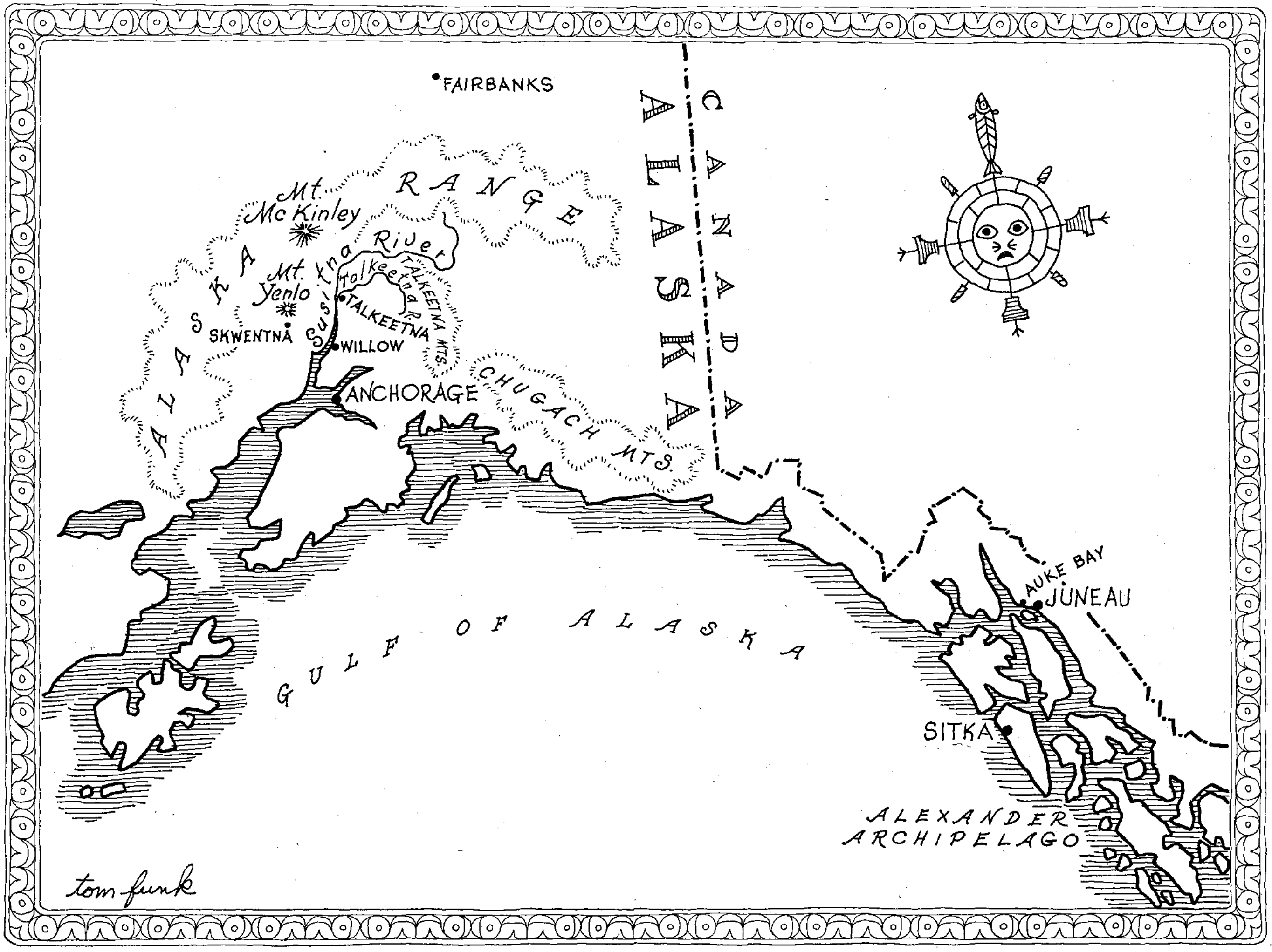
Work in public employment is a right, like welfare assistance, that is guaranteed to resident aliens as well as citizens, Judge Murray I. Gurfein of the Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit held with the concurrence of Judge Edward R. Neaher of Federal District Court.

"The state has a duty to all its awful residents, resident alien or citizen," Judges Gurfein and Neaher held.—*The Times.*

Just give your ruling, please.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

WHAT THEY WERE HUNTING FOR—II



GOLD prospectors in the nineteenth century had little to go on except an association of gold with quartz and pyrite, and, since that required neither a great deal of intelligence nor academic training, many gold prospectors were the sort of people who had little to go on whatsoever. Two such were Richard Harris and Joe Juneau, whose most noted employer described Harris as "an inveterate drunkard" and said of Juneau, "Between hooch and squaws he never had a cent to get away on."

The employer was George Pilz, a mining engineer who set up a mill near Sitka to extract gold from bearing rock. Sitka, in the Alexander Archipelago, had been the Russian capital and was now the American capital of Alaska. The year was 1879, and three events of that season led, ultimately, to the moving of the capital away from Sitka. First, Kowee, principal chief of the Auks, travelled a hundred and fifty miles to Sitka to show the mining engineer certain rock he had collected along Gastineau Channel, near his home. Pilz had promised a hundred Hudson's Bay blankets and steady employment to any tribe that led him to a place where mining could successfully follow. Kowee wanted the work and the blankets. Then, by odd coincidence, the naturalist John Muir passed by on an eight-hundred-mile canoe trip. He reported that he had been through Gastineau Channel and had seen interesting mineralization there. And, third, Joe Juneau and Dick Harris—each about forty-five years old—came wobbling down a gangplank off a ship from Wrangell. They owed the purser and the captain for passage, and they were looking around for work.

There was no special hurry about checking out the leads of Muir and Kowee. Pilz had prospectors all over the archipelago—from the Taku Inlet to the Peril Strait, Admiralty Island, Chichagof Island—playing hunches or following the reports and hunches of others. He grubstaked prospectors and salaried them at four dollars a day. In return, he reserved the right to choose two claims from every three they might make. He himself was little more than a middleman. He had to go to the merchants of Sitka, or even to San Francisco, for money to keep all his prospectors active. In attempting to cover an archipelago four hundred miles in length, Pilz in his employment practices could not impose high standards. He took what came along. Joe Juneau and Dick Harris had been around mining camps much of their lives, and they had come along.

Harris had been educated—Girard College, Philadelphia. Juneau had avoided school. He had fished and hunted, and projected himself into later life able only to write a little French. Harris had a large nose and lenticular eye sockets and a certain look—in the wings of the mustache, perhaps—of the schemingly disenchanted. Juneau—slim, sad-eyed Juneau, lip hair tumbling, crown hair short and flat—appeared to be a Yonne Valley farmer, an eel fisherman, the mayor of an embarrassed village, a waiter in a one-fork brasserie. Actually, he was born near Quebec and raised in Wisconsin, where his uncle, Solomon Juneau, built the first cabin in what is now Milwaukee but did not have the honor of seeing his name transferred to the town. In July, 1880, Harris and Juneau set out from Sitka Harbor with three months' provisions. Following a northeasterly route, they panned streams here and there but came up with only "light prospects"—some float quartz and colors of gold, but not enough for a profitable claim. They had several Auks with them, who were guiding for one dollar, a few hardtacks, and a cup of seal oil per day. The Auks took Harris and Juneau to Auk Village, and the two prospectors then spent three weeks in a condition—even by the standards of the Indians who would tell the story—of total bibacity. The Indians of the archipelago distilled a drink they called *hoochinoo*. They were adding its first syllable to the American language, with the help of Harris and Juneau. The prospectors paid with equipment and grub, and to buy more drink, and squaw-pleasures as well, they gave up more food, more equipment, until, scarcely a month out of Sitka, their three months' supplies were all but gone. Moreover, they lost their boat. It floated away with the tide in mid-binge. So, having no alternative, they decided to return to Sitka. They paid the tribe a rifle to take them home. But first the Indians took them down Gastineau Channel to a small anchorage near the mouth of a stream.

Its water ran white over ledges of rock and down through the cleavage of two sheer mountains—mountainsides stiff with big Sitka spruce, rising on up to avalanchine balds with declivities so steep that brooks fell down them in veils. When you look up from the streets of Juneau, that is what you see, for Juneau is compacted where the mountains touch, and the mountains loom behind the town in shades of green with snow-covered summits and alpine ice. The channel, Gastineau, is deep-water and blue, three-quarters of a mile wide, nineteen miles long, mountainsided all the way. Big white ships come up the channel to the town. In the opposite direction, sometimes, travel the Taku winds—off Taku Glacier, some thousands of feet above—winds so fierce and flattening that in 1880 it was on some days impossible to build a fire, and tents were not up long before they blew away. A pedestrian today in Juneau, head down and charging, can be stopped for no gain by the wind. There are railings along the streets by which senators and representatives can haul themselves to work. Over the past couple of years, a succession of wind gauges were placed on a ridge above the town. They could measure velocities up to two hundred miles per hour. They did not survive. The Taku winds tore them apart after driving their indicators to the end of the scale. The weather is not always, or even generally, so bad; but under its influence the town took shape, and so Juneau is a tight community of adjacent buildings and narrow European streets, adhering to its mountainsides and fronting the salt water.

There is a characteristic, too, of frequent rain. It rains in Juneau about two hundred and twenty days a year. Clouds hang like bunting on the mountains. Many sidewalks of the town are covered with permanent roofs that are cantilevered from building sides and held in place by coupled rods. Houses go unpainted, because it is so hard to find an appropriate time to paint them. Old-timers, eating halibut cheeks in the City Cafe, talk about putting a dome over Juneau. Rain does not fall around the clock, however, and the weather will shift with tonic swiftness, the gray above the channel brightening to cotton and tearing apart to show blue sky, with tilted shafts of sunlight coming through, a rainbow forming.

There is no permafrost in Juneau. It is six hundred miles from the Arctic Circle. The temperature in winter seldom goes below zero, and in summer it holds under eighty. Out past the airport are forested bays that suggest Washington, Oregon, northern California, with the difference that the Mendenhall Glacier approaches them—all blue ice and powdered rock, like a huge white earth-fill dam. In streams near the glacier run cutthroat trout and Dolly Vardens two feet long. When the king salmon come into nearby waters they weigh as much as eighty pounds.

Juneau, bright at night from across the channel, is dense and galactic under the dark shapes of the mountains. From the same perspective in the day—with its ships at wharfside, its small-craft anchorage, its buildings all crowded before an uprising wilderness—it is a pocket city in a setting as wondrous as the setting of a city could ever be. Juneau is Alaskan, and American, and it has its oil-storage tanks in the heart of town. It holds its own in junk and crud. Gold Creek, the rushing stream that was named by Harris and Juneau, now runs through town in a concrete trough, a large storm sewer. The State Capitol is a six-story yellow brick-and-limestone building with big windows of the sort that are opened

Primitive Painter

with a pole. In appearance, it is an abandoned junior high school. The governor's mansion is Southern and decadent, tired in its innards. On the edge of town is the abandoned mine—abandoned during the Second World War—of the Alaska-Juneau Gold Mining Company, a flooded ruin now, fronting the mountain like the façade of a theatre that has long since played its last show. From Calhoun Avenue to Willoughby Avenue, old wooden steps go far down the cliffside and around the new State Office Building, which soars into the air and goes down the hill, too. People approaching the building on the uphill side walk in on the eighth floor—into a high atrium of light and space, of glass-walled, unpartitioned offices that look down into the interior as well as out upon the mountains and the channel. A sign on the ground floor says, "POSITIVELY NO DOGS." So much for old Alaska.

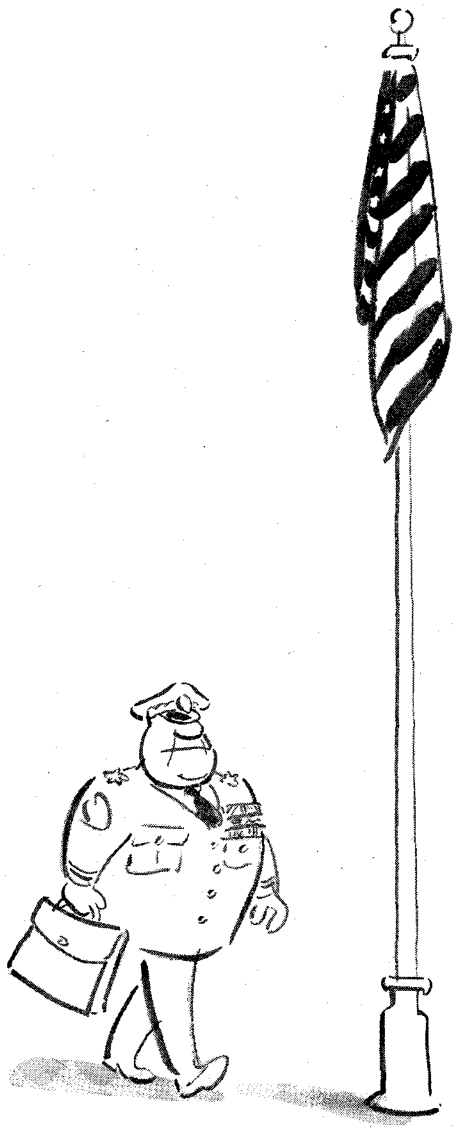
After the United States bought the territory from Russia, Juneau was the first city to be founded there. Juneau was also the first city in Alaska to be founded in result of a discovery of gold.

Through the cleft in the mountains, the two prospectors went up the stream a mile and more, panning. They found promising color in their pans, and in the creek bed "very good float gold quartz." And, having done that and no more, they left. Back to Sitka went Richard Harris and Joe Juneau. They had staked no claims. They had gone only a short way upstream. They had only guessed at the gold beyond. Hungry, hung over, out of hooch and barter, they—prospectors!—had found the underbrush forbidding, the going too tough, so they had taken with them a hundred pounds of the river quartz and departed.

Chief Kowee, amazed, saw his chances for a hundred blankets going straight down the channel with these fools. So he chased after them to Sitka and complained to the mining engineer that Harris and Juneau had not been inclined to follow him far enough upstream, and he laid on the table some rich gold quartz as an example of what was there. Pilz arranged the grubstake for another expedition, and he paid for a canoe. For prospectors, now, in the fall, with the season running short, he had to use whatever he could find, and the pickings were limited to Harris and Juneau. After naming the canoe the Alaska Chief of Gold Creek, they started out in mid-September from Sitka.

Chief Kowee made extremely sure this time that they found the proper gold. En route, they prospected a stream or two that they had prospected before, apparently not remembering where they had been. But the guiding Indians firmly led them on to the small anchorage in Gastineau Channel near the stream they had named Gold Creek. This time they went for the headwaters, and the brush was indeed so dense that to get around it they went up a gulch—calling it Snowslide Gulch—and on up the mountainside to a commanding view of an El Dorado. It was a stream-sculptured dish of ground into which long eras of erosion—glacial, fluvial, ice-spall erosion—had (from the mineralized mountains) poured a deep filling of gravels of gold. "I broke some with a hammer and Juneau and myself could hardly believe our eyes. We knew it was gold, but so much and not in particles, streaks running through the rock and little lumps as large as peas or beans." (These quotations are from "The Founding of Juneau," a careful history by R. N. De Armond which was published in 1967 by the Gastineau Channel Centennial Association.) In days that followed, claims were staked in the names of Juneau and Harris and their assorted grubstakers, backers, and creditors. Harris called a meeting—consisting of himself, Juneau, and three Indians—to formalize a code of local laws, the usual procedure under the Mining Act of 1872. Harris took the power job—district recorder—and two hundred square miles around the discovery was designated the Harris Mining District. Then, beside Gastineau Channel, a townsite of a hundred and sixty acres was staked and claimed. The name given the town was Harrisburgh. Pressed, at a later date, for his reasons for choosing that name, Harris said he wished to honor the state of Pennsylvania. Five bona-fide miners—not two miners and three Indians—were by custom required for the approval of a code of laws; and as the gold rush developed in Harrisburgh other miners quickly challenged Harris's power and, in the process, relieved the town of his name. The honor was transferred to Juneau. In a dispute about overlapping claims, the new Alaska court system a few years later deprived Harris of nearly all his property in and around the town. He eventually died in a sanatorium in Oregon, his way there paid by friends. Juneau died in Dawson, in Yukon Territory, after a lifetime in the wild, always, but perhaps not primarily, in search of gold. It was his wish to be buried in Juneau, and four hundred dollars was raised there to bring the body south. In 1900, the year after he died, the town became the capital of Alaska.

THE man who caused the initiative to select a new capital for Alaska to be placed on the 1974 ballot—the man who took up the idea and organized a group of volunteer workers and collected signatures and raised money and administered the entire successful procedure—was named, as it happens, Harris. He was not a descendant of the eponymous Harris of Harrisburgh. He had found his own lode in Anchorage in the nineteen-forties when he quit as a deliveryman for a dry-cleaning company and, with another driver, borrowed something over three thousand dollars and started the Alaska Cleaners, 610 Fireweed, Anchorage—a hanging-clothes forest, wherein someone presses a button and twenty miles of garments begin to move. Frank Harris is a lean man, bald, gentle in voice, with long jaws, an English face. He was elected to the Alaska State Senate in 1966, defeated in 1968. The urge to move the capital came over him during those two years.

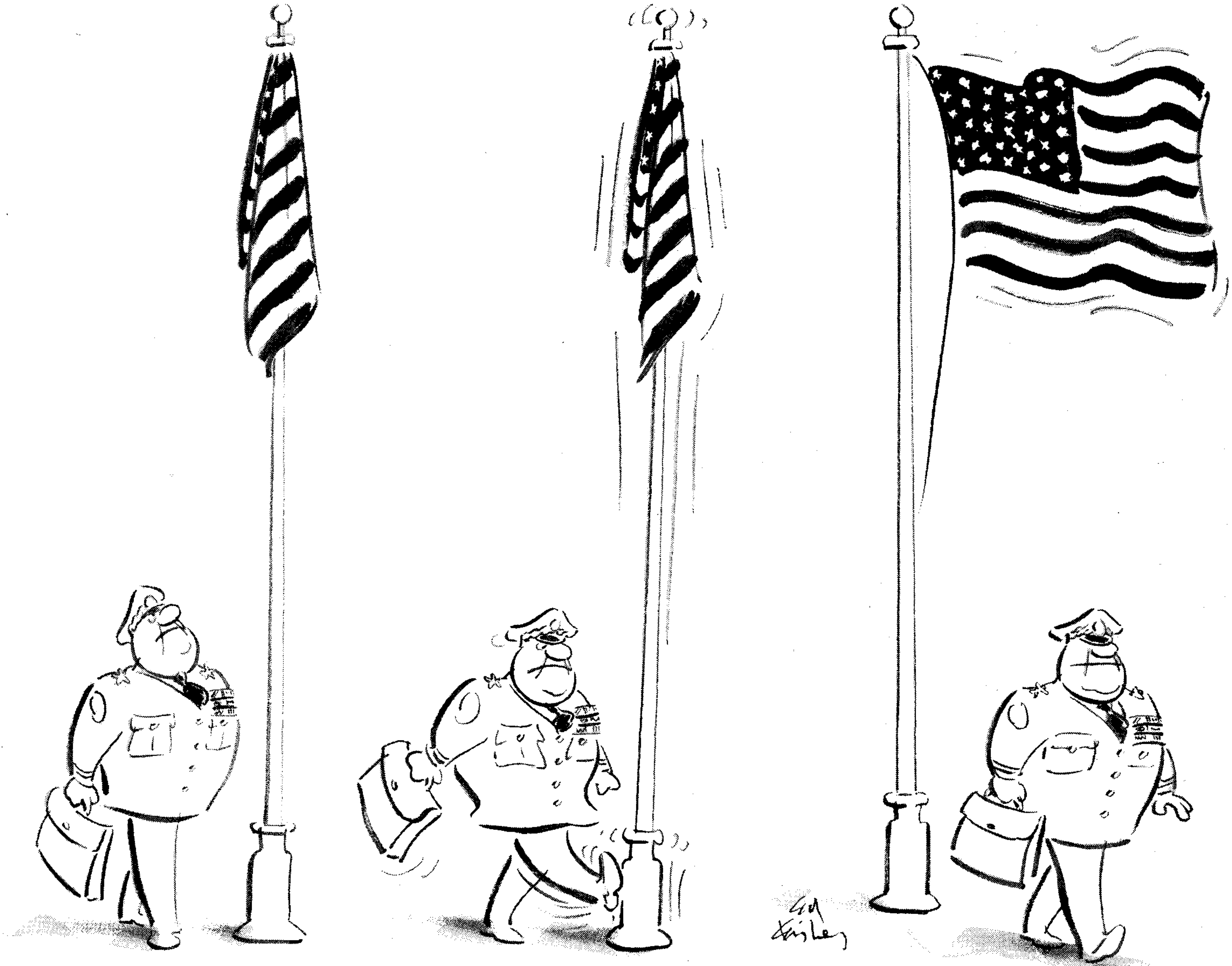


Sessions began in January and ran on at least three months (of late they have been extending through June), and Harris in Juneau developed what he called "a complete feeling of isolation—stuck there." He found Juneau "a dilapidated city, buildings unpainted, streets dirty, sidewalks crumbling," and could not imagine "people having pride in a state capital in such condition." He lived in a big concrete coop that was painted pink—the Mendenhall Apartments. The wind blew so hard it seemed to come through the paint. He covered his windows with sheets and masking tape, and, even so, he could not stay warm. "The Capitol Building was cold, too, if you could get to it, leaning into the Taku wind. The rain didn't bother me. I come from Oregon. I could not imagine how any place could be so isolated. People couldn't get at you. You were in a cage. You talked to the hard lobbyists every day. Every day the same people. What was going on there needed more airing." So he sponsored a bill to move the capital. The day he introduced it, the news went out over the radio, and when he went to have lunch in the Baranof Hotel a waitress refused to serve him. In the State Affairs Committee, a legislator from Juneau killed the bill. Each of the three times that a capital-move initiative has appeared on the Alaska ballot, it has been as a result of a people's petition. "The legislature could do it," Harris has explained, "but they don't have the guts."

In Minnesota, when a bill was introduced to move the capital from St. Paul to St. Peter, Joe Rolette, legislator and fur trader, disappeared with the bill itself until the legislature adjourned. In Nevada, when the count was shaping up as close, one delegate shot another, and Carson City became the capital by a single vote.

Harris, in his effort, was taking up an idea that had come from nowhere so concentratedly as from Robert Atwood, editor and publisher of the Anchorage *Times*. All through the statehood years, Atwood had been writing columns advocating that the capital be moved. Atwood had, in Harris's words, "always been ve-*he*-ment on the subject." When initiatives made the ballot in 1960 and again in 1962, Juneau taxed property owners to raise money to fight and defeat them. Twelve years went by, during which oil was discovered at Prudhoe Bay, in Arctic Alaska. Money was on the way. In the same period, the population of the Anchorage Bowl a great deal more than doubled. "Fairbanks and Juneau and the bush always combined and defeated the previous initiatives," Harris told me one day at the cleaners. "But now we had the votes."

The legislature, in the end, is to pick a name for the new capital. Meanwhile, astonishingly, almost no one shows interest in what the city might be like. I guess I have talked with several hundred Alaskans about the moving of the capital, and among them virtually no one has offered any concept, any vision, of how the new city might appear. Virtually no one but Harris. He had thought about it a lot—all through the Taku winds, the signature gathering, the days beyond the vote. "The capital should sit overlooking a lake," he said. "The lake should be large enough for float planes. You



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dock and walk to the Capitol. It is a rustic Capitol that fits the setting of the country. It is a state capital and a sports capital—winter and summer sports. From it you can see Mount McKinley. There is no big gold dome. That's of the past. It should be built of concrete and natural rock—something that will blend in with wilderness. Industry and farming will be all around it. It should be west of the Susitna, on the projected road to McGrath."

WILLIE HENSLEY, west of the Susitna, and high on the tundra of Little Peters Hills, looked down across the valley and said quietly that he hoped the work he was doing as chairman of the Capital Site Selection Committee would count for something, hoped the group was not wasting its time. Somehow, he made himself heard without raising his voice, despite the big helicopter standing by, shaking and muttering, a hundred yards away. "One wants to think that one's energy is concentrated on something worth doing," he went on. If the people insisted on a new capital in a wild site, at least he meant to find a good one. Six possible sites were visible from the hill—six "footprints"—including one on Blair Lake (in the low ground between the Chulitna and the Susitna), one along Deep Creek (below the Peters Hills), and one on Peters Creek (among swales of open spruce) right before him. Favorably impressed by this hill-and-river, rolling, forested land, he said as much, and added that, for all his travels, he had never been in this part of Alaska.

To borrow a term used by some Alaskans—among them the state's Commissioner of Commerce—Willie Hensley is a Brooks Brothers native. In recent years, a class of native has developed, or has at least increased, that has seen and experienced a much wider segment of the world than nearly everyone else in, say, Kivalina, Kotzebue, or Unalakleet. In an old military barracks below Mount Edgecumbe, across the harbor from Sitka, is a high school staffed by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and that is where in Willie's time the qualified Eskimo children of Kotzebue would ordinarily be sent. That was far enough from home—eleven hundred miles—but Willie went off on an educational odyssey a great deal more exotic than that. Straight out of the sod houses and the riverine tent sites of Eskimo Arctic Alaska, Willie went to high school in Tennessee. To prepare him for the experience, he was indoctrinated—age fourteen, just off the plane from Kotzebue—in Myrtle, Mississippi. If he did not previously have what has become his outreaching sense of the absurd, he surely acquired it then. A town too small to be a crossroads, Myrtle was somewhere between Corinth and Oxford—in the northeastern corner of Yoknapatawpha. The first thing that struck him, of course, was the heat—the amazing, breath-stopping heat—and he wondered who could long endure such a climate. But before he had a chance to suffocate in that way he was smothered in another. He was given what he described years later as "a hell of a dose of Southern Baptist rural religious outlook." It was a Baptist preacher in Kotzebue who had arranged Willie's travels. The preacher's parents lived in Myrtle. They had agreed to take care of this fine young Eskimo and show him the ways of America. Anxious to please, Willie became, in his own phrase, "a temporary Southern white." "It was 1956. There was hardly a ripple of change yet—of desegregation. I knew no history of the black problem. I knew nothing about slavery. I couldn't understand the situation. I couldn't believe that people would work for three dollars a day in a field. I wanted to talk to them, but I got the impression I should not." Instead, he was exposed to a battery of preachers. Myrtle was "a preachin' center," and foremost among its congested clergy was the celebrated Brother Ray, who went around in a Cadillac and wore overalls. Brother Ray's fundamentalism overwhelmed Willie, and in a religious sense he has never recovered. He does not customarily go to church. "No." He grins. "But some of my best friends are preachers."

He went to Harrison-Chilhowee Baptist Academy, in eastern Tennessee. ("It was in the foothills of the Smokies and it was very beautiful. I couldn't believe such sculptured hills.") He saw Alaska—Kotzebue—only once in those four years. Then, in 1960, he entered the University of Alaska, in Fairbanks. Halfway through, he transferred to George Washington, in the District of Columbia, where he studied Russian (and managed to see Poland and Russia on a trip sponsored by the Experiment in International Living) and got his B.A. in political science. Doing summer work in Washington for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, he "met a lot of Lower Forty-eight Indians," and became interested in their legal relationship to their aboriginal land. It was a subject that had already been much on his mind in regard to Kotzebue. In the nineteen-fifties, the federal government had ruled off land there in lots and sold it at auction. Eskimos did not have enough money or understand auctions. Doctors, nurses, teachers, and Civil Aeronautics Administration personnel bought the property. "Eskimos had owned the property communally for ten thousand years. Now the C.A.A. types owned lots. That is how I got interested. Everybody had a way to get property but the native people." Missionaries, using church land, rented lots to the natives. "You are responsible for the hereafter, not profits," Hensley said to them. "Turn the land over to the natives." The missionaries had not acted on the suggestion.

Hensley did graduate work in business and took a course in Constitutional law at the University of Alaska. For the law course he wrote an extensive paper on who owned Alaskan land. Specifically, it was called "What Rights To Land Have The Alaska Natives?" and it traced from the Alaska purchase onward the uncertain title and unrealized claims of his people. The root question was, do the Alaskan natives, by dint of aboriginal use and occupancy, have special claim to Alaskan land, and, if so, how much land, and in how wide a range around their established villages? The 1867 purchase treaty and subsequent acts of the United States Congress did not ignore the point but left it in shadow. Now, in 1966, native Alaskans—that is, Eskimos, Indians, and Aleuts—were increasingly demanding a settlement. Hensley wrote his paper in May of that year, and, drawn more than ever to the subject, inevitably became drawn into politics. He helped form the Alaska Federation of Natives, a group whose efforts were dedicated to a settlement of native claims. And that fall—age twenty-four—he ran for the state legislature and was elected.

Stewart Udall, Secretary of the Interior, reacted to the native-claims situation by suspending until the question was settled all transactions in land that was under his control. He controlled

"Listen, let's not forget who's anchorman around here!"

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nearly all of Alaska. The U.S. Constitution and several hundred treaties made with natives elsewhere in the country tended to suggest that Congress was liable if native property was abridged. In order to be free of liability, Congress would have to extinguish native title, specifically and consciously. In days gone by, the way to do that was to extinguish the native. The treatment of Indians in the Lower Forty-eight was hardly forgotten, and among the factors that were gaining momentum in the Alaska natives' favor white guilt was not the least. Other points intensified, too. The State of Alaska had been promised a hundred and three million acres of land in the act that made Alaska a state, in 1959. Needing the money that would be derivable from the land, the state wished to get on with the process of selection, but what land could it select with the native claims unsettled? Oil companies, pending native-claims settlement, had nine hundred million dollars' worth of questionable leases, cloudily titled. Moreover, to protect the native interest a court granted an injunction against the building of the Trans-Alaska Pipeline pending a settlement of native claims. Pressure for settlement then came from labor unions looking toward pipeline jobs. Conservationists got into it, too, for the matter of preservation of lands in Alaska was so close in nature to the native-claims question that it would be dealt with in the same act. These combined pressures, kept at the highest levels possible by the maneuvering of Willie Hensley and his native colleagues, yielded the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act of 1971.

The natives settled for forty million acres of land and one billion dollars. Much of the land was likely to contain gold, silver, and other minerals, and oil and gas. Native claims were thus extinguished. This was perhaps the great, final, and retributive payment for all of American history's native claims—an attempt to extinguish something more than title. And, as a result, the natives of Alaska were suddenly, collectively rich. Along tribal and cultural lines, the state was divided into twelve aboriginal regions, and in each a native corporation was established to hold and invest the new wealth. The Sealaska Corporation, for example, would handle the share of the Tlingit-Haida tribes, in the southeastern archipelago. Doyon, Ltd., would be the holding company for the Athapaskan interior. NANA Regional Corporation, which grew out of the Northwest Alaska Native Association, would direct the funds of the people of Kotzebue and of ten other villages in the Kobuk Valley. In the Alaska lexicon, a new synonym for "native" was "stockholder," and NANA's five thousand stockholders would receive in incremental payments sixty-two million dollars and 2.3 million acres of land. The jets of Alaska Airlines and Wien Air Alaska were soon a third to half full of natives zipping around the state on business—for nothing, of course, prevented one corporation from investing or operating in another's region. The corporations were, as Hensley put it, "mini-conglomerates." NANA, for example, set up a development corporation that started, among other things, a protection agency and a construction firm. They now have a contract for all pipeline security north of the Yukon, another to supply labor to pipeline pumping stations, another to build a high school in Kivalina (on the coast of northwest Alaska), another to build a new control tower at Anchorage International Airport. Willie Hensley, it seems almost needless to say, became a founding member of the NANA board of directors, a member of the executive committee, and president of two of NANA's principal companies. That is what is meant by Brooks Brothers native. John Sackett, of Doyon. Roy Huhndorf, of Cook Inlet. They do not travel just in Alaska. They are often in San Francisco, New York, the District of Columbia. Needing expertise beyond the attorneys of Anchorage, they use the finest and dearest of Wall Street and Washington law firms to construct and straighten their affairs.

Jade Mountain, in the Kobuk Valley, belongs to NANA. Jade Mountain is a mountain of jade. One day in Anchorage, Hensley had strewn some before me on his desk in NANA's offices. It was exquisite stone (the state gem), polished, viridian, in blocks and wafers, from the NANA Jade Products Division. "I hope that this jade will be used liberally in the new capital," he said, and he added, with a subtle smile, "because it is so beautiful, not just because we own it." And now, as he stood on the hilltop looking east toward Talkeetna and places where his Alaskan jade city might rise, it occurred to me that Willie Hensley—sooner or later—might live in the new capital, in a jade-columned mansion near the center of the town.

If you order a glass of beer in Alaska, it is likely to be modest in all ways but cost, which can run upward from a dollar. If you order a couple of eggs with toast, the bill may be three dollars and fifty cents. If you order a new capital, just the choosing of a site for it will run you a million and a half dollars, but the price is in line with the beer and the eggs, and seems on the whole accepted. Words are what the money has bought, in the main—words by the troy ounce, delivered in Consultaspeak.

"East of Talkeetna, the cost impact will be impacted."

"The planning aspects are far more important than whatever the megastructure may turn out to be."

The prime consultant was CCC/HOK, an international planning and architectural firm, whose planners and architects—Ed Crittenden, Anne Kriken, Barry Quinn, Dan Gale—came from the company's Anchorage and San Francisco offices but had about them a certain quality of Eastern tweed. They, in turn, reached out for help to engineers, hydrologists, economists, botanists, biologists, meteorologists, geologists (notably Dames & Moore); and the general procedure was set up and coördinated by Leonard Lane, the Capital Site Selection Committee's full-time executive director.

"With McHargian geophysical determinants, we factor in the transportation and utility infrastructure."

"The approach, overall, is essentially McHargian."

Ian McHarg, the absent master, is a landscape architect and regional planner who teaches at the University of Pennsylvania and developed some years ago a technique for selecting the best new site or alignment for anything from a doghouse to a city of ten million. McHarg's method, in crude summary, was to take all relevant information—developed by his own research and that of his staff and consultants—and express it in the form of markings and shadings on clear plastic overlays that could be placed upon a map. One overlay might deal with, say, drainage, ground water, and additional hydrological considerations; another would shade in the extent of vegetation. Each criterion could be individually considered, then literally piled atop the others until an expert, peering down through the layers of plastic, could see on the map the best and worst sites for construction. McHarg had presented this to the world in a fountainhead treatise called "Design with Nature." McHarg was not connected with CCC/HOK, but when his name was mentioned its people tended to swivel and face Philadelphia.

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They had buried the map of central Alaska under layers of acetate, and had eventually eliminated everything on it but the Susitna Valley. Under more overlays, the valley itself was graphically analyzed. The Land Status Acetate showed, in various colors, state ownership, borough ownership, federal ownership, and private ownership. The Natural Limitations Acetate showed, in various patterns and colors, floodplains, bogs, muskeg pockets, swamps, steep slopes, alpine tundra, moose habitats, bear habitats, salmon spawning areas. "To develop our extensive sensitivity to wildlife," Leonard Lane reported, "we talked to thirty-one people in the Department of Fish and Game." The Existing

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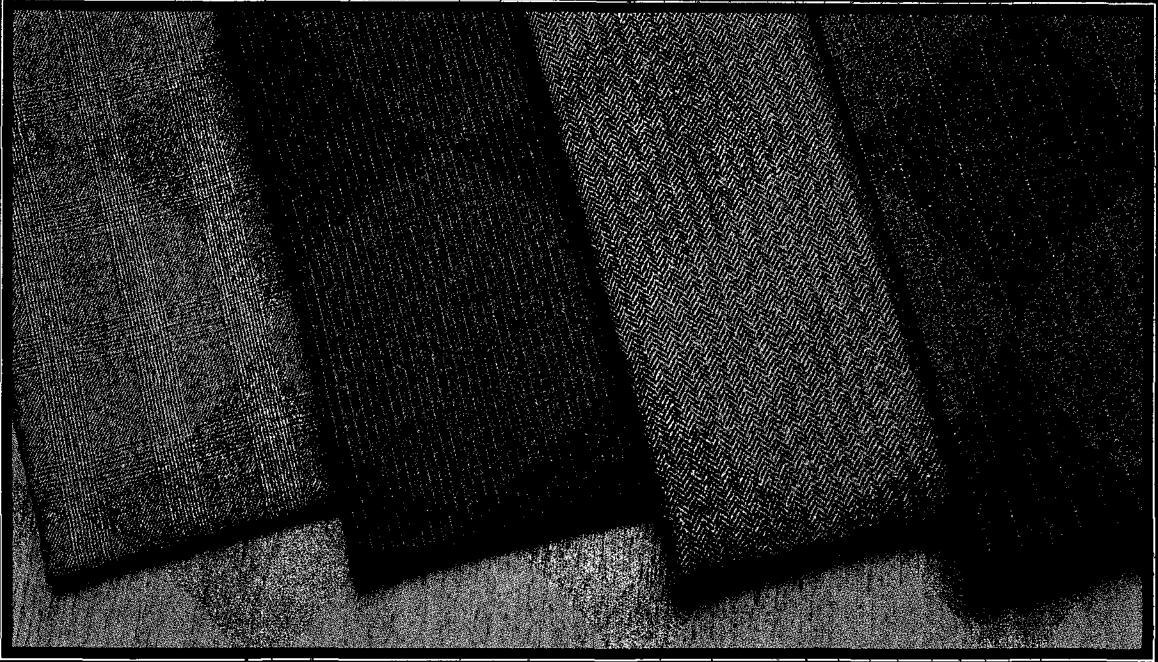

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"*I have the weirdest feeling that someone was fiddling with my genes during the night.*"

• •

Transportation Acetate showed two-lane roads, gravel roads, dirt roads, airstrips, railroad, airport sites. The Elevation Acetate included twelve altitudes. The Capital City Footprint Areas Acetate presented the regions of the valley that had shown up best under earlier fathoms of acetate. Within each footprint, or generally buildable area, was a "centroid"—the spot where buildings would most likely rise. Following this came more plastic, neatly sketched upon, plotted, shaded—criterion after criterion, layer upon layer: the View Aspect Acetate, the Degree of View Acetate, the Water Features Acetate, the Vegetation Types Acetate, the Landscape Features Acetate, the Background Features Acetate. The committee had to develop a talent for peering down through the plastic. The committee was like a crane standing on one leg staring into a pond.

Meanwhile, to make new photographic mosaics of the valley, the consultants ordered and the committee paid for twelve thousand dollars' worth of aerial pictures. Dames & Moore defended the need for this by pointing out—to some people's astonishment—that certain features of the topographic maps of the United States Geological Survey were only about sixty per cent accurate. Stream courses, for example, were often out of date. A stream course in Alaska, writhing like a firehose, can rapidly put a map out of date.

The consultants had been hired to envision a setting, not a city. The design of the community was specifically excluded from their procedure. They could not help but consider it, though, in the light of the question that was always with them: Is it possible to create an unsterile community that has only government there?

"I sure hope so," Barry Quinn said one day. "The capital has a lot going against it. Its economic base is government. There will not be much secondary employment. And diversity makes a community healthy." Quinn, from East Rochester, New York, had been working in Alaska off and on for nine years. He was young, with dark longish hair parted in the middle, his manner gentle, engaging. "It is difficult to initiate the incentives that create diversity," he went on. "They tend to evolve naturally. And industry is simply not going to spring up here. It's cheaper to process oil and timber elsewhere. The town's overall development will depend on the development of Alaska. It may not work for this generation but for the next. You can't create a Friday-night spot in a brand-new town."

Ed Crittenden, president of CCC/HOK, is an architect and city planner, trained at Yale and M.I.T., who has been in Alaska twenty-six years. Five of his six children were born in Alaska. His hair is graying and as long as the times. There is a pipe, a sports jacket, a blue button-down shirt, a knitted tie. I asked him one day how he saw the new city, and he said he deliberately tried to avoid thinking of that in order to play his role as written. Crittenden had done the new Federal Building, the BP Building, the Union Oil Building—some of the high-rising glass of Anchorage. Pressed to describe the new capital as it might appear in his private thought, he finally said, "Well, to tell you the truth, I would reverse all of the things that people come to Alaska to get away from. I would not go along with the I'll-build-my-cabin-where-I-damned-well-want-to syndrome. I would apply ideas from the Eastern United States—a central core, a central walking mall, a controlled environment. Living structures would be concentrated, and in modules of enclosed space. There would be modules for state and local government, and commercial modules, all concentrated, with plenty of open space around them—plenty of undisturbed, or almost undisturbed, Alaska." So saying, and in a cloud of pipe smoke, Crittenden departed for Siberia. An honored figure in the field of Arctic construction and Arctic community development, he was going there to participate in the first Soviet-American exchange on human environment in the north.

IN recent years, certain construction has enhanced the weight of Juneau. Along Gastineau Channel, for example, runs a four-lane divided highway, engineered with the breadth and grandeur of an interstate—implying New York at one end, Chicago at the other. The road cost sixteen million dollars, and runs from Juneau out to Juneau Municipal Airport, and back—there being nowhere else to go. The new State Office Building, edificial focus of the town, has been complemented by a new courthouse and a multilevel parking garage. It is not a coincidence that so much construction came about at a time when Juneau was threatened

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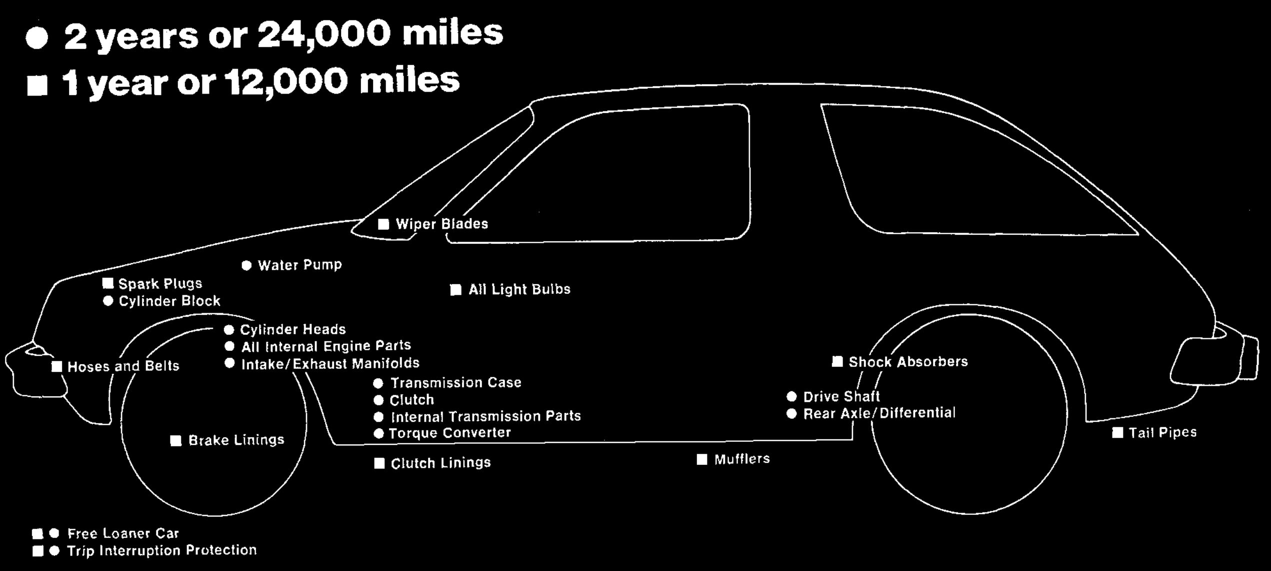
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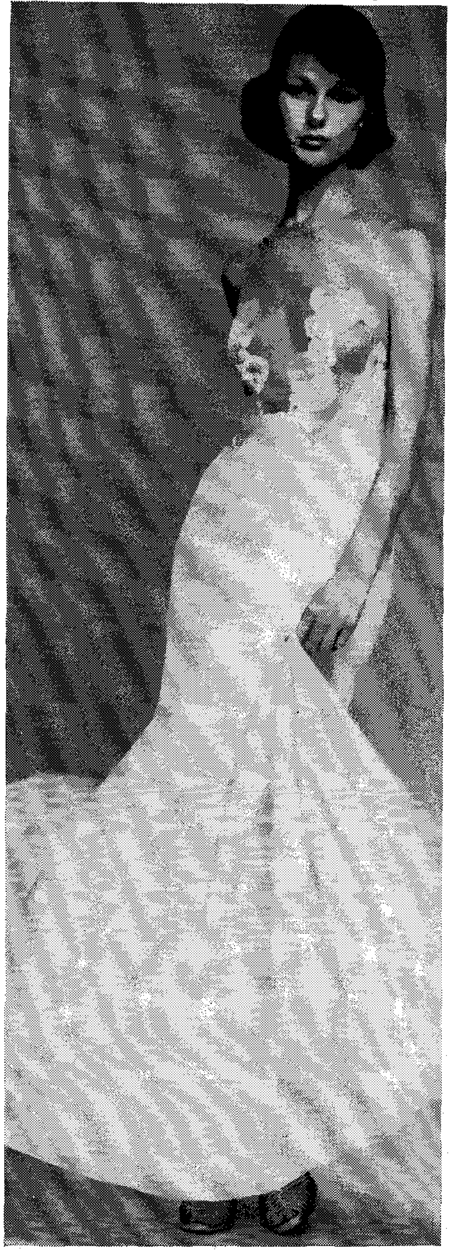

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by the movement to move the capital, and no one will argue about the fact that all this effort can be traced to one man. His name is Bill Ray. Nearly forty years ago, he turned up in Juneau after sleeping in his own blankets in the hold of the S. S. Baranof. From Wallace, Idaho, he had been driven north by the Depression, and had come to Juneau with his father to look for work. He began as a longshoreman, and, moving from job to job, he did about all there was to do in southeastern Alaska. He worked in canneries, on fishing boats, and as a deckhand on a canning tender. After the Second World War, he bought a liquor store in Juneau. He helped defeat the capital-move initiatives of 1960 and 1962. In 1964, he was elected to the Alaska House of Representatives, and eventually became chairman of its Finance Committee. In 1970 and 1974, he was elected to the Senate, where he also became chairman of the Finance Committee. As one of his constituents has said of him, "Hands down, Bill Ray brings home more bacon than anyone else in the legislature."

"They call me the lovable bandit," Ray told me one day, in his office in the Capitol. "I take everything that isn't nailed down. I admit it. Aren't you supposed to do what you can for your district? They say I have the guts of a second-story man and the brains of a Mafia chieftain." The second-story-man part was protruding under the hem of a jade-green polo shirt. Life had been good in Juneau. Ray appeared to be in his middle fifties. He had heavy eyelids, and was a little figgy in the jowls. Through his office window he gazed contemplatively at the State Office Building, whose eleven stories of airy glass were more than framed by ponderous abutments of sandstone, turreted and crenellated so that it looked something like a greenhouse prepared for war.

"That's my building there," he said. "They call that Fort Ray. It's no secret—it cost fifteen million dollars. We have thirty-five hundred government employees. That means more than ten thousand people—well over half the town—depend directly on the government. And now powerful forces are at play to kill us, all set in motion by a little clique in Anchorage."

"Clique?"

"Atwood, at heart. Atwood was here once, in Juneau, and didn't make it. Atwood has had gubernatorial ambitions, senatorial ambitions. When he looks in the mirror, he sees God. He's a brilliant man, but he has insulated his mind against reality. He misrepresents the truth. What they really want to do—the little clique that has been forcing this issue—is to put a legislative hall thirty miles outside of Anchorage, and that would be the head of the state government, but the heart and guts would be in Anchorage. What they sold the people was that the head, guts, and feathers—everything—would be in one place, and you can't do that thirty miles from Anchorage. They've done nothing but sell it on a lie. Lie No. 2: It won't hurt Juneau. They say Juneau has its cruise boats, and so on. Cruise boats? People get off the boat, look around, take a bus out to the glacier, and go back to the boat. They're visitors, not tourists. A tourist stays a week and drops four hundred dollars. A visitor comes with a shirt and a twenty-dollar bill and doesn't change either one."

"Shouldn't the state capital be near the population center?" I asked him.

"That argument doesn't hold. The spectrum of public pressure is larger where the people are. Can you imagine a march of *welfare* people? In Juneau, you don't have pressures like that. You can sit with a clear head and do your work."

I mentioned that Jan Koslosky, of Palmer, had told me that during his six years in the legislature he only went home once during a session. He said he had been a pilot for thirty years but did not like the flight into Juneau. He had had too many close calls trying to get in.

"Koslosky is a cautious man. I'll tell you this. You are safer coming into Juneau than elsewhere, because when you come into Juneau the pilot is flying the plane. The *captain* is flying the plane. He wants to be sure he gets here."

As an aircraft feels its way down toward an airport in weather, the pilot reads an instrument-approach chart, which indicates the distance and altitude from which the runway should be visible or the approach has been missed and the plane must climb out and perhaps have another try. For most airports, the missed-approach point is close to the runway, or even just above it. For Juneau Municipal, the missed-approach point is three and a half miles from the runway and fourteen hundred feet in the air. If you can't fly in visually from there, you immediately

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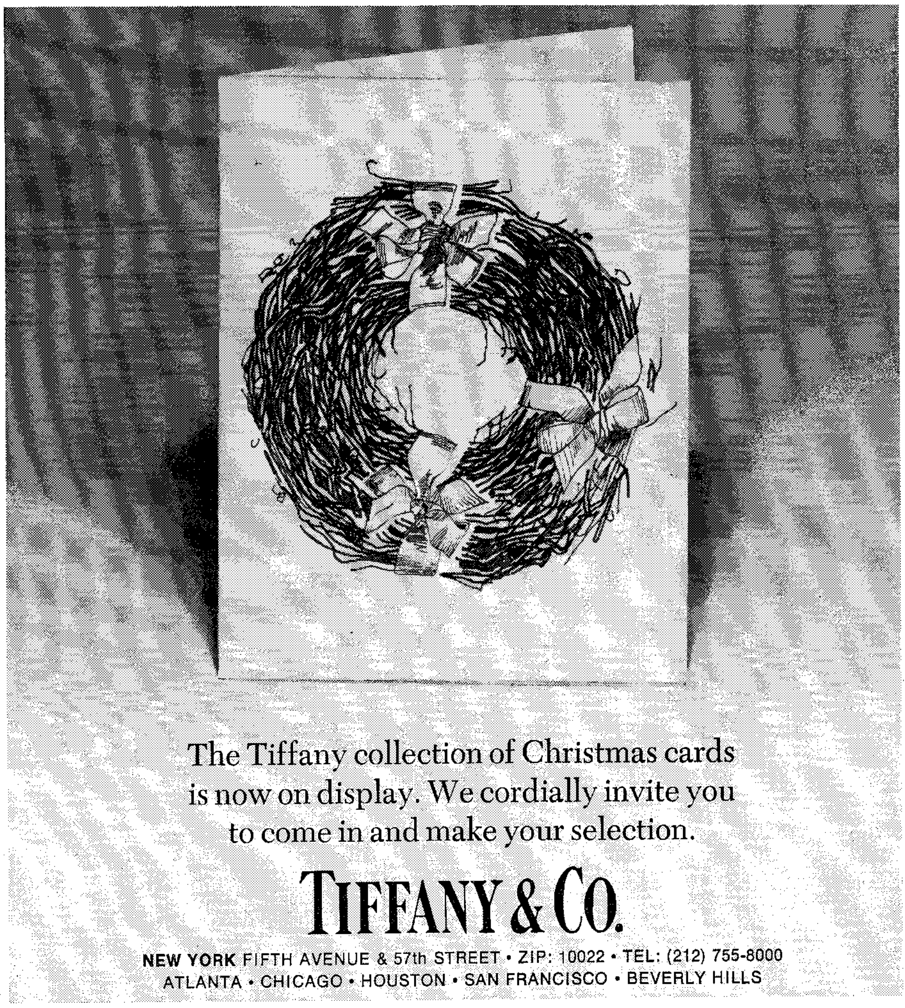

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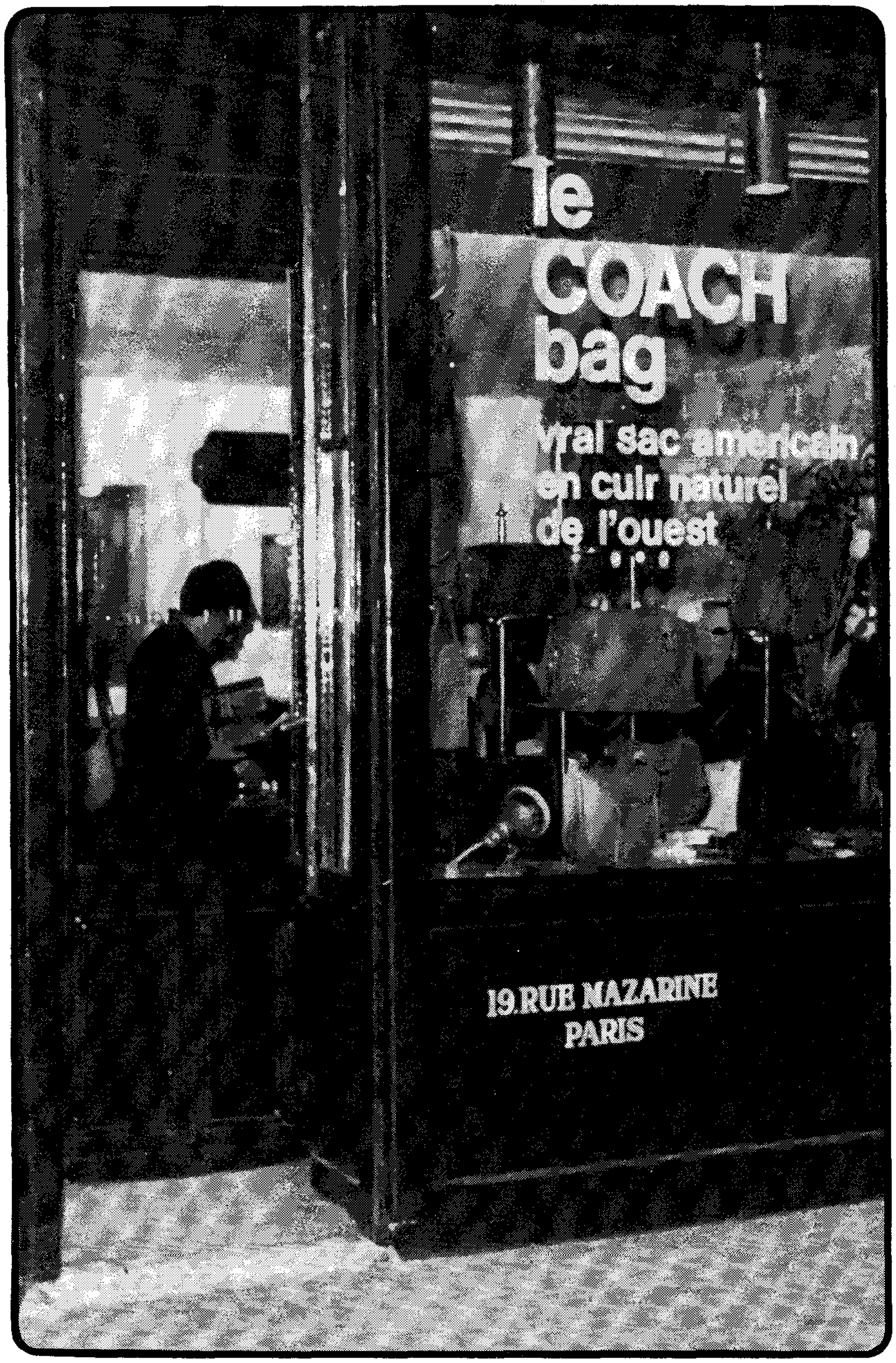
turn and rapidly climb. In all directions from the airport are mountains, and certain ones are close. As the Juneau approach chart presents the situation, "Any go-around commenced after passing the published missed-approach point will not provide standard obstruction clearance." In the legislature, quorums can erode when flights approach Juneau, fail to see the runway, and go off and land somewhere else.

An Alaskan pilot once advised me never to fly to Juneau. "It's a one-way shot," he said. "Once you get lined up on final, you're looking right at the rocks. Mountain goes straight up and down in back of it. The weather is notoriously poor. You have to have supreme confidence in all your instruments and in the F.A.A.'s instruments. The approach is relatively steep. You go from five thousand feet to sea level in fourteen-point-seven nautical miles. If you miss, you do a very steep, sharp climbing turn to avoid hitting something. An airplane is most inefficient when making a sharp turn and climbing. A mile from the runway you go over a five-hundred-foot hill, and the top has been cleared of trees so that planes will not hit them. Now, is that or is that not a little hairy? After crossing the hill, you have to make a dogleg to the right before touching down."

In September, 1971, a Boeing 727 of Alaska Airlines, with seven crew members and a hundred and four passengers, was coming in toward Juneau at an altitude considerably below the approach-chart minimum. Investigators are sure there was an error in the navigational equipment—either in the plane or on the ground. The pilot apparently thought he had passed a checkpoint he had not yet reached, and thought he was over Auke Bay. He was still in the Chilkat Range. In cloud, the aircraft flew among mountains, feeling its way down—forty-five hundred, thirty-five hundred, twenty-five hundred feet. The height of the last ridge—before the terrain would fall away to low ground and open water—was thirty-five hundred and nine feet.

Ray said he flew out to see the accident. "It was a terrible, terrible thing. The plane had split. It had been peeled like a banana, spewing people out both sides. But that is the only major accident we have had here. There are more accidents in Anchorage—more air traffic and more danger. And how many people get killed in Anchorage in car wrecks? What are the chances of getting *shot* in Anchorage—by some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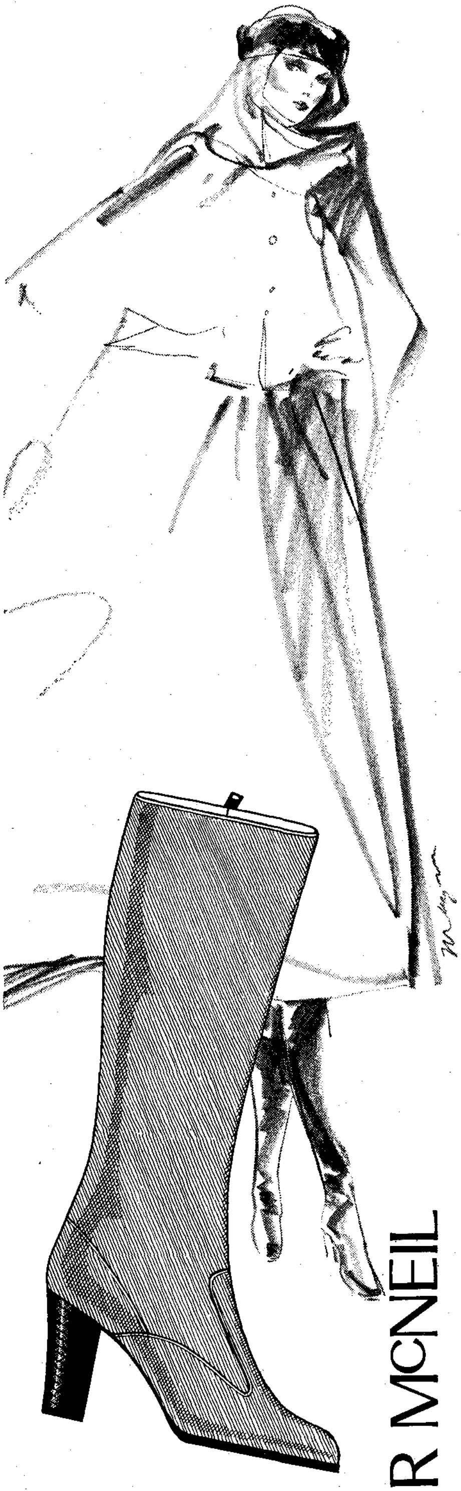

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drug-crazed son of a bitch? Or getting acid thrown in your face? Compare *that* with Juneau. I can't even *remember* a murder in Juneau. I wonder if *anybody* remember's a murder here."

He got up, stuck his head out the door, and asked if anyone out there remembered a murder. Zero.

"I can tell you when the last one in Anchorage was," he went on, sitting down again. "It was last weekend."

"What do you suppose the new capital will look like?" I asked him.

"Personally, I think the capital's going to look like Juneau. Because it's going to *remain* in Juneau. But if there ever were a new capital, I'd want them to have a collection of buildings Alaska could be proud of, I'll tell you that—not a boxworks, not an Anchorage, not a glorified privy. Anchorage looks like Poppincorn, Iowa. There is nothing Alaskan about it. A new capital should look like Alaska."

"What sort of look is that?"

"I don't know. All I know is Anchorage stinks. The Anchorage strategy will be to piecemeal the capital. They'll peddle a temporary, functional capital to keep the cost-appearance down, and then they'll sock it to 'em, baby. At least a billion dollars. Oh, they're making a big effort, these Anchorage people, and to keep people trying that hard there's got to be, someplace, a dollar in the ground."

"So you built Fort Ray as an immovable object, a defense against the move?"

"Right."

"And the highway, too?"

"Right. God-damned right."

"And the courthouse?"

"Exactly!"

"And the garage?"

"You've got it!"

"All to turn millions into masonry that could never leave Juneau, all to stop the move?"

"That's it! That's what I did! With all that built, how *could* they move it?"

"What will you do when the capital moves?"

The Senator fell suddenly quiet, and for at least two minutes stared out his window and down the street to Fort Ray. "What *is* there to do?" he said, at last. "Just sit here and look at it, that's all. Juneau. Wiped out. With more than half of the work force gone, the city will fall dead. There won't be anything left. While the state squanders money on a new capital, Juneau will fall dead. And what will we gain? We don't—in Alaska—have money to run our schools."

He paused a moment, then went on, "Oh, we're steadily building up the University of Alaska's Southeast Branch here. We're building the fisheries-research program. There are some tourists. But, frankly, what are you going to do for tourists in the wintertime when the God-damned Taku wind is blowing fifty miles an hour and the wind-chill factor is sixty below?"

"Not to mention the rain."

"People make too much of the God-damned rain. There's more than average, but you kind of like it. It keeps you alert."

The Senator stood up, shook hands warmly, said he was sorry he had to go but he had a plane to catch, put on his coat, went to the airport, and flew to an apartment he maintains in Torremolinos, on the Costa del Sol, of Spain.

In Florida, in the nineteen-sixties, a movement stirred to have the capital shifted from eccentric Tallahassee to the center of the state, to Orlando. The legislature's direct response was to appropriate ten million dollars for new House and Senate office buildings and forty million for a new Capitol—in Tallahassee.

Seven per cent of Juneau's voters voted for the capital move. Some of these were government employees who had lived "up north" (as they say in Juneau) and were hoping to go back. Others were people who thought the state government had inflated the local economy. And another was Fishpole John. John Klett, from Meriden, Connecticut, was considerably more Alaskan than most Alaskans, in that he had been there more than forty years when he died just a short time ago. In an old shop on South Franklin, he meticulously fashioned salmon rods, and he sent them on order as far as Europe. He was a big man with stiff white bristles, a red knitted cap—and before anyone who cared to listen he would fulminate as he worked. "I voted to move it. I'm glad they're going to move the son of a bitch. Jesus Christ. It costs too much to keep the capital here. If the state government was out of here, this would be a better town. No matter where you've got a capital, you've got crime. This town is a rip-off town in a rip-off state. The dirty dozen—the people that runs Ju-

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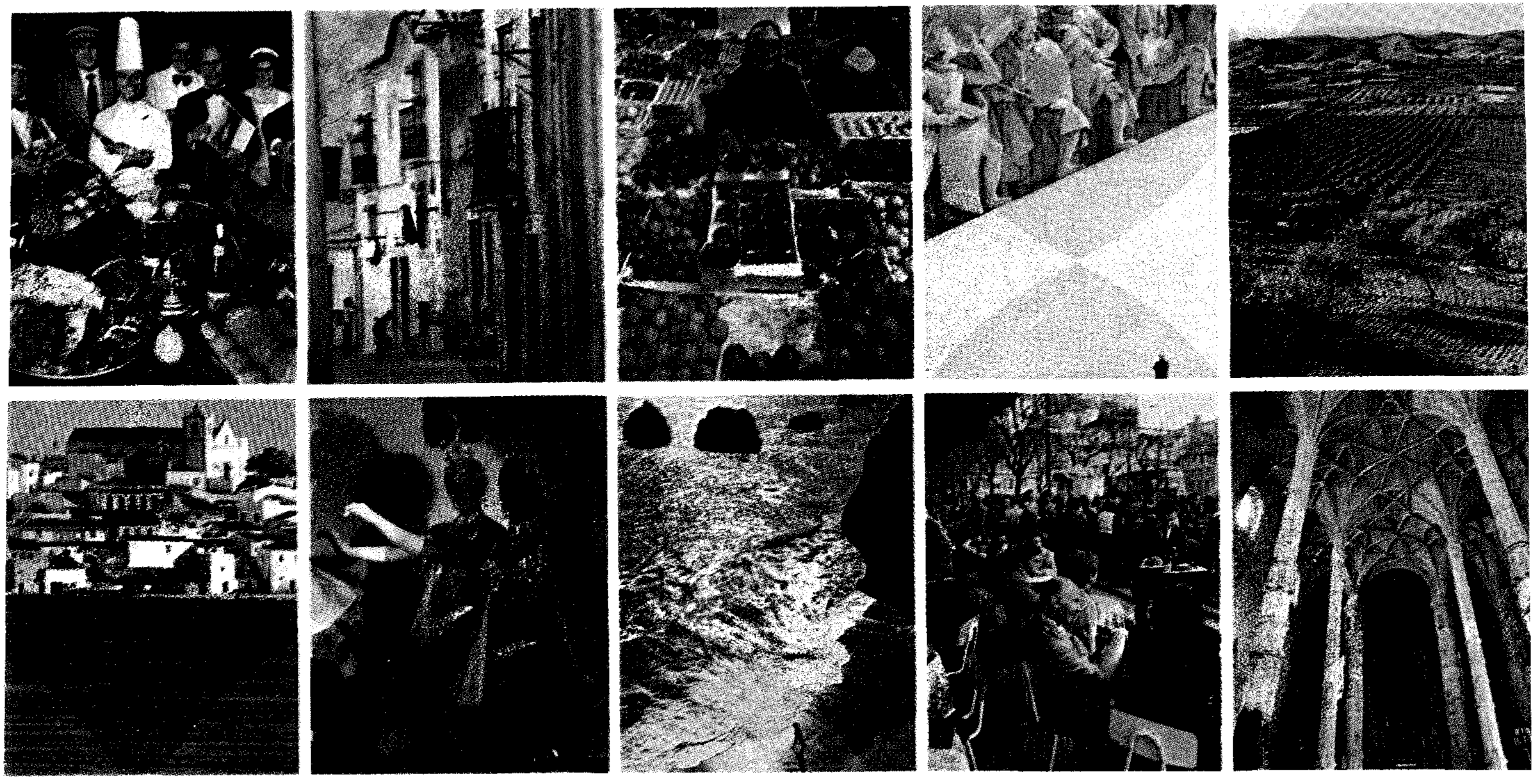

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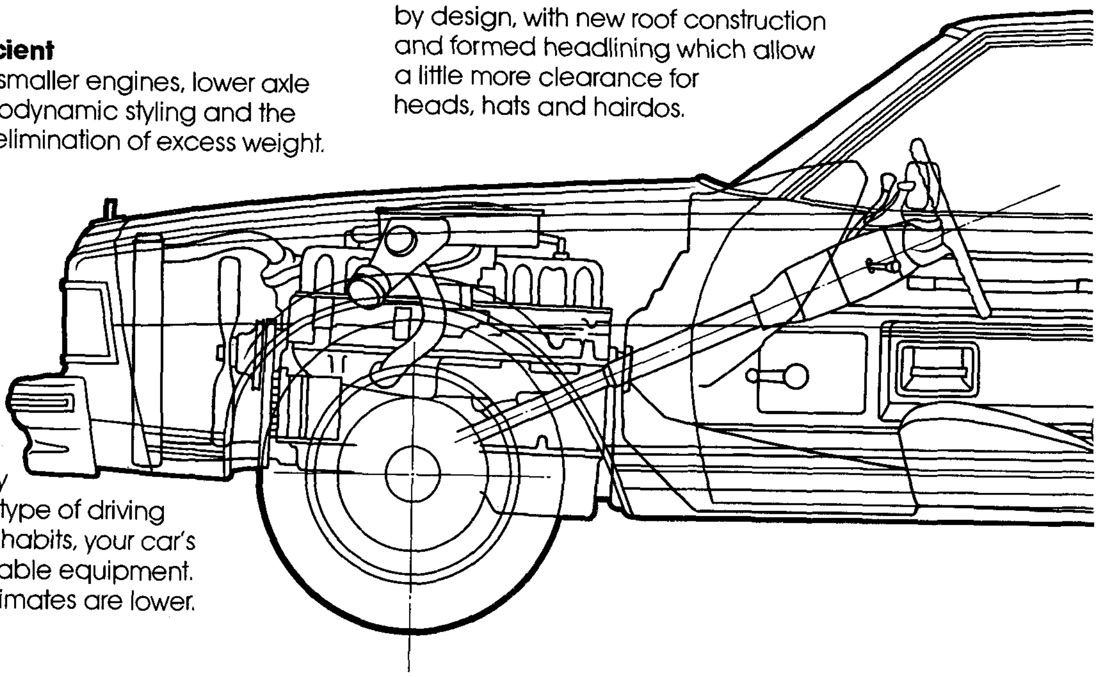

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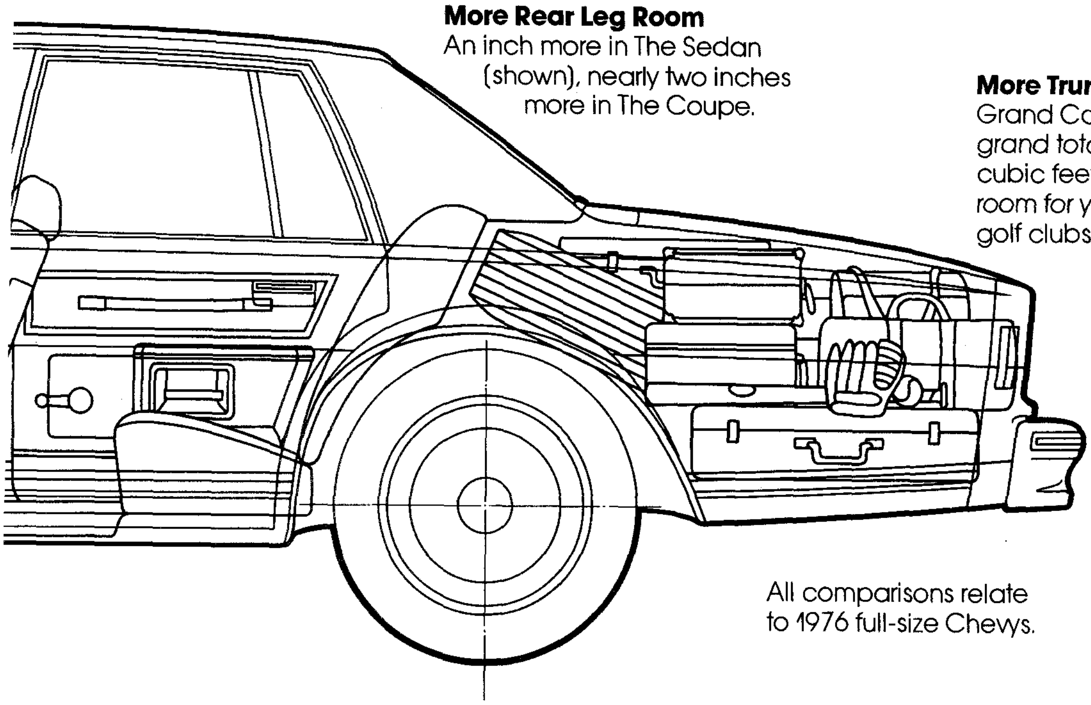

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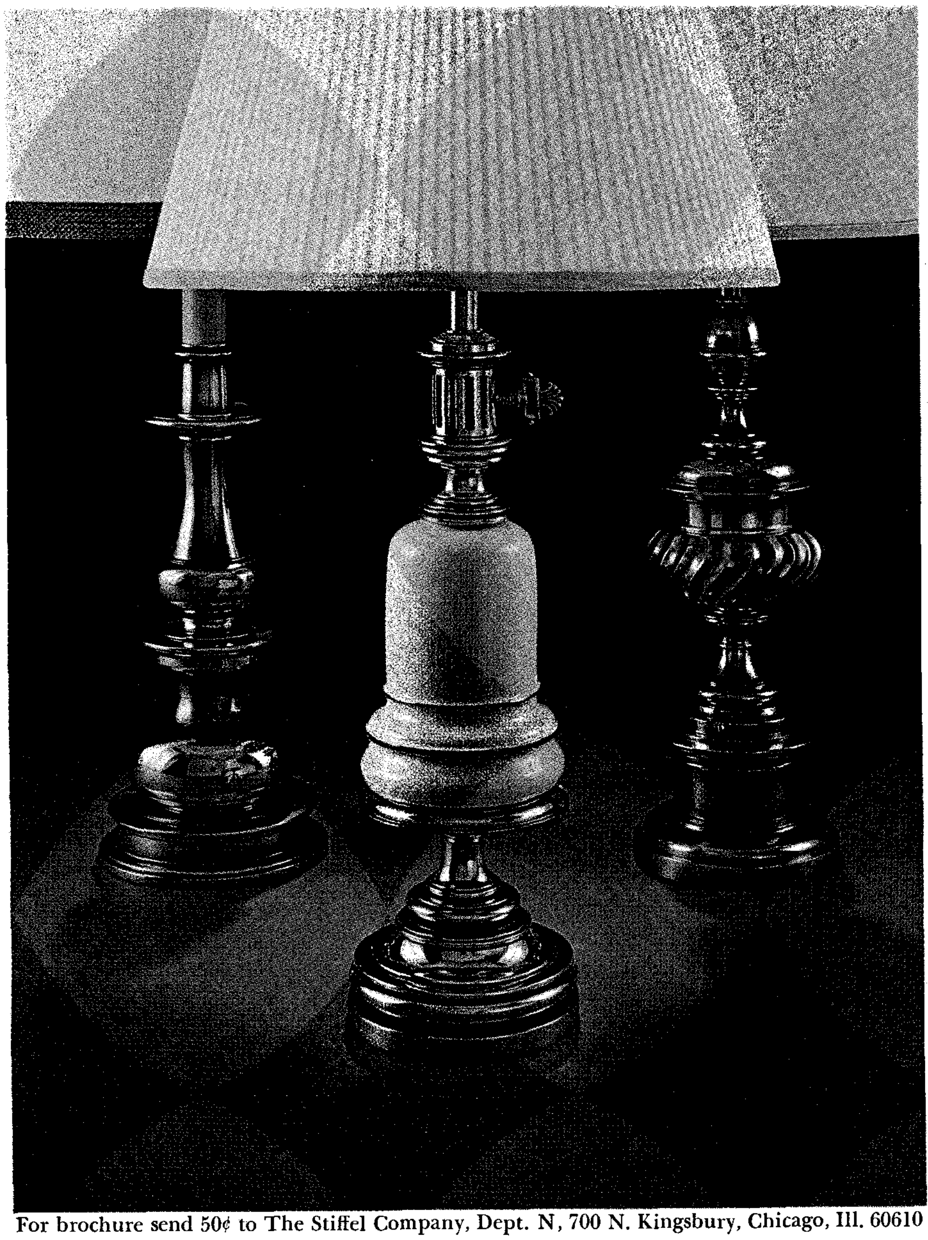

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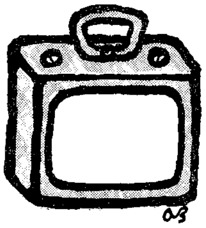
neau—want to keep all the money to themselves, but a lot of people who don't have money get nothing and would like to see the capital go. The legislature voted themselves a raise this year—to fourteen thousand seven hundred dollars. What the hell do they do up there? Nothing. Everybody wants the legislature out of here. They're the biggest bunch of chisellers. They leave stores holding their personal checks. Sitka was the capital seventy-five years ago. Sitka is better off than we are now."

The mayor of Sitka happened to stop off in Juneau while I was there, and he did not disagree with Fishpole John. "We lost the capital, and nobody in Sitka regrets it," he said. "The government makes Juneau a rat race, where strangers come and go." The mayor of Sitka, John Dapcevich, had grown up in Juneau, had become an accountant, and had once been the state budget analyst. "Sitka is a bad place for the capital," he continued. "And so is Juneau. But it's stupid to move it. It's just a matter of economics. We can't afford this new utopia. The Boeing report was ridiculous—not even close to the picture."

Boeing—the aircraft company—has a computer-services subsidiary that will study just about anything for anybody, and in 1974 it analyzed for the government of Alaska the cost of moving the capital from Juneau. The cost turned out to be modest, according to Boeing. Some fifteen years in the future, the cost of having relocated the capital would exceed by only a hundred and ten million dollars the cost of the capital should it stay in Juneau, in part because the state would be spared the expense of refurbishing its older buildings there. Boeing also decided that so much matériel and manpower would be on hand as a result of the pipeline project that the new capital's building costs would be significantly reduced. The Boeing report could not help but influence the fate of the initiative on the ballot, and the report left Juneau particularly bitter. Juneau attorneys were quick to say that while the report depreciated the buildings of the old capital it did not depreciate the new buildings in the new location. Juneau rumbled about a lawsuit.



One of Juneau's responses to approaching catastrophe has been to suggest that people need not actually travel to the capital to watch, or even confer with, the legislature. In Alaska, in fact, the difficulty of bringing people together to make (and to influence the making of) laws is only one of countless problems in weaving an economic, political, and cultural fabric across a third of a billion acres of land. Alaska is attempting to solve the problem with RCA earth stations that are trained on satellites and patterned so that telecommunications and closed-circuit TV can tie any part of Alaska to any other. An earth station is functioning now in Talkeetna. Others are in place as well. The goal is a hundred and twenty-nine, all over the state. Using them, doctors in Anchorage are already treating patients lying in infirmaries in the bush. Juneau has pointed out that people in Bettles, Barrow, or Nome could go into a room in a state office building and watch, say, the House Resources Committee at work in Juneau. They could talk to the committee. They could even testify.

Rhode Island used to worry about its great size, too. In an area so large, one capital site could not serve all the people. So the legislature travelled from Newport to Bristol to East Greenwich to South Kingstown to Providence, and did not settle exclusively in Providence until 1901. Vermont's legislature travelled, too. Delaware, which is smaller than quite a few islands in Alaska, moved its capital from New Castle to Dover in order to have a central location. On the other hand, there have been capitals even more out of the way than Juneau. Of the three capitals in the history of Wisconsin, one was Burlington, Iowa. The Vermont state legislature once convened in Charlestown, New Hampshire.

Some of the people I met in Juneau were cultivating the hope that after the new capital site was chosen environmental-impact statements would show intolerable costs. The Trans-Alaska Pipeline had been projected in 1969 as a nine-hundred-million-dollar project. Now the guess was that the pipeline would cost, in the end, something like eight billion.

Meanwhile, the dissident seven per cent still wanted the capital to go. Some people in Juneau felt that Juneau was more attractive as an old mining town than it would ever be with the development that would continue if the capital stayed. They had voted for the initiative. So had commercial fishermen, irritated by a boat harbor full of pleasure-fishing cruisers owned by state employees, by a clutter of sport fisher-

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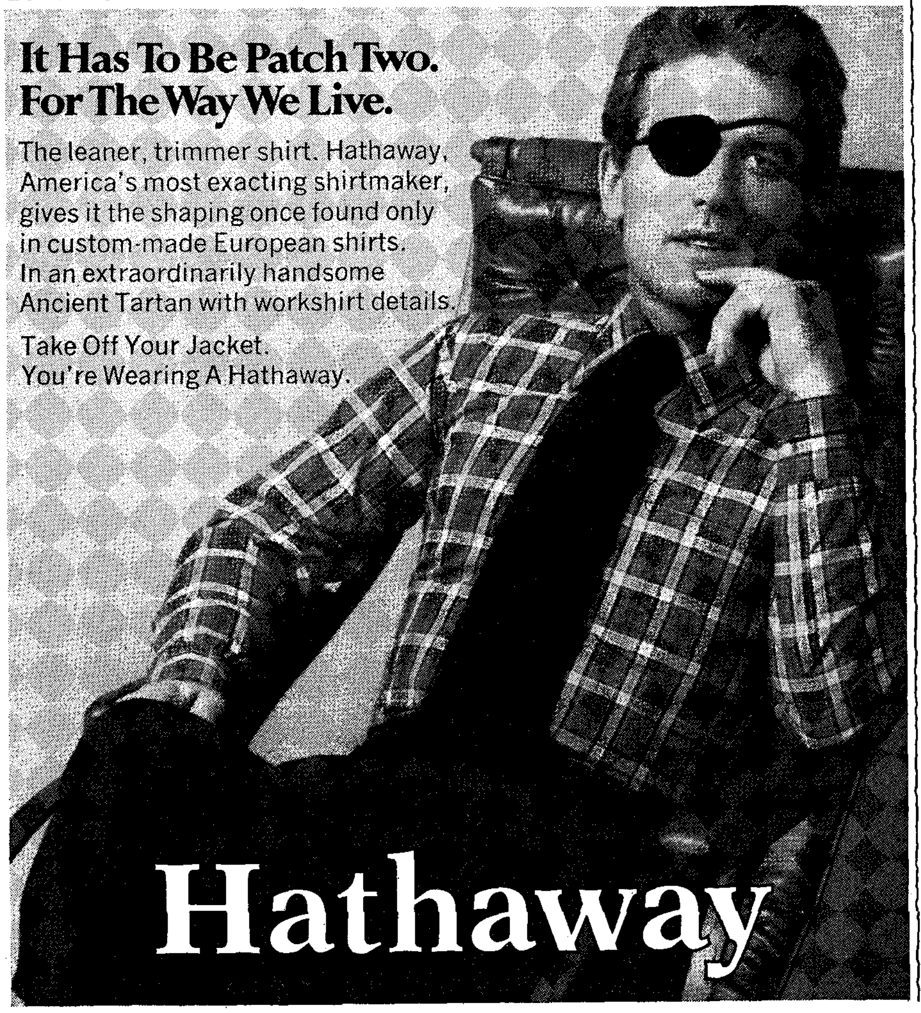
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men, while the commercial catch declined. In the Juneau Cold Storage Company, in a big room full of running water and silver salmon in iced hampers, I watched rubber-booted men and women slicing the salmon clean. As he worked, a tall, strong, unreserved young man, a big man in thick wool trousers and two wool shirts, said, "I know a girl who works in the State Office Building, and she knits a sweater there every month. I hate those bureaucrats with a purple passion—the God-damned parasites, walking around doing nothing, sitting on their butts. They're wrecking the fishing for the commercials. I'd like to see them go. I'd like to see mosquitoes eat them. I'd like to see them up in the bush."

THE big helicopter, in the air again with the Capital Site Selection Committee, moved generally southward in a loose, truffle-sniffing zigzag. In haze to the east we could barely discern the corridor line of the Anchorage-Fairbanks Highway. Someone remarked that the Matanuska-Susitna Borough had announced that it was going to put several dozen parcels of land on the market—land spaced through the valley from Willow to Talkeetna.

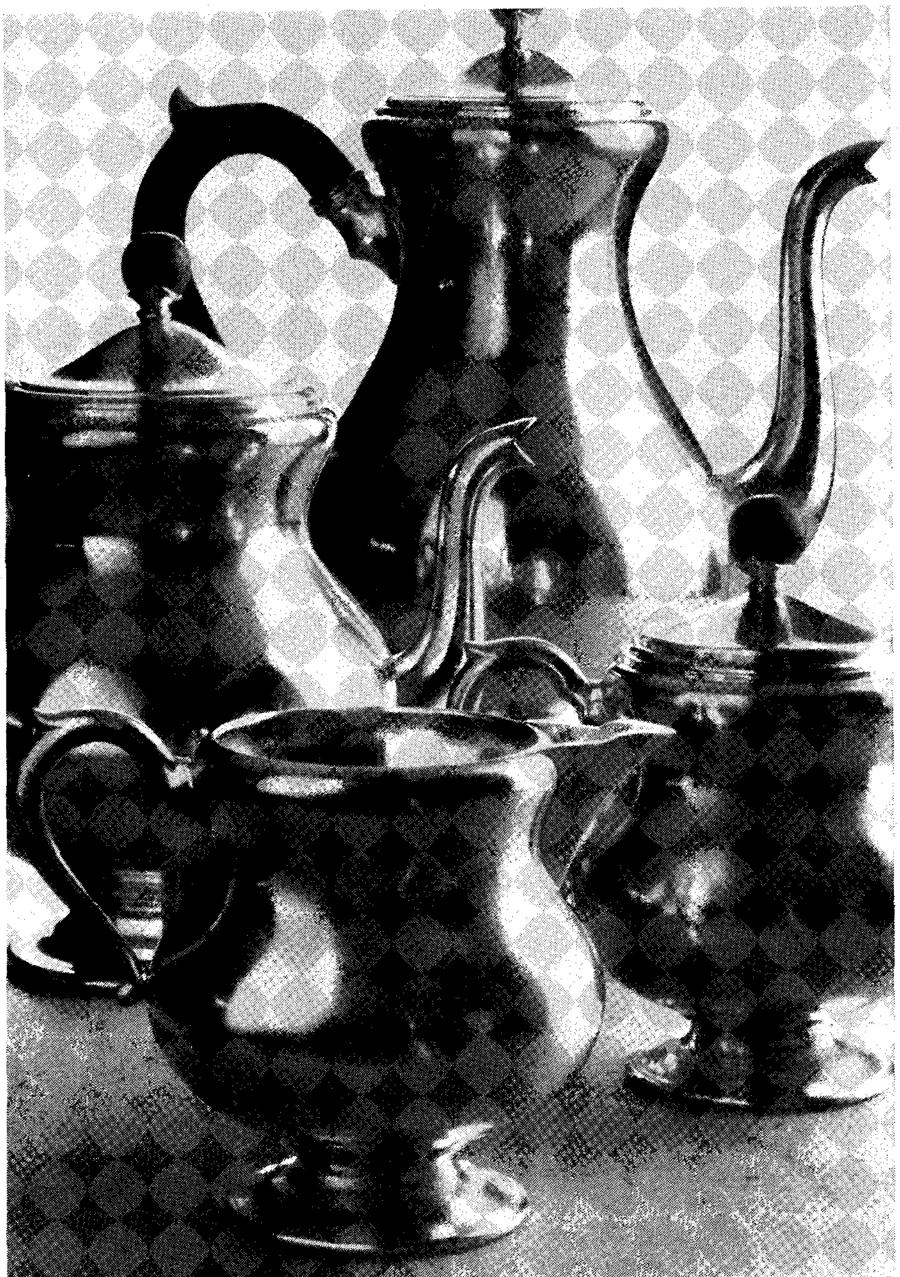
"Somebody's out for a land grab," said Louise Kellogg, and she volunteered to look into it and see what she could do to discourage feverish speculation. This was her district, her borough. She had come to it nearly thirty years before, and had long had a dairy farm near Palmer. The farm—a hundred and twenty-five cows—had been leased to a younger farmer. With a partner, she was now running an antique shop, whose contents discouraged her, she said, because so many items familiar to her when she was young had now become negotiable as antiques. When she was young, she had gone to Vassar. She had recently been to her fiftieth reunion there. She had been a member of the South Central District Republican Committee and a trustee of Alaska Methodist University. Small, gentle, white-haired, wearing trifocals, she may not have appeared to be particularly forceful, but no one seemed to doubt that she could deal with the borough. Its freeholders, like any number of other people, apparently wanted to test and sample the capital-engendered increase in the price of land. ("The capital has been located; located against the wish of the great majority of the people—located for the pecuniary and personal benefit of Tom

Cuming and his brother bribers—located at a place without any natural advantages, and one totally barren of anything save whisky shops and drunken politicians . . . a place having no historic interest—simply because they could make a better bargain with the speculators," wrote the Nebraska *Palladium*, in 1855.)

Along the road near Talkeetna, some years ago, the state sold off ground for something like a hundred and twenty-five dollars an acre. Five thousand dollars will buy such an acre now. Under the aspens and birches by the roadside, fresh signs appear beside the unbuilt gates of unbuilt subdivisions—SPORTSMAN ACRES, RUSTIC WILDERNESS, TIMBER PARK—and into the woods run new roads with earth plowed up to either side like banks of brown snow. Parka Parkway. Lichen Drive. Grizzly Way. The new capital is not the only fetal town in the Susitna Valley. Where the committee hovers, speculation hovers as well.

It can be worth your life to visit such a place. Nose a car in under the cottonwoods, have a look around. Before you can back out, a salesman has appeared from behind a tree and placed you under house arrest. He has a contract in his hand, and the lots are going fast. "No" is a word he does not comprehend. He tells you—erroneously—that the man who owned the computer firm in Anchorage that did the feasibility study for the Capital Site Selection Committee sold the computer firm and bought lots in this beautiful subdivision, and so did eight others in the same office. Hurry, buy a lot, you may be too late. This little beauty is almost two-thirds of an acre, and the price is fourteen thousand dollars. The distance to Anchorage is eighty miles, but the distance to the capital of Alaska will be a great deal less than that. Meanwhile, consider the view. The lot is on a high escarpment above the Susitna, and beyond the river are broad spruce and muskeg barrens and beyond them the white mountains. That big one on the right is McKinley. The Indians called it Denali, which meant "You'll be sorry if you don't sign now." Would you like to see some wildlife? Let's go down to the airstrip. Take you up and show you a moose.

The salesman whose trap line I had happened onto one summer evening was named John Leifer. He had lived until recently in Juneau, he said, but had left because Juneau had had it. Juneau was dead. This was where things were happening now—up here in the Susitna Valley, where the capital would



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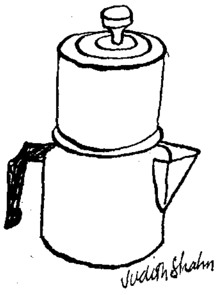
be. He had flown an air taxi in Juneau. "Just like a taxi-driver, but in a plane—under six-hundred-foot ceilings, two-hundred-foot ceilings. In Juneau, you fly them or starve. You get to know every curve in the shoreline." At full throttle, in a Stationair, he jumped off the airstrip and across the Susitna, and began to search its sloughs and its tributary streams for moose. Skimming trees, banking at such steep angles that his stall-warning horn was constantly sounding, he swooped and circled in the hunt for wildlife. Printed on his company's brochures were moose, beavers, bears, and wolverines, but there were none in sight beneath the plane. In wider and wider arcs, he expanded the search, diving, climbing, and repeatedly saying, "I can't understand it, I can't understand it. Where *are* all the moose?" Finally, in the arriving dusk, we flew over a black bear. Turning, making a tight one-eighty, he lined up the Stationair for a second view. He throttled back, and we glided silently down on the bear, which stood still, in nearsighted perplexity, wondering where the sound had gone. Then, suddenly, Leifer advanced the throttle and buzzed the astounded animal, which ran across the muskeg in a kind of rolling cringe as we passed over and then gained enough altitude to clear the trees.



I was to learn, much later, that John Leifer crashed and was killed close by the Susitna on the same autumn day that the Capital Site Selection Committee was crisscrossing the skies above.

Earl Cook spotted a moose from the committee helicopter. It did not so much as lift its head—just stood there in its muskeg pocket like a horse in a pasture. We circled low over Amber Lake, a site under consideration, and then turned west and crossed wide stands of balsam poplar and broad muskeg meadows, beyond which, on a clear stream, were a couple of homesteads—one a crude assemblage of shacks, the other a tidy collection of small cabins, with a rectangle of timothy and an airstrip so short it looked more like a driveway. Homesteaders—with their big (hundred-and-sixty-acre) blocks of land—stood to make or lose the most if the capital should settle near them. They could lose their remoteness, with nowhere comparable to go; new homesteading in Alaska was shut off indefinitely in March, 1974. On the other hand, homesteaders in the Anchorage Bowl had sold out for many hundreds of thousands of dollars, and analogous deals might be offered in the Susitna Valley. Meanwhile, some homesteaders who had "proved up" on their land—that is, had lived on it for three years, built a habitable dwelling, and grown a crop on an eighth of the acreage—were already selling at prices that guessed the future. Only a few weeks before, a Susitna Valley homestead had sold for a hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars, and, like the ones we were flying over, it was many miles from the road.

A homestead on the highway system would be worth a great deal more than that. I had visited one, some miles south of Talkeetna, where a young couple, Don and Patty Bender, had moved onto the land in 1974 and had lived in a camper while they mixed concrete, poured a foundation, and, together, built a house. It was a small, handsome place, with a steel-drum wood stove and big windows of insulated glass. Mount McKinley was framed in one window. Sometimes bears were too. Don Bender had a .300 Magnum but had not yet used it on a bear. He used it for his annual moose, and through the winter he and his wife ate mooseburgers, moose sausage, moose steak. They had eggs, too, and bacon coming. Near the house was an A-frame combination coop and sty. A pig lived in one end, chickens in the other. On cold nights, the chickens found a way to get near the pig. The Benders were in favor of the capital move. "Juneau is too inaccessible," he said. "Therefore, many of our politicians have hidden from their constituents." They did not want to lose their homestead, though, no matter how much its value might appreciate. They said they hoped the new capital would "not destroy our personal place of life." Their property, theirs for living on it, would probably be worth half a million dollars by the time it was proved up. If the capital came near, that sum could multiply, and the Benders would feel some pressure to change their minds.

They had so far cleared ten acres, in conformity with the rules—dense, closed-forest acres of spruce, birch, aspen—and had planted timothy and oats. Although the homestead was in the Susitna Valley, the terrain was rough with sheer-sided hillocks, and the Benders' ten acres under cultiva-

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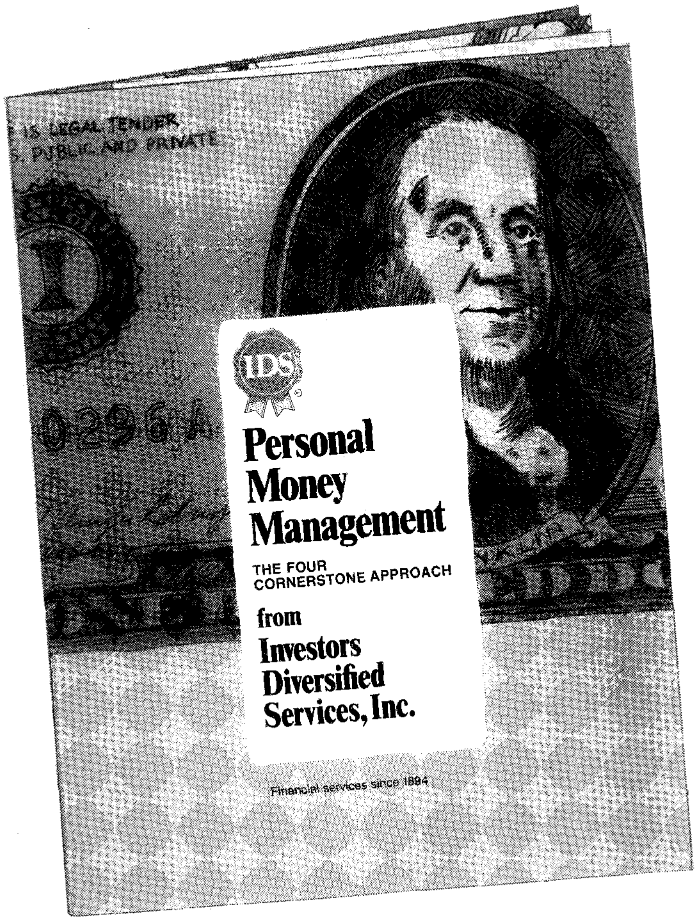
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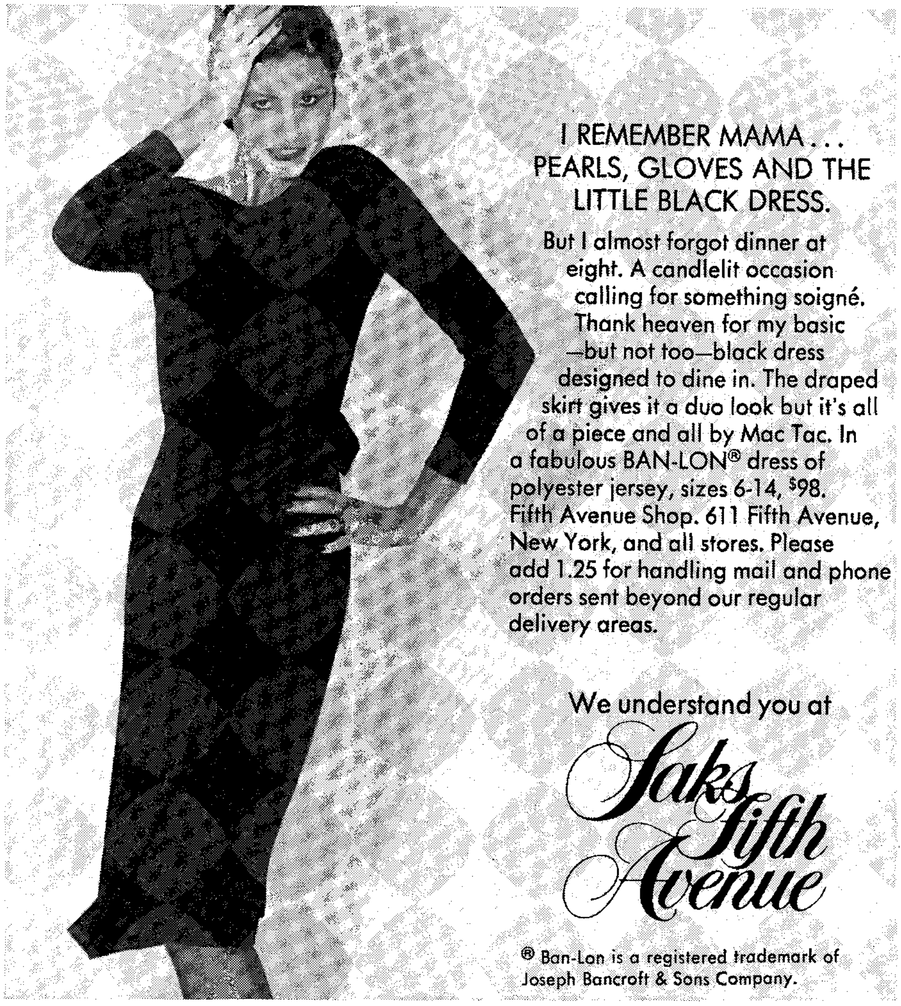

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tion looked less like a field than a bald lumpy spot on a high mountainside, the crops clinging to serpentine contours. The appearance of it all tended to suggest mockery of the Homestead Act, which was written to offer farmland to an expanding nation, and this minimal "farm" had been hacked absurdly from a steep subarctic forest. The Homestead Act, though, had a venerable history of mocking itself. It had worked well only east of the hundredth meridian, where there was enough rain to serve a farm, and homesteads in the range country and semideserts of the West had made, if anything, less sense than the homesteads of Alaska. In general, the Alaskan climate is not much more severe than the climate of, say, North Dakota, and the soil under Alaskan cottonwoods could be richly supportive of crops. The growing season is not prohibitively short—roughly mid-May to the first of September—and in various fruits and vegetables sugar content will build up to unusual levels in the cool air and the long northern light. A potato developed by Curtis Dearborn, at the University of Alaska's experimental farm in the Matanuska Valley, is eleven per cent sugar and can be eaten like an apple. Dearborn also developed the Alaska Frostless Potato, which survives frosting at twenty-seven degrees. Potatoes could be farmed very successfully as far north as the Yukon, and may be someday, if the idea ever takes hold. Agriculture, though, is among Alaska's foremost undeveloped assets. There is a so-called "farm loop" north of Fairbanks, with broad cleared fields and haystacks under tarps—a Pennsylvanian scene, reminiscent of the mother country. Rampant subdivisions, of late, have been eating it up. The Trans-Alaska Pipeline winds among the farms. In the Matanuska Valley, which forms a V with the Susitna Valley around the Talkeetna Mountains, the soil—loess soil—has the color and consistency of Hershey's cocoa and is rockless two feet down. Farmers from the Middle West were brought to the Matanuska Valley during the Depression and, after a disorganized beginning, established successful farms. In many parts of the valley are fields and gambrel-roofed barns, with the Chugach Mountains rising to alpine snowfields beyond—a phenomenal sight from a farm. Matanuska notwithstanding, of arable Alaska not much is plowed—far too little to be expressed as a percentage. As Alaskan land, in huge segments, is divided up for various purposes, agriculture fails to make the list. But the strawberries are delicious enough to make you drunk—Susitnas, Talkeetnas, Matareds. You can grow carrots, beets, spinach, broccoli, rhubarb, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, zucchini—all in the heart of Alaska—and wheat, barley, alfalfa, oats, and white sweet clover eight feet high. Peas are particularly sweet and aromatic. There is virtually no need for pesticides. Cabbages grow to be two feet in diameter and can weigh seventy pounds. They look like medicine balls. If Alaska would get up off its past (the boom philosophy), it could be the world center of sauerkraut-cabbage production. That sounds laughable, but the state might come out of it economically sound. The new capital city could be sterile and governmental and given to one purpose, or it could be an island in a sea of farms. From one end to the other, six months of the year the state of Alaska is green.

Exceptions are glaciers, but they are for the most part in the south. Three per cent of Alaska is still glaciated, and the big glaciers are near the gulf coastline, which reaches down and east from Anchorage toward Cordova, Yakutat, Haines, and Juneau. Precipitation down there is enough to nourish a glacier, but precipitation in Arctic Alaska is not. Seventeen thousand square miles are permanently under ice. The rest of Alaska melts. Ninety-seven per cent—half a million square miles—melts. Even the great ice sheets of the glacial ages did not cover Alaska. An arm of the Laurentide covered the Brooks Range. The Cordilleran Glacier Complex, which covered the Canadian Rockies and the chains of the Pacific coast, reached out over the Alaska Range and across all the land between the mountains and the gulf. But the Interior and the Arctic Slope and all the west coast were bare. While much of New Jersey was covered with ice, most of Alaska was not.

The truly immense glaciers might be down in the southeast, but the glacier that was off to our right just now was in no sense modest. The helicopter had crossed Shulin Lake, and had circled it, tilting far over so the committee members could hang by their seat belts for a plan view, its big rotor blades biting the air with the sound of a working axe. Level again, it was proceeding west toward the Kahiltna River, the source of which, off to the north, was almost as preëminent as the mountains above. It came down out of the Alaska Range like a great white tongue. It came—the Kahiltna Glacier—from eleven thousand feet, from

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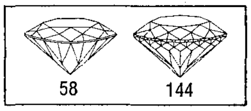

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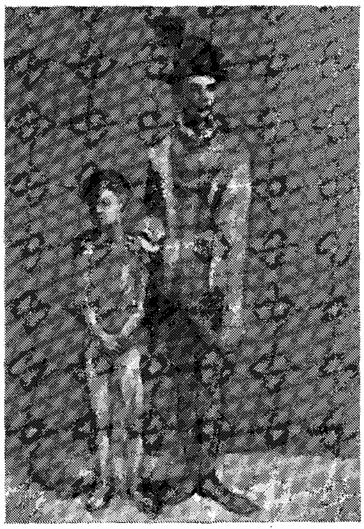

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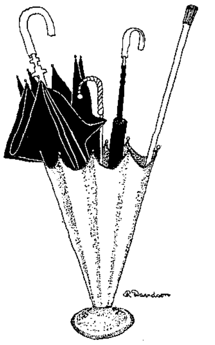
a high saddle between the peaks of Foraker and McKinley. And two, three, four miles wide all the way, it flowed fifty miles south into the valley, where it finally turned into river at an altitude of scarcely a thousand feet. This was the big glacier the climbers land on—and the fact that they land at the seven-thousand-foot contour has nothing to do with the strategies of the sport. They do so because airplanes are not permitted to land in Mount McKinley National Park, and the park boundary happens to cross the glacier at that level. The river below us was the product of the sun, and even in autumn and from the helicopter's high perspective it was awesome to see. Most fast rivers are white, smooth, white, smooth—alternating pools and rapids. This one was white all the way, bank to bank, tumultuous, torrential, great rushing outwash of the Alaska Range. With so many standing waves, so much white water, it appeared to be filled with running sheep. The color of the water, where it was flat enough to show, was actually greenish-gray, and its clarity was nil. It carried so much of what had been mountains. Glacier milk, as it is called, contains a high proportion of powdered rock, from pieces broken off and then ground by the ice. The colors of outwash rivers are determined by the diets of the glaciers—schist, gneiss, limestone, shale.

Glacial erratics were all over the valley, and there was one below us now. The ice in the past had nosed southward these huge monoliths—supermagnified boulders—which had rafted along on the advancing terminus and had not become caught and ground. The one beneath us appeared to be as large as a three-story building, weirdly standing in the forest. It was so big that soil had formed on its upper surface, and trees grew from it like hair.



We crossed Lake Creek, which ran so clear we could see its gravels. Alaskan rivers are clear or glacial, gin or milk, and the clear ones are rarer the farther south you go. Ahead was Mount Yenlo, a four-thousand-foot rise in the western Susitna Valley, and the helicopter set down there, on a southerly slope of the mountain, to release the committee. Just below, and beside the clear stream, was the most remote site under consideration for the capital—thirty-five miles from the highway and undeniably as beautiful a setting as could possibly exist in the valley. It was high grassland—under, but approaching, a thousand feet—with white birches and white spruce scattered through it, big trees for this part of the world, almost a foot in diameter. The mean January temperature was ten degrees, July fifty-six. The summit of Yenlo was above the site, to the immediate northwest, and due north, close across fifty miles, was the palpable McKinley. The committee spread out through berry fields, these laced with stands of fern. There was sign of moose and caribou. There were depressions in the grass where bears had slept.

In Alaska, when you ask people if they know a certain place—a river, a lake, a hill, a valley—they often say, "I've flown it, but I've never been on the ground there." Alaska is too big to be broadly inspected in other ways, but looking at something from the air is nonetheless an inadequate perspective. Dimensions tend to be removed. There is no substitute for being on the ground, for experiencing a landscape close at hand, for feeling the earth underfoot. And this was frustratingly apparent now, for the helicopter had spilled us suddenly into a three-dimensional wilderness world—for a ration of tangibility, to last fifteen minutes. Its lights blinking, its engine guttural, it sent out signals of impatience. Waiting to take us away, it took away something of what it had brought us to see.

Arliss Sturgulewski, offering berries from her hand, said as much, and shook her head, and looked long at the splendid landscape—the city site—sloping down to the stream. "We need the right kind of planning before Dollar One is spent on the ground," she said. "We need to take advantage of views—of the uniqueness of the setting—and then see to it that the capital is not just another place. You've got to take everything that you've learned and absorbed and make something out of it. You can't just quantify it. You need a gut feeling, and at least we get something of that standing here. I'm wondering who, in the end, will run this capital. What will the land use be, the zoning, the planning? Government is the catalyst at the beginning, but then may lose control."

Loose flakes of gold hung in a clear amulet around her neck. Over her blouse was a Levi jacket. She was tall, large-boned, attractive, blond. She

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came from the mountains of northern Washington and had been in Alaska—in Anchorage—almost twenty-five years. Her husband had died in an F-27 propjet on its way to King Salmon, and, in the seven years since, she had immersed herself in civic affairs, most notably as a member of the Greater Anchorage Area Planning and Zoning Commission. Like the Mrs. Partington who tried to fight the Atlantic Ocean with a mop, she had watched, and she had fought, the splurge of Anchorage.

Control had been lame as it followed development, she said. "Lots were ruled off on paper that for one reason or another could never be developed. Soil testing, the presence of adequate utilities were not required. For a long time, there was no control. When efforts at control came, they lacked force and lagged behind. There were no building codes. We finally got some codes, but not until 1972. There was no floodplain ordinance until 1975. There are sixty streams and rivers in the Anchorage Bowl. Before this year, there was development in the floodplains, and even in the floodways! Authorities had to approve development that was already built. The planning commission had no power. We were only advisory. We did get some positive things. We got bike trails. But in a boom situation your development really gets away from you. Twelve thousand new people have come to Anchorage in the past year. The streets are falling apart. We were unprepared for the impact of the pipeline. When a boom comes along, you don't have strong enough rules. You can't keep up. Now look at this place—how beautiful it is. Can you imagine what could happen out here? Alaskans don't see the value of order, don't see the value of looking to the future."

WE were about forty-five minutes from Anchorage, and the helicopter had forty minutes of remaining fuel—a condition that would hardly arouse the interest of many Alaskan pilots, but ours was particularly careful, and he landed again at Skwentna, where he had a cache of fifty-five-gallon drums. The bloody moosemeat we had seen there earlier was gone. The gravel airstrip was as silent as it had been before. Out of a stand of fireweed, the pilot, Bill Brandt, rolled two drums. He set them on end by the helicopter. He knocked out a bung and smelled the contents. Never know what might get into these barrels, he remarked, and he inserted a high-

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vacuum hand pump and began to work the gasoline into the chopper. He pumped hard. With beavery sideburns and a billowing glory of a mustache, he looked like an antique Alaskan, and all the more incongruous there pumping Chevron Jet Fuel into a big chopper. He grew tired, and Willie Hensley took over, pumping in an easy rhythm and half as hard.

In the air again, we flew southeast and soon over Bulchitna Lake, a capital-site possibility, its water so clear that we could see, in places, its white sand bottom, and blue-green fathoms where the sand was below the reach of light.

"Is that Bulchitna?" said Arliss Sturgulewski.

"Bulchitna, Alaska," said Willie Hensley. "I propose that as the name of the capital."

It was a lovely lake in a closed spruce-hardwood forest, and I would much have liked to see it from its shore, but the helicopter did not set down by it, or even give up altitude. C. B. Bettisworth said he thought the surrounding terrain too flat, and Earl Cook said he agreed. A pair of eagles flew out from the shoreline trees.

We flew on over a water-dispersed country of ponds and beaver houses, bogs, muskeg fairways, and across the big rivers—Kahiltna, Susitna—to an even greater spread of lakes. These, near Willow, had become a summering world for people from Anchorage—ice out in May and swimming by July—many of whom were now experiencing their own private spasms of the Alaskan paradox, the Dallas scenario versus the Sierra Club syndrome. They worried about their country retreats while they watched the values rise. For beyond Willow, on the upland toward Hatcher Pass, in spruce-and-birch forest that gives way in a dramatic treeline to moors of alpine tundra, was a capital site perhaps more likely than all others to be the ultimate choice of voters. Its temperatures and altitude were much the same as they were at remote Mount Yenlo. Its views—of the valley and of the Alaska Range to the north—were almost as good. The railroad and highway were close. A five-thousand-foot gravel airstrip, built for B-29s, stood ready for facilities and tarmac. And—point of points—Anchorage was scarcely thirty miles away.

Willow is still a hamlet—three hundred people—with potatoes growing in surrounding clearings and tomato vines five feet high: the sort of place where it is not unknown, in the dead of win-

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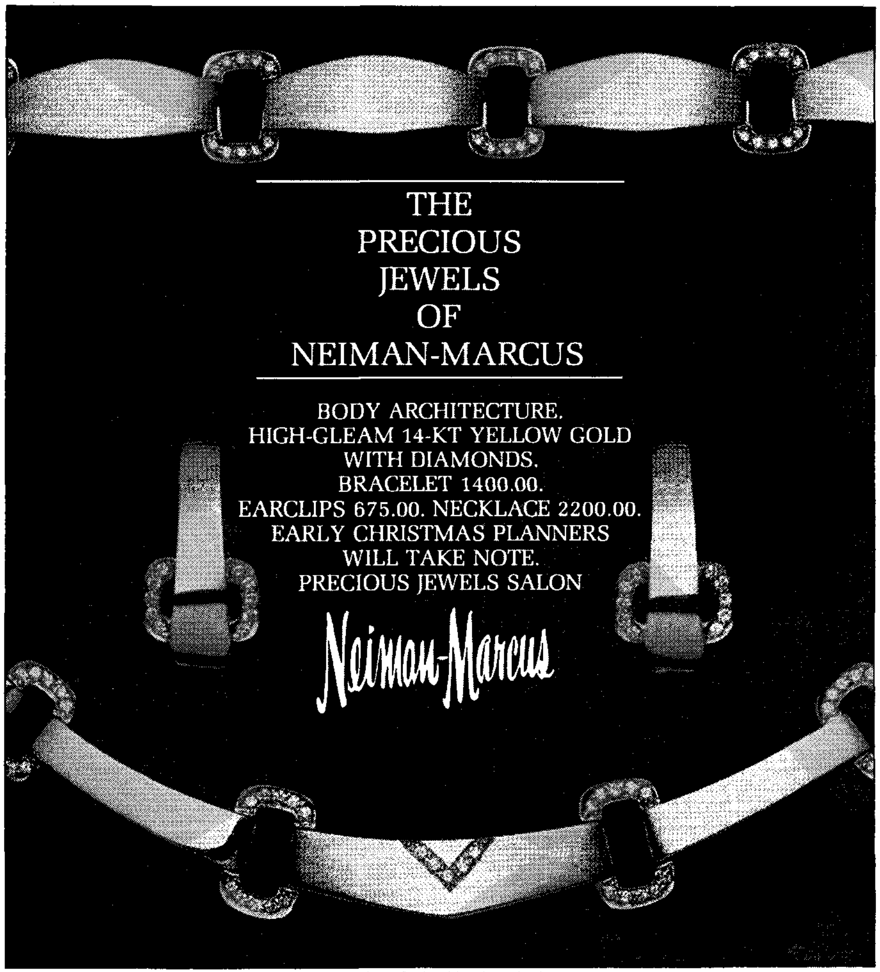

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ter, for an old moose hunter to die in his cabin and be brought into town frozen solid. I had stayed in Willow for a night or two, in a cabin that had no windows. Wadded paper filled the gaps in the logs. Twenty dollars a night, with heat. In the Willow Trading Post one morning, a man in a baseball suit was tending bar, and people sitting on stools there were talking about the five acres they had bought for two thousand dollars and how they had recently been offered fifty thousand dollars but were waiting for seventy-five. "OUR COW IS DEAD," said a sign above them. "WE DON'T NEED YOUR BULL." Just up the track was another, somewhat newer sign: "WILLOW BROOK ESTATES, A QUALITY DEVELOPMENT BY LANDAK, INC."

In its meetings in following weeks, the committee would finally reduce its list to the three sites that would appear on Alaskan ballots November 2, 1976, and the three it would choose would be *Larson Lake*, *near Talkeetna*; Mount Yenlo, in the western valley; and the heights to the east of Willow. The site attracting the most votes would be the site of the new capital of Alaska. By the terms of the initiative, the move was to begin by 1980. Whatever the choice, opponents of the move would go on clinging to the hope that, come groundbreaking day, the money would not be there. Meanwhile, the big helicopter flew on into rain and falling darkness, down the short run to Alaska's principal city—over Knik Arm, into the Bowl. The rain blurred the windows. Through them, the streets and buildings below appeared to be lying under ten layers of acetate. The chopper touched down. Earl Cook, who had left his home in Fairbanks at six in the morning, unbuckled his seat belt with a terminal sigh. "That . . ." he said. "That's a hell of a way to get to Anchorage." —JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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WE MADE A MISTAKE

In last week's Echo there was a gross mistake in the front page story on former coach and athletic director Ed Buckley. The story said "Coach Buckley retired in 1923 . . .". No such thing. Ed Buckley The story said "Coach Buckley retired in 1923 . . .". No such thing. Ed Buckley STARTED in 1923. After questioning the staff at the Echo it was determined that no member of the staff had committed error. It was determind that the electronic machine that sets the tpe
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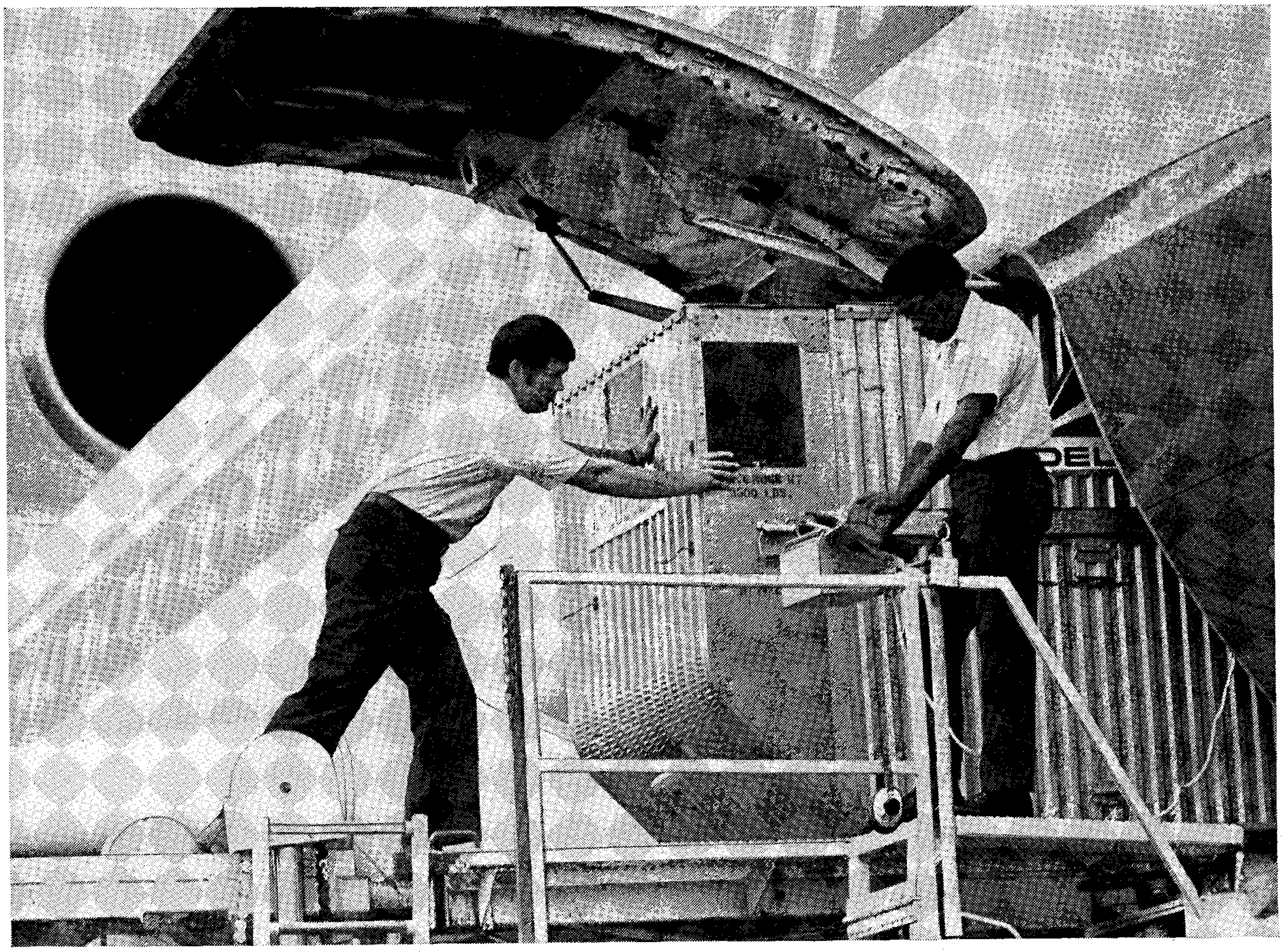

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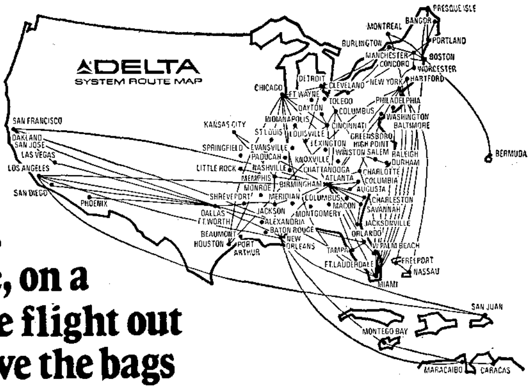
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THE Broadway season has exploded in the joyous, helter-skelter fashion of a string of Chinese firecrackers, and the simile is precise even to the extent of there being a couple of notably damp squibs among the early offerings. One such squib was "Checking Out," by Allen Swift, at the Longacre. A so-called comedy, it concerned a Yiddish actor in his eighties who, content with his lot and determined to avoid the approaching indignities of great age, decides to give a party and put an end to his life. Now, it is possible that something amusing could have been cobbled up out of that bleak donnée by an Anouilh or an Ionesco, but Mr. Swift is by profession an actor, not a playwright, and I am unable to praise him for having made the most of his infinitesimal theatrical opportunities. Indeed, he made the least of them, and his play closed after a mercifully brief run.

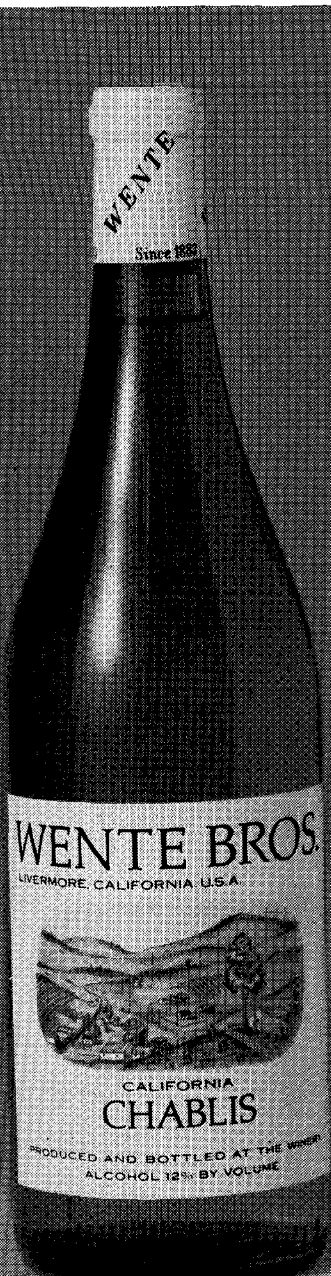
"Going Up," at the John Golden, is a silly little musical comedy, the book and lyrics for which were written by Otto Harbach and the music by Louis A. Hirsch. It was originally produced here in 1917 and was revived last summer at the Goodspeed Opera House, in East Haddam, Connecticut, where "Very Good Eddie" was also revived, and from which that somewhat less silly little musical made its way successfully back to New York. The Goodspeed Opera House is a delightful place, which hangs out over the temperately twinkling Connecticut River and induces in its audiences an emotion of pleasurable lassitude wholly at odds with critical acuteness. "Going Up" is harmless trash, but as I pronounce that judgment upon it happy memories of the Goodspeed make me feel as if I were strangling an adorable spaniel puppy with my bare hands. Surely there is *some*thing I can say in the musical's favor? Well, yes: there is a fine song in it called "Hello Frisco," sung for no logical reason at all during a change of scenes, but that song turns out to have been lifted from the Ziegfeld Follies of 1915 (music by Hirsch, lyrics by Gene Buck). There are other borrowings as well, for it is in the nature of the tinkly-tune musicals of our grandparents' day that in revival they need reinforcement as well as a certain measure of arch kidding. Presumably to tighten the ramshackle plot, the time of "Going Up" has been shifted from 1917 to 1919; this exiguous updating permits the introduction of a dashing French ace no longer in uniform but is otherwise a mysterious disimprovement. The cast is large, young, eager, energetic, and not very skillful or winning. The choreography, by Dan Siretta, is, however, very winning indeed, and the director, Bill Gile, drives his charges at full gallop. The sets are by Edward Haynes, the costumes are by David Toser, and the lighting is by Peter M. Ehrhardt.

THE founder and first editor of this magazine vigorously maintained that nothing is indescribable. In a variation on this dictum, and seemingly in partial contradiction to it, a colleague of mine maintains that there are events that take place in theatres that are not reviewable. I admit that I came away from the opening of "I Have a Dream," at the Ambassador, with her words ringing welcomely in my ears. The program states that Billy Dee Williams is being presented in "an evening of theatre and music based on the words of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.," and there is music, right enough, but almost no theatre. Josh Greenfeld has provided some documentary glimpses of Dr. King that amount to little more than conventional hagiography, and hagiography, particularly when it is being recounted in the first person, permits little room for dramatic conflict: the martyred saint obliterates the complex man of appetite and intellect. Mr. Williams gives some evidence of being an able actor, but he has had the discretion to recite Dr. King's words without attempting to impersonate him, so his performance is a muted one; Judyann Elder plays Dr. King's wife within similarly circumscribed bounds, and no wonder, for Mrs. King herself is likely from time to time to be in the audience. The set for "I Have a Dream" is by Donald Harris, the costumes are by Terence Tam Soon, and the lighting is by Martin Aronstein.

"A Texas Trilogy," at the Broadhurst, consists of three plays with seductive titles—"Lu Ann Hampton Laverty Oberlander," "The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolia," and "The Oldest Living Graduate"—each of which is full length and complete in itself. All the plays are laid in the small town of Bradleyville, Texas, and characters that we make the acquaintance of in one play are apt to turn up in another. The opening nights of the plays were in the order given above, but they can be seen in any order; "The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolia" and "The Oldest Living Graduate" take place within the same twenty-four-hour period, and the latter play gains a measure of poignancy by following the former.

The playwright, Preston Jones, is forty years old and is a member of the Dallas Theatre Center, where he works as an actor, director, and writer. Plainly, he is an ambitious man. It is his good fortune to be making his début on Broadway with three plays instead of one; it is his ill fortune that Broadway, on hearing of the plays' rapturous reception out of town, and with its usual tendency toward overexcitement, came to regard his advent as the Advent. If the triple début is unprecedented, the plays are not; they are specimens of a kind of domestic comic melodrama long familiar to our stage and must be dealt with as such. Mr. Jones is talented and has an excellent ear, but at the moment his stagecraft is more nearly carpentry than marquetry—when two characters are required for reasons of plot to have a private conversation, he is not above sending a supernumerary character forcibly off to the bathroom. When he must handle more than two or three characters at a time, the effort shows. Nevertheless, we are lucky to have him among us, and not least because he is able to make us laugh.

"Lu Ann Hampton Laverty Oberlander" is a conventional little play in



The Family Wine

Carolyn works in the bottle shop. Philip in the vineyards. Eric in the winery. Their father, Karl Wente, is general manager. Grandfather Ernest gives counsel. They all pitch in. Been that way through four generations at the Wente family winery in Livermore valley, California.

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the Inge manner, about a person who believes herself to be a winner and is really a loser. Lu Ann is a high-school cheerleader (Act I, in the year 1953); she makes a bad marriage, has a daughter, gets divorced, becomes a sexy pushover in Red Grover's Bar (Act II, 1963), remarries, is widowed, and finally discovers (Act III, 1973) that she and her daughter have reached precisely the same sorry point in life that she and her mother had reached twenty years earlier. Mr. Jones drives this and other mild epiphanies home with a sledgehammer; a feather would have proved sufficient.

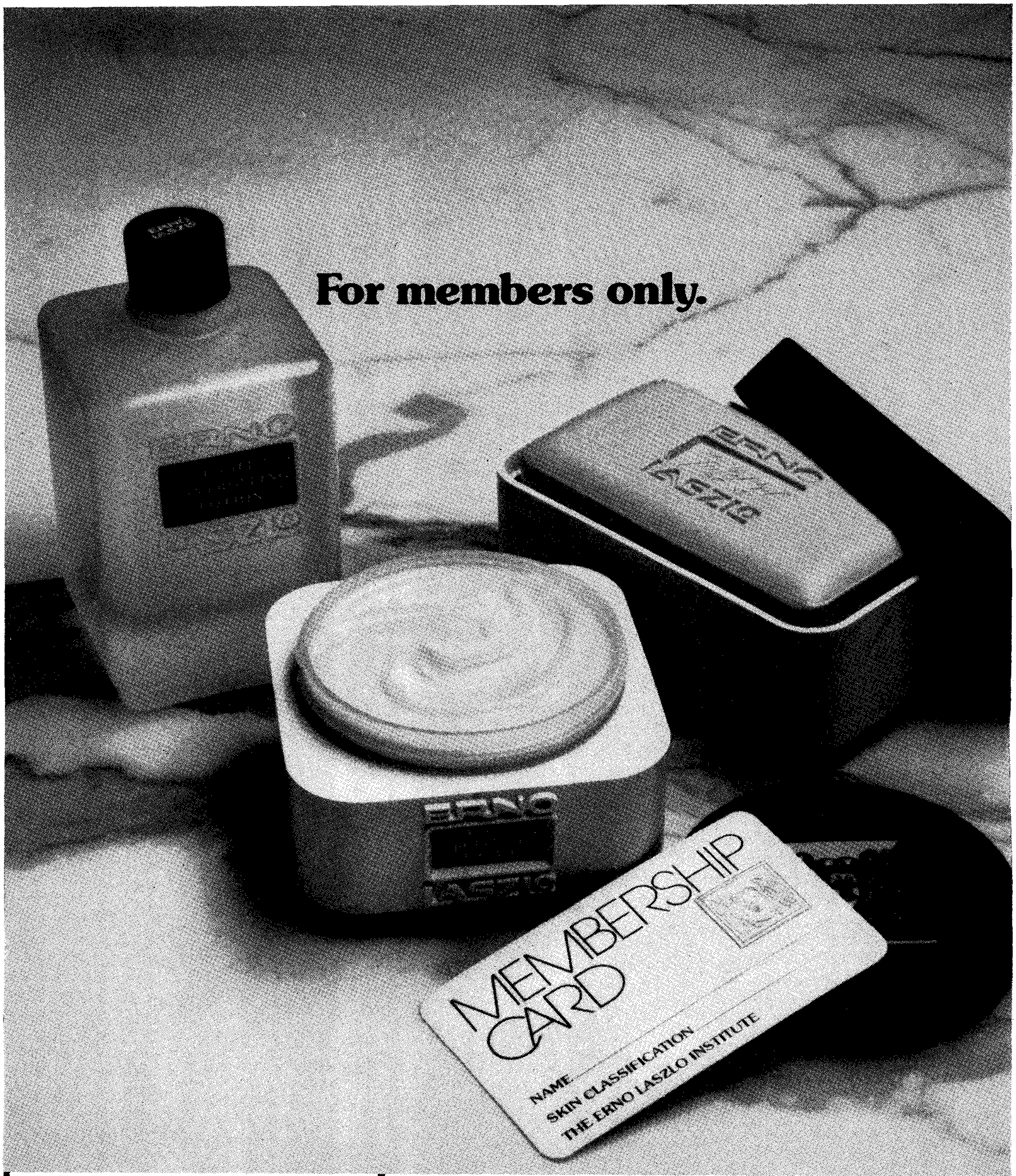
"The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolia" is the most successful of the trilogy; it is tightly constructed, with continuous action running through two acts, and it has no fewer than nine rambunctious and almost always hilarious characters, each of whom is given his turn at the center of the stage. The Knights are an order of Southern patriots who, in their political and racial bigotry, pride themselves upon being somewhat to the right of the Ku Klux Klan. The order has been dwindling for years, but at last a possible candidate for membership has been located in a neighboring town; the play concerns itself with the Knights' feverish attempt to swear in the young postulant and the postulant's increasing desire to avoid knighthood. The action is dominated by Colonel J. C. Kinkaid, who fought with Black Jack Pershing in Mexico (it appears that Pershing didn't like him very much) and who is now squeezing the last drop of pleasure out of an exceptionally active senility.

Colonel Kinkaid is also the most conspicuous figure in "The Oldest Living Graduate." He is the only surviving member of the first class ever to graduate from the Mirabeau B. Lamar Military Academy, in Galveston. (The Texas in-joke here is that Lamar, the poetizing second President of the Republic of Texas, was no more likely to have a military academy named after him than Carry B. Nation was likely to have a saloon named after her.) The Colonel's businessman son is trying to put together a deal by which some family property, still in the personal possession of the Colonel, can be turned into a profitable real-estate development; he wants the Colonel to consent to be honored by the Academy, which will then see to it that a large number of dignitaries come to Bradleyville and give the new development favorable publicity. The ranting and roaring old Colonel will have none of it, nor will he relinquish the land. To a family comedy of this nature there can be but one end, and the Colonel meets it splendidly.

The casts of the three plays are exemplary. Let me call attention first to Fred Gwynne, as Colonel Kinkaid, and then to Patrick Hines, as Red Grover; to Diane Ladd, as Lu Ann; to Josh Mostel, as Milo Crawford; and to Henderson Forsythe, for playing two altogether different roles with equal effectiveness. Also to be praised are Patricia Roe, Lee Richardson, Ralph Roberts, Paul O'Keefe, Graham Beckel, and John Marriott. The scenery and lighting of the three plays are by Ben Edwards, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, and the superb direction is by Alan Schneider, who gives the impression of knowing Bradleyville nearly as well as Mr. Jones.

"DAYS IN THE TREES," by Marguerite Duras (in a translation from the French by Sonia Orwell), has opened at the Circle in the Square, under the direction of Stephen Porter, with sets and costumes by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, lighting by Thomas Skelton, and incidental music by Robert Dennis. It stars Mildred Dunnock, as a clear-eyed, angry, and perhaps dying old mother, and Joseph Maher, as her shiftless gambler-gigolo of a son. They meet for the first time in five years at his flat in Paris, where he keeps a young, unintelligent mistress because he cannot bear to live alone; mother and son spar venomously in the very act of embracing, reveal their bitter disappointment in each other, and then part for the last time. It is an acerbic work, full of wit (the mother speaks of the son as her favorite among her children—the one she had "set aside for a rainy day") and aphorisms about the inescapable grisly chafings of family life, and Miss Dunnock and Mr. Maher embody it memorably. Suzanne Lederer makes a wistful thing of the role of the mistress; such is the peculiar design of the Circle in the Square that I remember mostly Miss Lederer's lovely bare back and how she succeeded in conveying wistfulness even with her shoulder blades.

THE Houston Grand Opera company has brought to the opulent Uris Theatre a marvellous production of George Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess." Here at last is the full score, as nearly as possible as Gershwin wrote it and intended it to be played. (The composer died without ever hearing the work performed in its entirety.) Be-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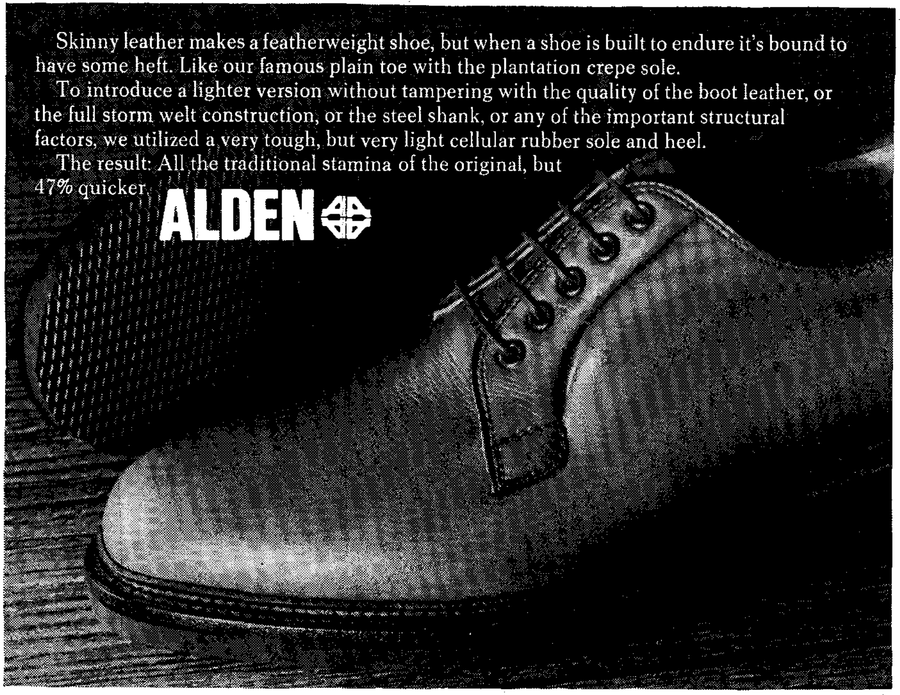

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cause "Porgy and Bess" aspires audaciously—and, to my mind, triumphantly—to be an opera and not a musical comedy, there are moments when it threatens to collapse under the formidable weight of musical structure imposed upon its comparatively simple content (Porgy loves Bess and will kill for her and die for her; Bess will take up with anyone), but it always just escapes this fate, moving step by step to its murderous climax and touching anticlimax. The very large cast sings its heart out (three sets of singers share the principal roles, changing from performance to performance), in gorgeous sets designed by Robert Randolph and in no less gorgeous costumes designed by Nancy Potts. The lighting is by Gilbert V. Hemsley, Jr., the choreography is by Mabel Robinson, and the overall direction is by Jack O'Brien. The stage of the Uris is said to have the most sophisticated technical resources in town; they have been put to admirable use in "Porgy and Bess"—houses and ships and islands and trees glide about with the silent grace of skaters skating in a dream. If I were permitted to see but a single show in town this fall, it would certainly be this one. "Porgy and Bess" was written in 1935, and has been given in shortened and mutilated versions ever since. There are few things in life that one has waited forty years for that prove to be worth waiting forty years for.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

NEW HAVEN (AP)—A man depositing the day's receipts of a food store at the Second New Haven National Bank branch at Chapel and Olive Tuesday night was robbed of $10,000 by two men, police said.

The receipts were for Ferrara's Food Store on Grand Avenue, police said.

Two men accompanied by a dog knocked the man down about 6:15 P.M. and took a bag containing $10,000 in cash, checks and food stamps, police reported.

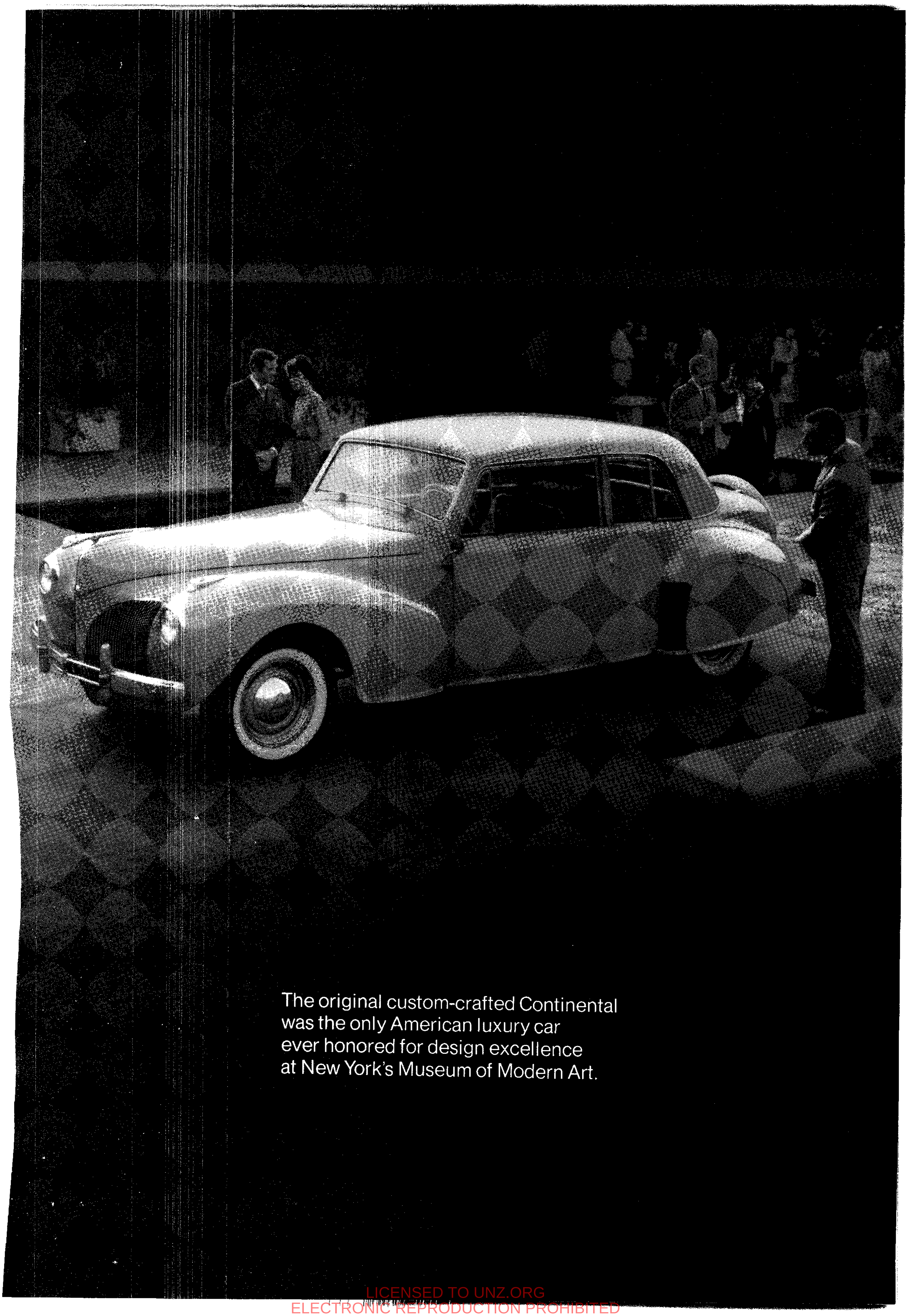
An Irish Setter, similar to the one accompanying the robbers, was later seen in the area and was apprehended by police.—*Hartford Times.*

Yeah, but will he talk?

•

Just back from a Tokyo visit, Matayoshi said talks with Japanese travel and aviation officials encouraged him on the score of direct flights between Japan and Hilo someday. But he said he was dismayed by the gravity problems which first must be resolved.—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

There's always something bugging an aircraft.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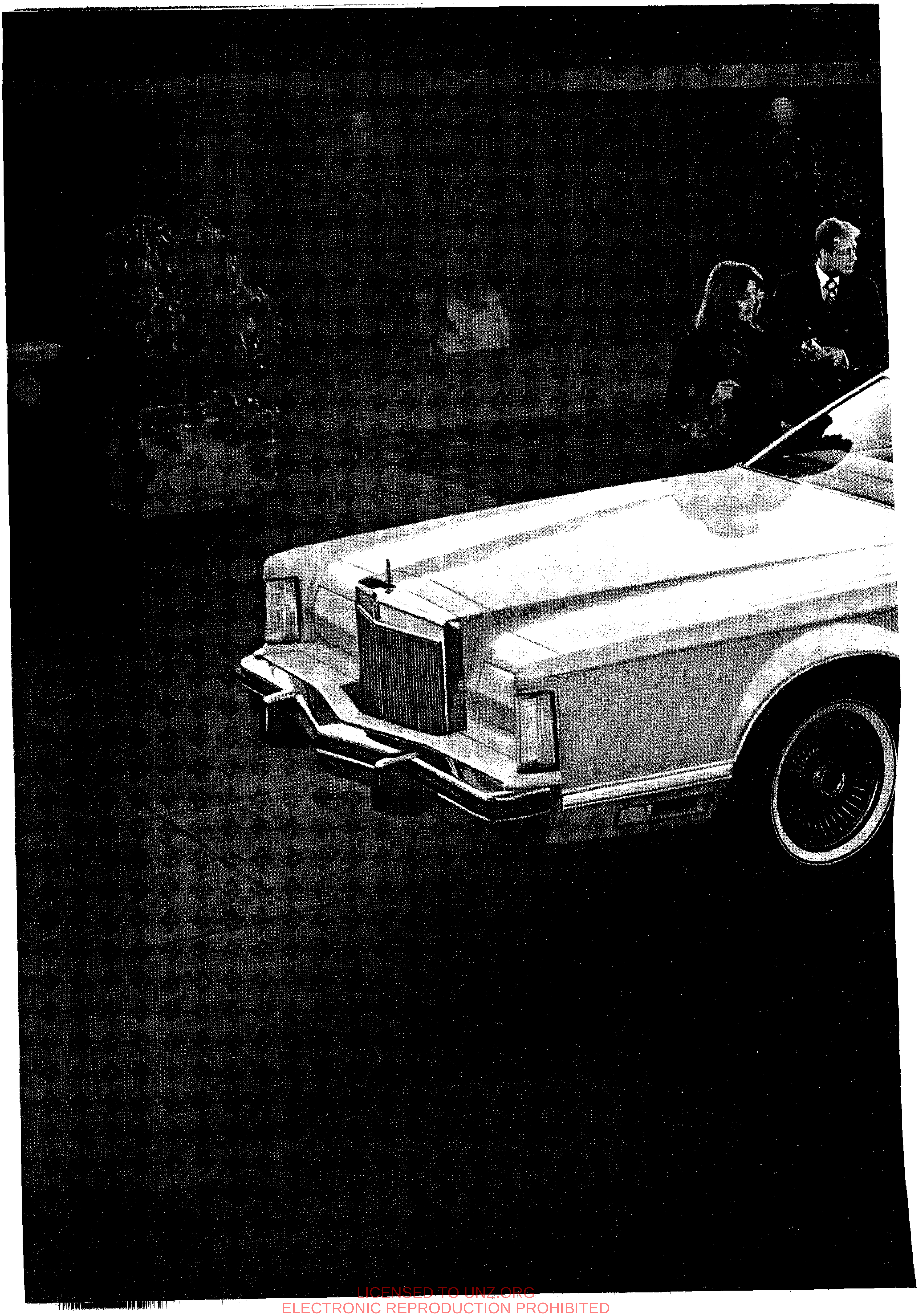

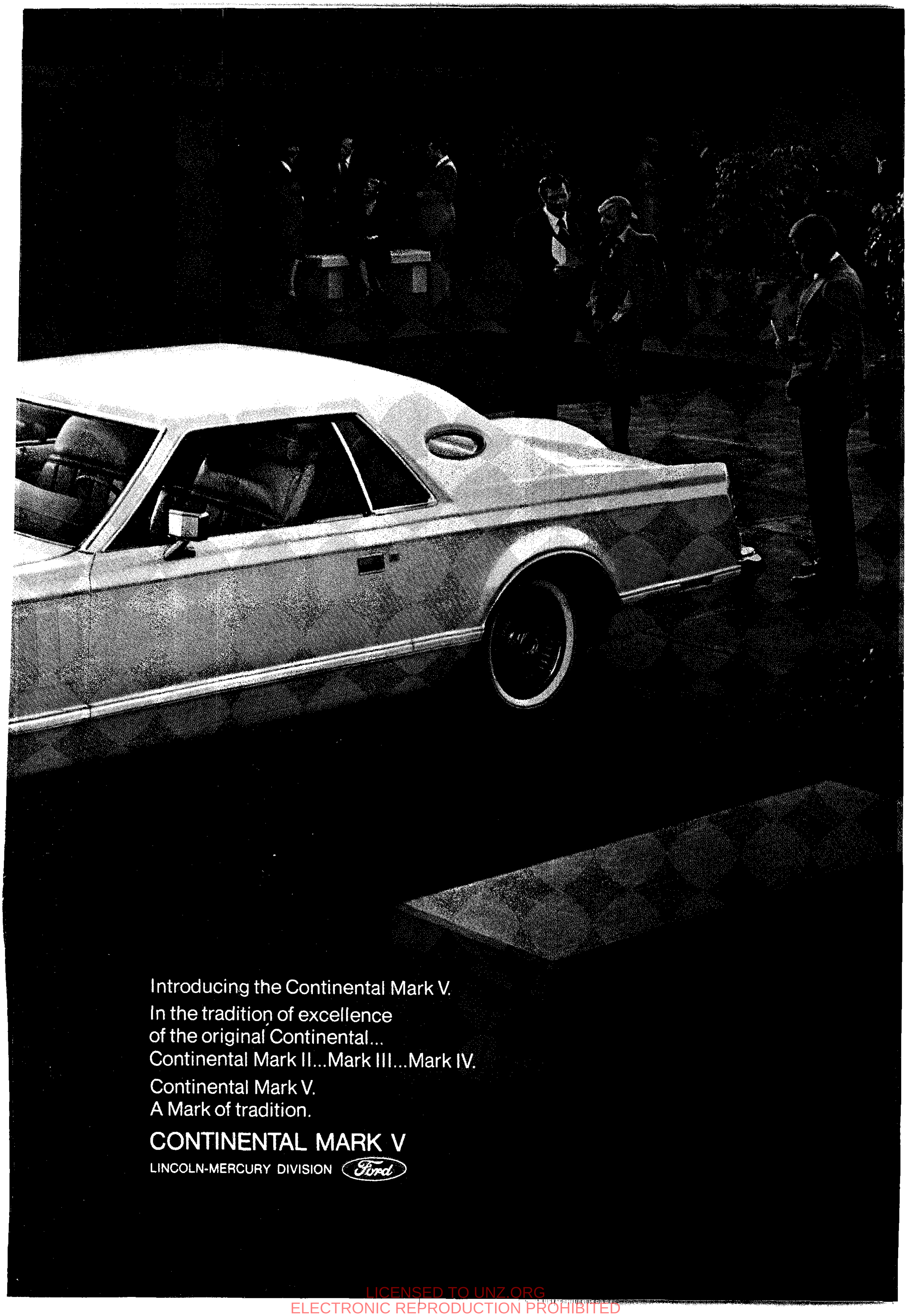

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

ENCOURAGED by a new recording of Charles Miller's arrangement of "Themes from 'Show Boat': A Scenario for Orchestra" (Vanguard SRV 345SD), I went rummaging through my record collection for more Jerome Kern, whom I suddenly realized I had not encountered on records for a long while, though there seems recently to have been a renewed interest in his theatre works. First off, let me say that this latest performance (by the Utah Symphony Orchestra under Maurice Abravanel) of the orchestral suite, which was first played by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra in 1941, is bright and polished, and inasmuch as many years have passed since the piece was last recorded, it appears to be the only version in current distribution. The same thing can be said of the piece that the Utah Symphony and Mr. Abravanel perform on the other side of the record—Robert Russell Bennett's arrangement of numbers from George Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," subtitled "A Symphonic Picture for Orchestra." I have misgivings about both of these works, as I do about most musical collages of this sort. They seldom amount to more than sweeping statements of the principal songs from the two shows, and in this respect they resemble those lush orchestral treatments of "La Bohème" and "Carmen" that the Andre Kostelanetz Orchestra threaded its way through for Columbia many years ago. Furthermore, they show once again that a large orchestra often sounds elephantine when playing the syncopated passages of popular music. For all that, it must be conceded that even these pasteup jobs, running to about twenty-five minutes apiece, are not without appeal.

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There isn't too much Kern around, I have discovered—at least, not too much that is readily available—though there's always the possibility of picking up recordings here and there. For example, Music Masters, a midtown store, has put together a two-record set called "Jerome Kern 1934-8" (a Box Office Production), which consists of songs taken from the sound tracks of the movies "Sweet Adeline," "High, Wide and Handsome," "Joy of Living," "Roberta," and "Music in the Air," and which features the voices of Irene Dunne, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Gloria Swanson, John Boles, Dorothy Lamour, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., June Lang, Phil Regan, and others. Actually, the dates in the album's title are misleading: the three show scores (only "Joy of Living" and "High, Wide and Handsome" were original film scores) are of earlier vintage. Aside from this album and the Vanguard record, the only collections of Kern songs now in circulation are "Jerome Kern: All the Things You Are" (Monmouth-Evergreen MES/6808) and "Jerome Kern Revisited" (Painted Smiles PS 1363).

What I would guess to be the most varied and generous assortment of Kern material ever to find its way onto a record is on an old Camden L.P. (CAL 243), obviously assembled from earlier 78-r.p.m. pressings, of selections from a host of Kern shows performed by the Victor Light Opera Company, an RCA house assemblage under the leadership of Leonard Joy. Though highs and lows have been lost in the process of re-recording, resulting in a thin sound, there is nevertheless an engaging purity and simplicity about these renditions. They are probably fairly close to the original ones, in tempi and in the smallness of the orchestra involved. In any case, the record enables us to follow Kern all the way from the 1914 show "The Girl from Utah"—one of his very early efforts and the original setting for "They Didn't Believe Me"—up to "Roberta," which opened in 1933 and was his penultimate Broadway show, with dips into eleven of his other musicals from the intervening years.

Among those others, "Very Good Eddie," "Oh, Boy!," and "Leave It to Jane" are especially interesting. The first two represent the celebrated Princess Theatre musicals, and the second and third reflect the prolific but somewhat short-lived collaboration between Kern and the novelist P. G. Wodehouse during the closing years of the First World War and just after. According to the playwright Guy Bolton—who, as the third member of the team, provided the book for the Princess Theatre shows and a few others—the Kern-Wodehouse partnership dissolved over a business disagreement and had nothing to do with their work as composer and lyricist. While the collab-

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oration lasted, it gave rise to many sentimental pieces, but the sentiments expressed were usually light rather than cloying. Moreover, these numbers were counterbalanced by many saucy, humorous ones, which, although they sound innocent enough today, had an impertinent air when they were new. Abetted by simple, funny stories about everyday love affairs and their obstacles, these musicals prepared the way for the more intimate musicals to come, especially those of Rodgers and Hart, who openly admitted their debt to the Bolton-Kern-Wodehouse trio.

Kern's later scores, beginning with "Show Boat," found him deploying his skills with an ever surer hand, and culminated in "The Cat and the Fiddle" and "Music in the Air," his most cohesive and sophisticated works. These are beautifully integrated scores, consisting of individual musical scenes effortlessly linked and exquisitely modulated. In both, Kern's music creates a theatrical environment with greater ease and seductiveness than does the music of any other Broadway composer. But although entrancing melodies come bounding one after another in both works, the lyrics (by Otto Harbach in "The Cat and the Fiddle" and by Oscar Hammerstein II in "Music in the Air") are effusively sentimental, drenched in moony expressions of love and given to returning time and again to such words as "dream" and "gay." Because of this unrelenting sentimentality, neither "The Cat and the Fiddle" nor "Music in the Air," which was unsuccessfully revived in 1951, is a viable stage work today.

Thus, even as Kern's mastery grew, he found himself more and more closely associated with honeyed, operetta-like concoctions of the sort he had, in the company of Wodehouse and Bolton, breezily avoided. He was not alone in taking this direction, of course, for operetta, with its musical-scene writing—in contrast to musical comedy, with its assortment of discrete songs—has always attracted ambitious and talented musical-theatre composers. In Kern's case, this inclination was perhaps even more to have been expected than usual, since he was influenced by both the European musical theatre and the indigenous American one. He studied music in Germany as well as in New York. Writing in the *Times* just prior to the 1951 revival of "Music in the Air," Richard Rodgers said, "Kern was typical of what was, and still is, good in our general maturity in this country in that he had his musical roots in the fertile middle European and English school of operetta writing and

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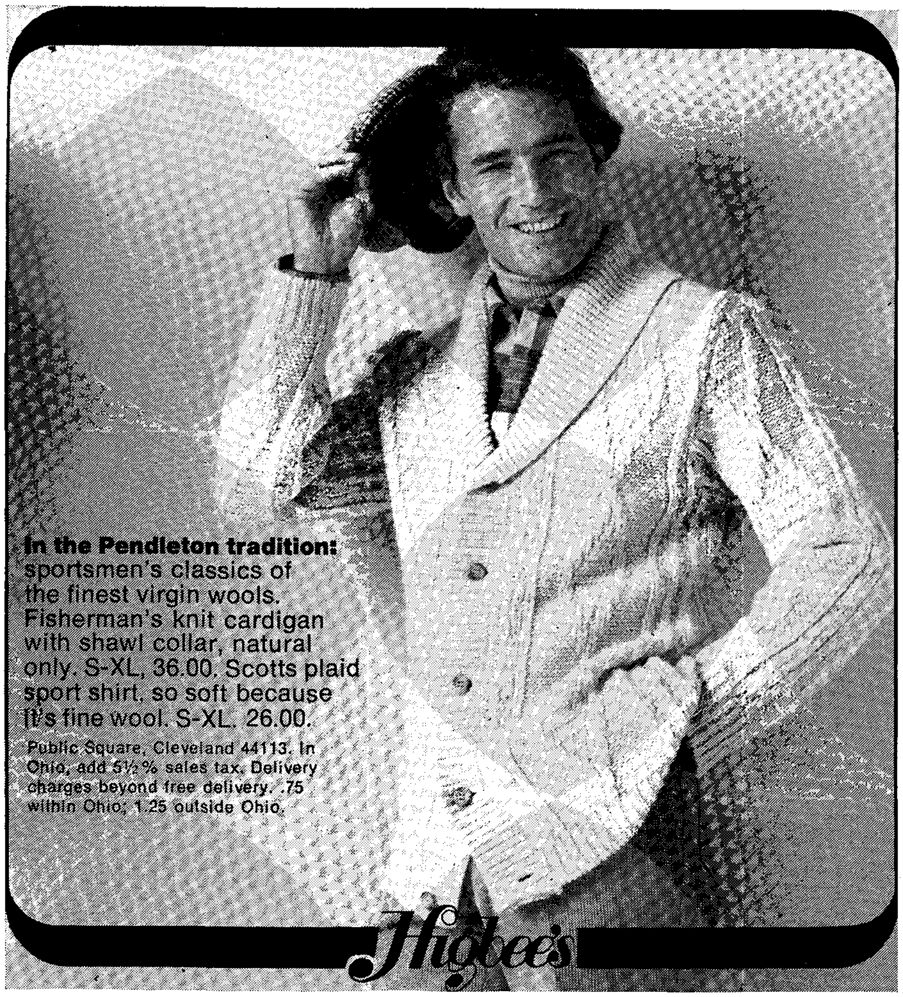

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amalgamated it with everything that was fresh in the American scene to give us something wonderfully new and clear in music writing in the world. Actually he was a giant with one foot in Europe and the other in America." Rodgers perhaps oversimplified when he added, "Before he died, he picked up the European foot and planted it squarely alongside the American one," for, like any other collaborating composer, Kern continued to be dependent on his lyricist for the particular flavor of a given song; when he wrote with Dorothy Fields, for example, his songs were indeed decidedly American in tone, but when Harbach was the lyricist Kern still tended to lean toward the Continent.

As Rodgers pointed out in the same article, there is a distinction between a composer, who must be capable of the "sustained . . . composition" required by a "symphony, an opera, or an operetta," and a songwriter, who "deals in a short form," and whose "efforts are not connected with each other to form an integrated whole." According to these definitions, Kern, Rodgers suggests, was certainly America's first popular composer, perhaps even its most outstanding one. He might have added that almost all American popular composers or songwriters of note, himself included, were deeply influenced by Kern. In fact, many of them wrote, deliberately or unconsciously, at least one "Kern song;" Kern's style was so alluring, his music so beloved by others, that it was apparently impossible not to fall into his manner now and then.

THE Kern spell remains powerful. A couple of summers ago in London, the American expatriate composer Arthur Schwartz admiringly played for me on his piano the first eight bars (all he could recall) of an unpublished Kern piece he had once run across. This initial statement—a repeated note over a descending harmony that led away from discord to a charming flourish and tranquil resolution—had a strength that delighted Schwartz. I was delighted, too, and when I returned home I sketched the piano part of the eight bars as accurately as I could and sent it off for identification to the people who handle Kern's estate. In time, they turned up a photocopy of the original manuscript of the song and two working titles, one of which was crossed out. There was no lyric. The piece seems to date from Kern's fecund movie period, in the mid-nineteen-thirties. Soon after I received the photocopy, I found myself playing the song for P. G. Wodehouse, on the oc-

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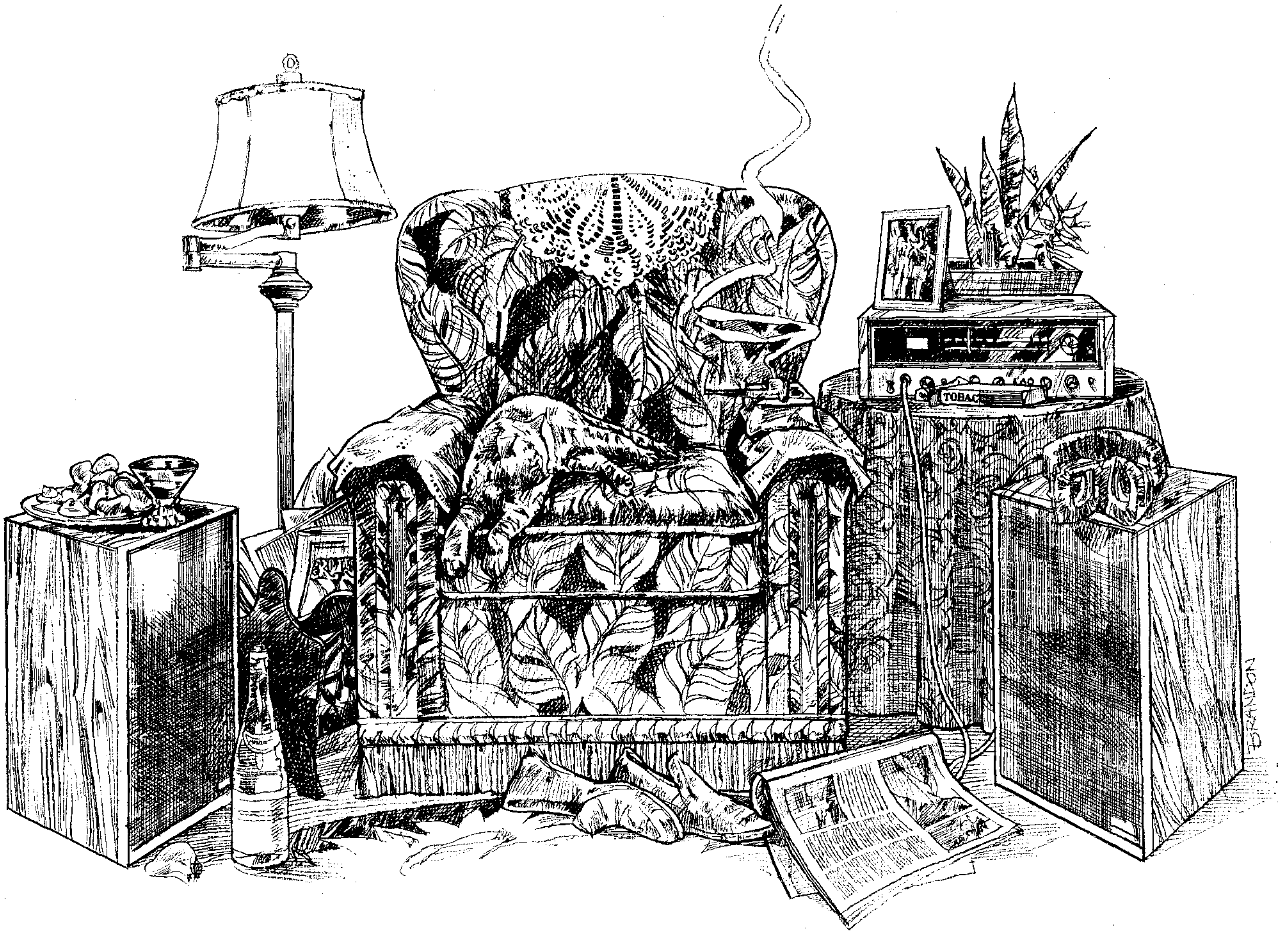

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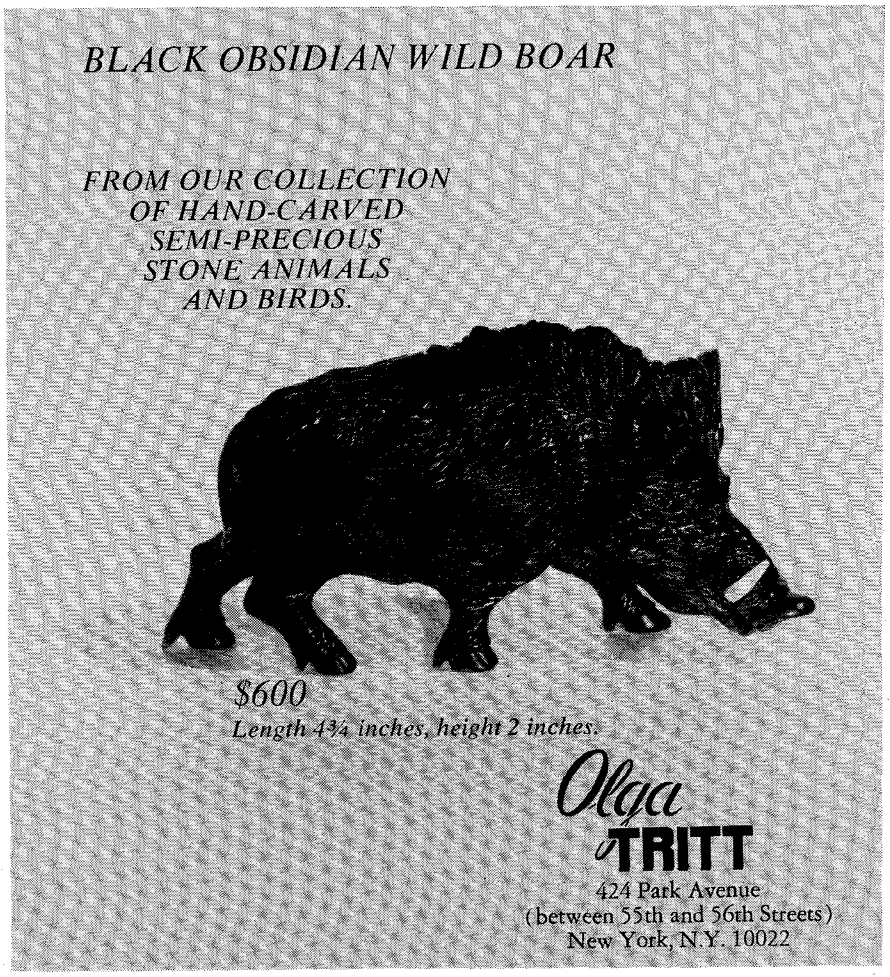
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casion of our only meeting (and, as it happened, just a couple of days before his death). He was at that time revising some of the lyrics for a proposed revival of a Princess Theatre musical—a project instigated by his slightly younger friend and neighbor Guy Bolton—and it was felt that this unpublished piece might be worked into the show. At first, Wodehouse wrinkled his nose and, turning to Bolton, said, "It's too heavy, don't you think?" But repeated playings found him responding to the music more and more, until he was smiling, caught up in the beauty of the melody newly come arching across the years.

Although the scores for "Music in the Air" and "The Cat and the Fiddle" have a seamlessness unmatched by any of Kern's others, it is easy to see why "Show Boat," of which several recordings exist, is the favorite among all his works. Its story, though untidy and even bathetic at times, has color and appeal. And the lovely songs have a bloom upon them, a special radiance. It is interesting, too, that the music Kern set down for the black people—"Ol' Man River," for Joe, and the "Misery" music, for the black chorus—has a depth of feeling not to be found anywhere else in his work.

In the Kern samplers issued since his death, one has to hunt to find particular numbers. For example, the masterly "Jockey on the Carousel," written for the late Lily Pons in the film "I Dream Too Much," turns up on "Kern/Porter Favorites" (Victor LM-2559), an out-of-print album of instrumental performances by an orchestra led by Morton Gould. On the still available "Jerome Kern: All the Things You Are" album, which consists of eighteen items sung and played (with varying degrees of effectiveness) by three soloists and an orchestra, there are, besides the title selection, five other pieces from the failure "Very Warm for May" (Kern's last Broadway show), including what is apparently the only recording of "In Other Words, Seventeen." Incidentally, Oscar Hammerstein, who wrote the lyrics and the book for "Very Warm for May," echoed "In Other Words, Seventeen" many years later in "You Are Sixteen," from the last of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musicals, "The Sound of Music."

Not long after Kern's death, it was discovered that he had left behind a couple of hundred songs without words, and an attempt was made to build a new show around some of them. The attempt failed, but it may have been the source of the three posthumously published Kern melodies (for which the late Dorothy Fields supplied words) that were taken down by Atlantic for "Première Performance!" This record (Atlantic 1293) offers a total of twelve Kern songs, arranged for orchestra by André Previn. Mr. Previn is also the conductor, and he furnishes piano accompaniment for some of the numbers. The singer is George Byron. Unhappily, the three "new" songs aren't very gratifying.

An attractively presented selection of rarities is to be found in the "Jerome Kern Revisited" album. The pieces included here range from 1915 to 1944. They are sung by six soloists, who sometimes pair off for duets. Among the more interesting numbers is "I Have the Room Above," a song added by Kern and Hammerstein for the second of the three films made of "Show Boat." (As you may know, the last song that Kern wrote, "Nobody Else but Me," was created, again with a Hammerstein lyric, for the 1946 revival of "Show Boat" on Broadway.) Also notable is "Just Let Me Look at You," a Kern-Fields movie song unashamedly lifted from Tchaikovsky's "None but the Lonely Heart." Borrowing from the classics has been openly practiced by our best popular composers, including Porter and Rodgers; it may represent a token of appreciation, a sign of culture, a momentary lapse of inspiration, or all three in delicate balance.

Another attractive Kern source is "Theatre Party" (Columbia CL 1199), a purely instrumental album that contains—along with selections from Lehár's "The Merry Widow" and "The Count of Luxembourg" and Porter's "Anything Goes"—a richly expressive medley from "Music in the Air," which reaches its high point in a superb rendering of the matchless "The Song Is You." The arranger or arrangers of these performances (by the Andre Kostelanetz Orchestra) are, regrettably, not given credit on the jacket for their work.

Not everything that Jerome Kern wrote was irresistible, of course; there are routine efforts, and sometimes the sweetness thickens and palls. But a remarkably high number of his songs are filled with enchantment.

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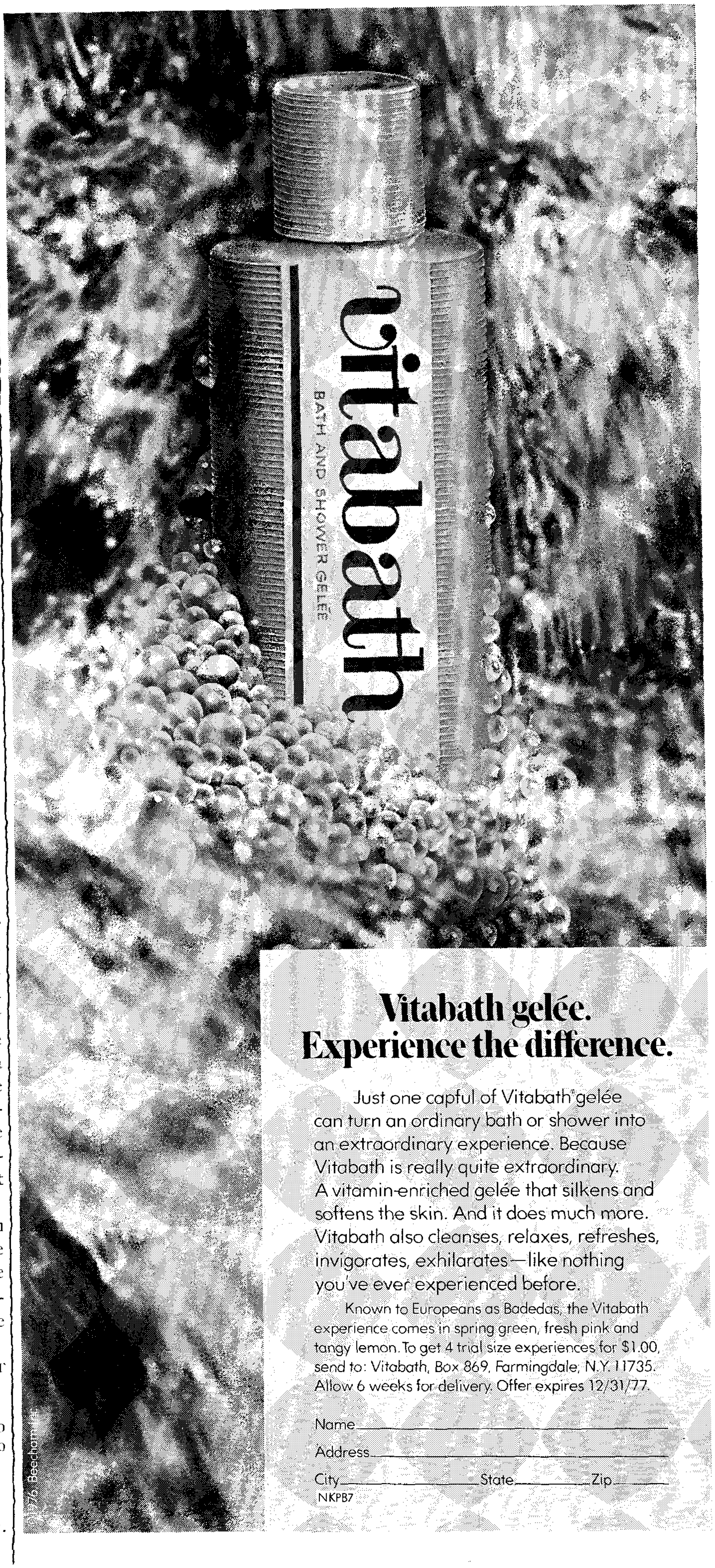

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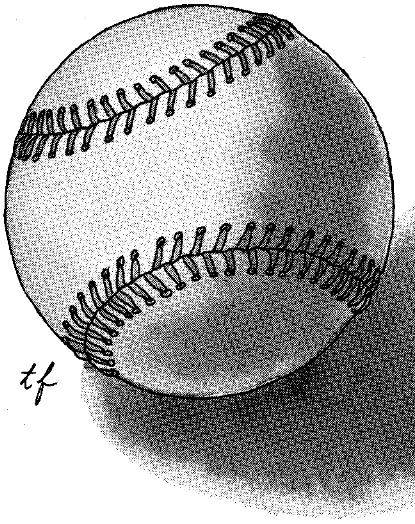

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Thinking about the ball and its attributes seems to refresh our appreciation of this game. A couple of years ago, I began to wonder why it was that pitchers, taken as a group, seemed to be so much livelier and more garrulous than hitters. I considered the possibility of some obscure physiological linkage (the discobologlottal syndrome) and the more obvious occupational discrepancies (pitchers have a lot more spare time than other players), but then it came to me that a pitcher is the only man in baseball who can properly look on the ball as being his instrument, his accomplice. He is the only player who is granted the privilege of making offensive plans, and once the game begins he is (in concert with his catcher) the only man on the field who knows what is meant to happen next. Everything in baseball begins with the pitch, and every other part of the game—hitting, fielding, and throwing—is reflexive and defensive. (The hitters on a ball team are referred to as the "offense," but almost three-quarters of the time this is an absolute misnomer.) The batter tapping the dirt off his spikes and now stepping into the box looks sour and glum, and who can blame him, for the ball has somehow been granted in perpetuity to the wrong people. It is already an object of suspicion and hatred, and the reflex that allows him occasionally to deflect that tiny onrushing dot with his bat, and sometimes even to relaunch it violently in the opposite direction, is such a miraculous response of eye and body as to remain virtually inexplicable, even to him. There are a few dugout flannelmouths (Ted Williams, Harry Walker, Pete Rose) who can talk convincingly about the art of hitting, but, like most arts, it does not in the end seem communicable. Pitching is different. It is a craft ("the crafty portsider . . ."), and is thus within reach.

The smiling pitcher begins not only with the advantage of holding his fate in his own hands, or hand, but with the knowledge that every advantage of physics and psychology seems to be on his side. A great number of surprising and unpleasant things can be done to the ball as it is delivered from the grasp of a two-hundred-pound optimist, and the first of these is simply to transform it into a projectile. Most pitchers seem hesitant to say so, but if you press them a little they will admit that the prime ingredient in their intense personal struggle with the batter is probably fear. A few pitchers in the majors have thrived without a real fastball—junk men like Eddie Lopat and Mike Cuellar, superior control artists like Bobby Shantz and Randy Jones, knuckleballers like Hoyt Wilhelm and Charlie Hough—but almost everyone else has had to hump up and throw at least an occasional no-nonsense hard one, which crosses the plate at eighty-five miles per hour, or better, and thus causes the hitter to—well, to *think* a little. The fastball sets up all the other pitches in the hurler's repertoire—the curve, the slider, the sinker, and so on—but its other purpose is to intimidate. Great fastballers like Bob Gibson, Jim Bunning, Sandy Koufax, and Nolan Ryan have always run up high strikeout figures because their money pitch was almost untouchable, but their deeper measures of success—twenty-victory seasons and low earned-run averages—were due to the fact that none of the hitters they faced, not even the best of them, was immune to the thought of what a 90-m.p.h. missile could do to a man if it struck him. They had been ever so slightly distracted, and distraction is bad for hitting. The intention of the pitcher has almost nothing to do with this; very few pitches are delivered with intent to maim. The bad dream, however, will not go away. Walter Johnson, the greatest fireballer of them all, had almost absolute control, but he is said to have worried constantly about

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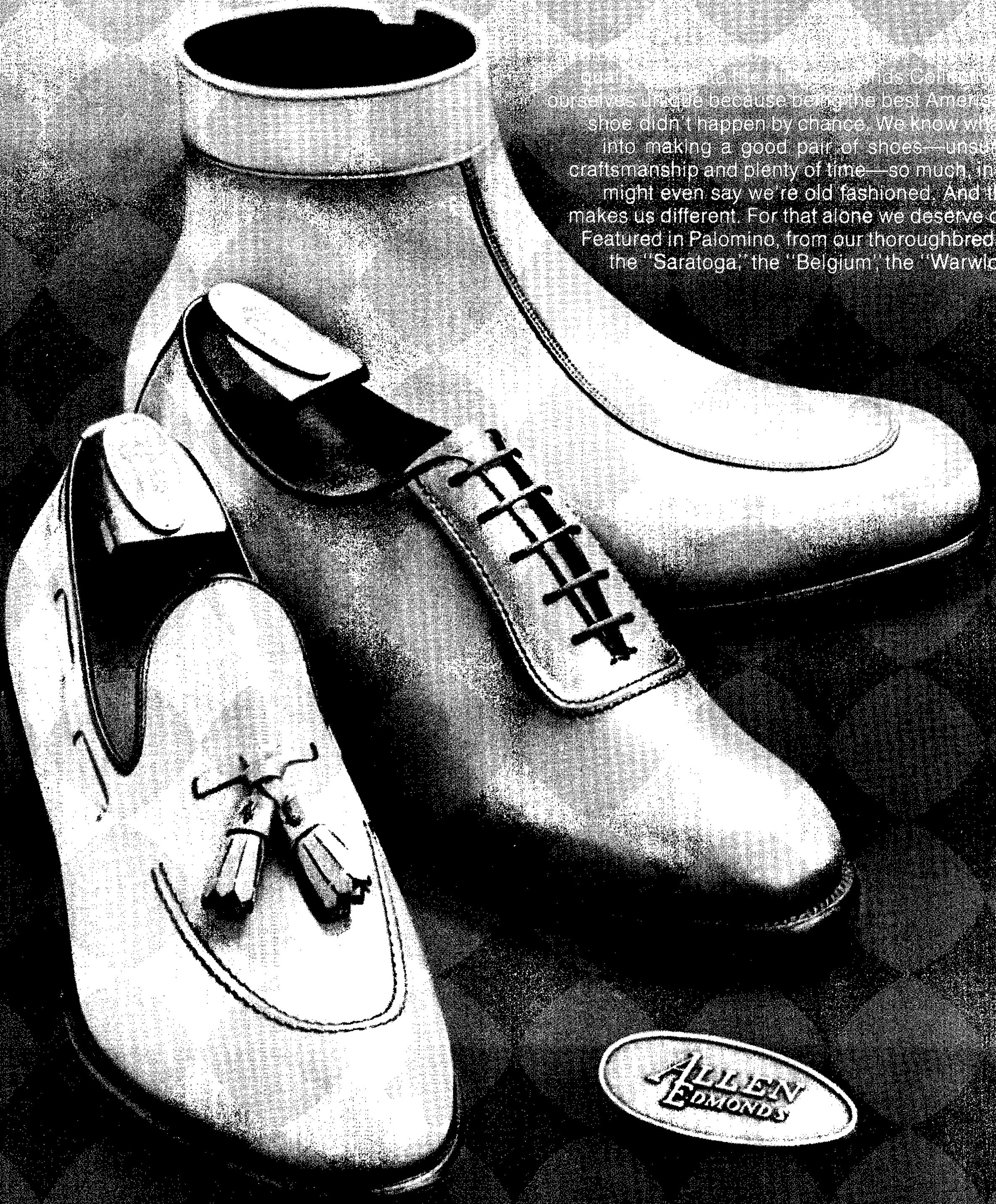

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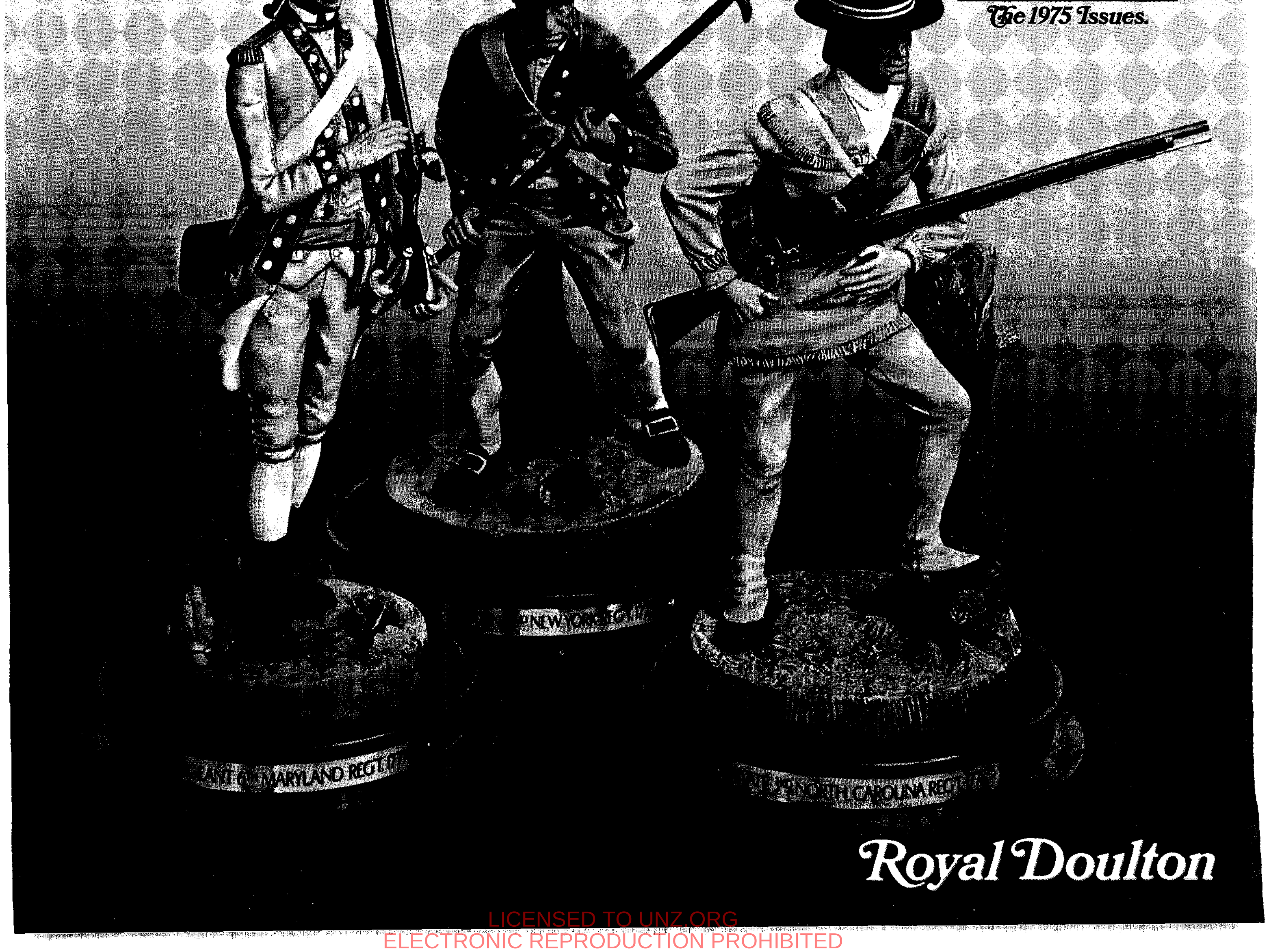

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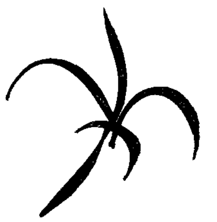
what might happen if one of his pitches got away from him. Good hitters know all this and resolutely don’t think about it (a good hitter is a man who can keep his back foot firmly planted in the box even while the rest of him is pulling back or bailing out on an inside fastball), but even these icy customers are less settled in their minds than they would like to be, just because the man out there on the mound is hiding that cannon behind his hip. Hitters, of course, do not call this fear. The word is “respect.”

It should not be inferred, of course, that major-league pitchers are wholly averse to hitting batters, or *almost* hitting batters. A fastball up around the Adam’s apple not only is a first-class distracter, as noted, but also discourages a hitter from habitually leaning forward in order to put more of his bat on a dipping curve or a slider over the outer rim of the plate. The truth of the matter is that pitchers and batters are engaged in a permanent private duel over their property rights to the plate, and a tough, proud hurler who senses that the man now in the batter’s box has recently had the better of things will often respond in the most direct manner possible, with a hummer to the ribs. Allie Reynolds, Sal Maglie, Don Drysdale, Early Wynn, and Bob Gibson were cold-eyed lawmen of this stripe, and the practice has by no means vanished, in spite of strictures and deplorings from the high chambers of baseball. Early this year, Lynn McGlothen, of the Cards, routinely plunked the Mets’ Del Unser, who had lately been feasting on his pitches, and then violated the ancient protocol in these matters by admitting intent. Dock Ellis, now a Yankee but then a Pirate, decided early in the 1974 season that the Cincinnati Reds had somehow established dominance over his club, and he determined to set things right in his own way. (This incident is described at length in a lively new baseball book, “Dock Ellis in the Country of Baseball,” by Donald Hall.) The first Cincinnati batter of the game was Pete Rose, and the first pitch from Ellis was at his head—“not actually to *hit* him,” Ellis said later, but as a “*message* to let him know that he was going to be hit.” He then hit Rose in the side. The next pitch hit the next Reds batter, Joe Morgan, in the kidney. The third batter was Dan Driessen, who took Ellis’s second pitch in the back. With the bases loaded, Dock now threw four pitches at Tony Perez (one behind his back), but missed with all of them, walking in a run. He then missed Johnny Bench (and the plate) twice, whereupon Pirate manager Danny Murtaugh came out to the mound, stared at Ellis with silent surmise, and beckoned for a new pitcher.

Hitters can accept this sort of fugue, even if they don’t exactly enjoy it, but what they do admittedly detest is a young and scatter-armed smoke-thrower, the true wild man. One famous aborigine was Steve Dalkowski, a legendary batter-frightener in the lower-level minor leagues about fifteen years ago, whose reputation as perhaps the most ghastly flinger of them all is enhanced by the fact that very few players or fans ever saw him in action, since his congenital aversion to the strike zone meant that he never got within firing range of major-league hitters. Better-known names in these annals of anxiety are Rex Barney, a briefly flaring Brooklyn nova of the nineteen-forties, who once threw a no-hit game but eventually walked and wild-pitched his way out of baseball; Ryne Duren, the extremely fast and extremely nearsighted reliever for the Yankees and other American League clubs in the fifties and sixties, whose traditional initial warmup pitch on his being summoned to the mound was a twelve-foot-high fastball to the foul screen; and a pair of rookies named Sandy Koufax and Bob Feller. Koufax, to be sure, eventually became a superb control artist, but it took him seven years before he got his great stuff entirely together, and there were times when it seemed certain that he would be known only as another Rex Barney. Sandy recalls that when he first brought his boyish assortment of fiery sailers and bouncing rockets to spring-training camp he had difficulty getting in any mound work, because whenever he picked up his glove all the available catchers would suddenly remember pressing appointments in some distant part of the compound. Feller had almost a career-long struggle with *his* control, and four times managed to lead his league simultaneously in walks and in strikeouts. His first appearance against another major-league club came in an exhibition game against the Cardinals in the summer of 1936, when he was seventeen years old; he entered the game in the fourth inning, and eventually struck out eight batters in three innings, but when his searing fastball



missed the plate it had the batters jumping around in the box like roasting popcorn. Frank Frisch, the St. Louis player-manager, carefully observed Feller's first three or four deliveries and then walked down to the end of the dugout, picked up a pencil, and removed himself from the Cardinal lineup.

THE chronically depressed outlook of major-league batters was pushed to the edge of paranoia in the nineteen-fifties by the sudden and utterly unexpected arrival of the slider, or the Pitcher's Friend. The slider is an easy pitch to throw and a hard one to hit. It is delivered with the same motion as the fastball, but with the pitcher's wrist rotated approximately ninety degrees (to the right for a right-hander, to the left for a southpaw), which has the effect of placing the delivering forefinger and middle finger slightly off-center on the ball. The positions of hand, wrist, and arm are almost identical to those that produce a good spiral forward pass with a football. The result is an apparent three-quarter-speed fastball that suddenly changes its mind and direction. It doesn't break much—in its early days it was slightingly known as the "nickel curve"—but a couple of inches of lateral movement at the plateward end of the ball's brief sixty-foot-six-inch journey can make for an epidemic of pop-ups, foul balls, and harmless grounders. "Epidemic" is not an exaggeration. The slider was the prime agent responsible for the sickening and decline of major-league batting averages in the two decades after the Second World War, which culminated in a combined average of .237 for the two leagues in 1968. A subsequent crash program of immunization and prevention by the authorities produced from the laboratory a smaller strike zone and a lowering of the pitcher's mound by five inches, but the hitters, while saved from extermination, have never regained their state of rosy-cheeked, pre-slider good health.

For me, the true mystery of the slider is not its flight path but the circumstances of its discovery. Professional baseball got under way in the eighteen-seventies, and during all the ensuing summers uncounted thousands of young would-be Mathewsons and Seavers spent their afternoons flinging the ball in every conceivable fashion as they searched for magic fadeaways and flutter balls that would take them to Cooperstown. Why did eighty years pass before anybody noticed that a slight cocking of the wrist would be sufficient to usher in the pitchers' Gold-

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Campaign '76. Focusing on campaigns and issues. Fridays, Oct. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (7:30-8 pm).

Faces of Hope. NBC Religious Special focuses on Yugoslavia—its history, culture, people. Sunday, Oct. 3 (5-6 pm).

The Campaign and the Candidates. Reports from field on Presidential and Congressional candidates. Sundays, Oct. 3, 17; Saturdays, Oct. 9, 23 (6-6:30 pm).

Luke Was There. Special Treat—Inner-city ethnic drama dealing with the loneliness of young people when they lose the security of adults around them. Tuesday, Oct. 5 (4-5 pm).

Francesca, Baby. ABC Afterschool Special—Problems of two young daughters of an alcoholic mother. Wednesday, Oct. 6 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The Great Houdinis. Dramatizes inner turmoils of renowned escape artist Harry Houdini. Friday, Oct. 8 (9-11 pm).

Fanfares and Fugues. CBS Festival of Lively Arts for Young People—New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Sunday, Oct. 10 (5-6 pm).

Master of the World. Famous Classic Tales—Animated version of Verne classic. Saturday, Oct. 23 (1-2 pm).

It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown. Saturday, Oct. 23 (8-8:30 pm).

Amelia Earhart. Drama based on still-unresolved disappearance of the famed American aviatrix. With Susan Clark, John Forsythe, Susan Oliver. Monday, Oct. 25 (8-11 pm).

Life Goes to the Movies. Famous scenes from 36 years of motion picture history. Sunday, Oct. 31 (8-11 pm).

The Battle for the White House. Four special reports on the Presidential election campaigns. Oct. Dates and times TBA.

Gone With The Wind. Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, Olivia de Havilland, Leslie Howard, Hattie McDaniel in most honored film of all time. Sunday, Nov. 7 (8-11 pm); Monday, Nov. 8 (8-10 pm).

Big Henry and the Polka Dot Kid. Special Treat—Drama of orphan boy who loves and protects his uncle's blind dog. Tuesday, Nov. 9 (4-5 pm).

P.J. and the President's Son. ABC Afterschool Special—Contemporary version of Twain's story of teenagers who change places, "Prince and the Pauper." Wednesday, Nov. 10 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Sybil. True case history of woman with 16 personalities. Starring Joanne Woodward, Sally Field. Sunday, Monday, Nov. 14, 15 (9-11 pm).

Sister Aimee. Drama focusing on an episode in the life of controversial evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson. With Faye Dunaway, Bette Davis. Wednesday, Nov. 17 (8-10 pm).

Davy Crockett on the Mississippi. Famous Classic Tales. Saturday, Nov. 20 (1-2 pm).

Food For All. NBC Religious Special—Food shortage due to increase in world population is explored. Filmed in Kenya, United States, Nicaragua. Sunday, Nov. 21 (5-6 pm).

The First Fifty Years. Special honoring NBC's 50 years of broadcasting. Orson Welles, Gene Kelly will be key participants. Sunday, Nov. 21 (7-11:30 pm).

A Charlie Brown Thanksgiving. Monday, Nov. 22 (8-8:30 pm).

Carnival of the Animals. Michael Tilson Thomas conducts Saint-Saëns work in partially animated special. Monday, Nov. 22 (8:30-9 pm).

Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye. Drama about John F. Kennedy's early years in politics, starring Paul Rudd, Burgess Meredith. Monday, Nov. 22 (9-11 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and Tigger Too. Animated version of A. A. Milne's children's classic. Thursday, Nov. 25 (8-8:30 pm).

Sills and Burnett at the Met. Beverly Sills and Carol Burnett in concert. Thursday, Nov. 25 (10-11 pm).

John Wayne Special. Veteran film star receives tribute of other great performers, including Frank Sinatra. With movie highlights from Wayne's career. Friday, Nov. 26 (8-9 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Good Morning America/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers/The Electric Company/Villa Alegre

Saturday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/The Shazam!—Isis Hour/The Kroffts Supershow/Land of the Lost/Big John, Little John/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/Muggsy/CBS Children's Film Festival

Sunday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Animals, Animals, Animals/Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/Meet the Press/Directions/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Evening at Symphony/Masterpiece Theatre

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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en Age? Where were Tom Swift and Frank Merriwell? What happened to American Know-How? This is almost a national disgrace. The mystery is deepened by the fact that—to my knowledge, at least—no particular pitcher or pitching coach is given credit for the discovery and propagation of the slider. Bob Lemon, who may be the first man to have pitched his way into the Hall of Fame with a slider, says he learned the pitch from Mel Harder, who was an elder mound statesman with the Indians when Lemon came up to that club, in 1946. I have also heard some old-timers say that George Blaeholder was throwing a pretty fair slider for the St. Louis Browns way back in the nineteen-twenties. But none of these worthies ever claimed to be the Johnny Appleseed of the pitch. The thing seemed to generate itself—a weed in the bull pen which overran the field.

The slider has made baseball more difficult for the fan as well as for the batter. Since its action is late and minimal, and since its delivery does not require the easily recognizable arm-snap by the pitcher that heralds the true curve, the slider can be spotted only by an attentive spectator seated very close to home plate. A curve thrown by famous old pretzel-benders like Tommy Bridges and Sal Maglie really used to *curve;* you could see the thing break even if you were way out in the top deck of Section 31. Most fans, however, do not admit the loss. The contemporary bleacher critic, having watched a doll-size distant slugger swing mightily and tap the ball down to second on four bounces, smiles and enters the out in his scorecard. "Slider," he announces, and everybody nods wisely in agreement.

THE mystery of the knuckleball is ancient and honored. Its practitioners cheerfully admit that they do not understand why the pitch behaves the way it does; nor do they know, or care much, which particular lepidopteran path it will follow on its way past the batter's infuriated swipe. They merely prop the ball on their fingertips (not, in actual fact, on the knuckles) and launch it more or less in the fashion of a paper airplane, and then, most of the time, finish the delivery with a faceward motion of the glove, thus hiding a grin. Now science has confirmed the phenomenon. Writing in *The American Journal of Physics,* Eric Sawyer and Robert G. Watts, of Tulane University, recently reported that wind-tunnel tests showed that a

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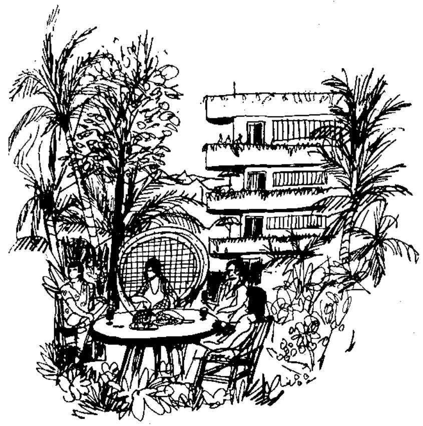

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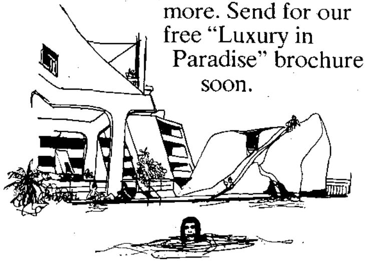

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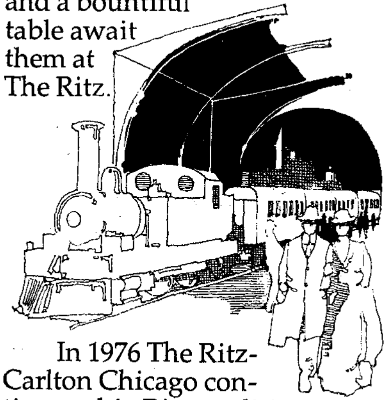

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slowly spinning baseball is subject to forces capable of making it swerve a foot or more between the pitcher's mound and the plate. The secret, they say, appears to be the raised seams of the ball, which cause a "roughness pattern" and an uneven flow of air, resulting in a "nonsymmetric lateral force distribution and . . . a net force in one direction or another."

Like many other back-yard baseball stars, I have taught myself to throw a knuckleball that moves with so little rotation that one can almost pick out the signature of Charles S. Feeney in midair; the pitch, however, has shown disappointingly few symptoms of last-minute fluttering and has so far proved to be wonderfully catchable or hittable, mostly by my wife. Now, at last, I understand the problem. In their researches, Sawyer and Watts learned that an entirely spinless knuckler is *not* subject to varying forces, and thus does not dive or veer. The ideal knuckler, they say, completes about a quarter of a revolution on its way to the plate. The speed of the pitch, moreover, is not critical, because "the magnitude of the lateral force increases approximately as the square of the velocity," which means that the total lateral movement is "independent of the speed of the pitch."

All this has been perfectly understood (if less politely defined) by any catcher who has been the battery mate of a star knuckleballer, and has thus spent six or seven innings grovelling in the dirt in imitation of a bulldog cornering a nest of field mice. Modern catchers have the assistance of outsized gloves (which lately have begun to approach the diameter of tea trays), and so enjoy a considerable advantage over some of their ancient predecessors in capturing the knuckler. In the middle nineteen-forties, the receivers for the Washington Senators had to deal with a pitching staff that included *four* knuckleball specialists—Dutch Leonard, Johnny Niggeling, Mickey Haefner, and Roger Wolff. The ill-equipped Washington catchers who tried to fend off almost daily midafternoon clouds of deranged butterflies were Rick Ferrell and Jake Early; Early was eventually called up to serve in the armed forces—perhaps the most willing inductee of his day.

THE spitball was once again officially outlawed from baseball in 1974, and maybe this time the prohibition will work. This was the third, and by far the most severe, edict directed at the unsanitary and extremely

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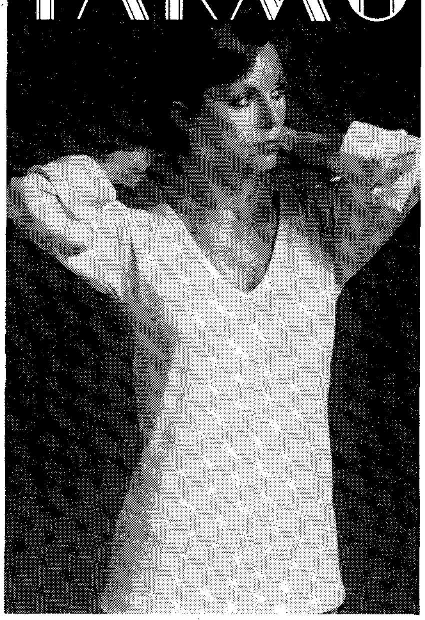

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effective delivery, for it permits an umpire to call an instantaneous ball on any pitch that even looks like a spitter as it crosses the plate. No evidence is required; no appeal by the pitcher to higher powers is permissible. A subsequent spitball or imitation thereof results in the expulsion of the pitcher from the premises, *instanter*, and an ensuing fine. Harsh measures indeed, but surely sufficient, we may suppose, to keep this repellent and unfair practice out of baseball's shining mansion forever. Surely, and yet . . . Professional pitchers have an abiding fondness for any down-breaking delivery, legal or illegal, that will get the job done, and nothing, they tell me, does the job more effectively or more enteraningly than a dollop of saliva or slippery-elm juice, or a little bitty dab of lubricating jelly, applied to the pitching fingers. The ball, which is sent off half wet and half dry, like a dilatory schoolboy, hurries innocently toward the gate and its grim-faced guardians, and at the last second darts under the turnstile. Pitchers, moreover, have before them the inspiring recent example of Gaylord Perry, whose rumored but unverified Faginesque machinations with K-Y Jelly won him a Cy Young Award in 1972 and led inevitably to the demand for harsher methods of law enforcement. Rumor has similarly indicted other highly successful performers, like Don Drysdale, Whitey Ford, and Bill Singer. Preacher Roe, upon retiring from the Dodgers, in 1954, after an extended useful tenure on the mound at Ebbets Field, published a splendidly unrepentant confession, in which he gave away a number of trade secrets. His favorite undryer, as I recall, was a full pack of Doublemint gum, and he loaded up by straightening the bill of his cap between pitches and passing his fingers momentarily in front of his face—now also illegal, alas.

It may be perceived that my sympathies, which lately seemed to lie so rightly on the side of the poor overmatched hitters, have unaccountably swung the other way. I admit this indefensible lapse simply because I find the spitter so enjoyable for its deviousness and skulking disrespect. I don't suppose we should again make it a fully legal pitch (it was first placed outside the pale in 1920), but I would enjoy a return to the era when the spitter was treated simply as a misdemeanor and we could all laugh ourselves silly at the sight of a large, outraged umpire suddenly calling in a suspected wetback for inspection (and the pitcher, of course,

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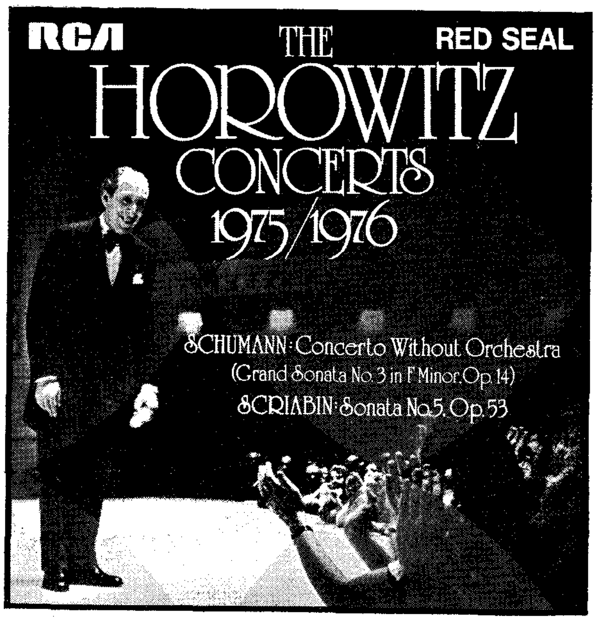
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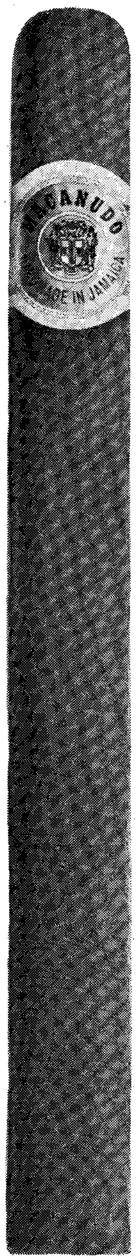

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rolling the ball to him across the grass) and then glaring impotently out at the innocent ("Who—*me?*") perpetrator on the mound. Baseball is a hard, rules-dominated game, and it should have more room in it for a little cheerful cheating.

ALL these speculations, and we have not yet taken the ball out of the hands of its first friend, the pitcher. And yet there is always something more. We might suddenly realize, for instance, that baseball is the only team sport in which the scoring is not done with the ball. In hockey, football, soccer, basketball, lacrosse, and the rest of them, the ball or its equivalent actually scores or is responsible for the points that determine the winner. In baseball, the score is made by the base runner—by the man down there, just crossing the plate—while the ball, in most cases, is a long way off, doing something quite different. It's a strange business, this unique double life going on in front of us, and it tells us a lot about this unique game. A few years ago, there was a suddenly popular thesis put forward in some sports columns and light-heavyweight editorial pages which proposed that the immense recent popularity of professional football could be explained by the fact that the computerlike complexity of its plays, the clotted and anonymous masses of its players, and the intense violence of its action constituted a perfect Sunday parable of contemporary urban society. It is a pretty argument, and perhaps even true, especially since it is hard not to notice that so many professional football games, in spite of their noise and chaos, are deadeningly repetitious, predictable, and banal. I prefer the emotions and suggestions to be found in the other sport. I don't think anyone can watch many baseball games without becoming aware of the fact that the ball, for all its immense energy and unpredictability, very rarely escapes the control of the players. It is released again and again—pitched and caught, struck along the ground or sent high in the air—but almost always, almost instantly, it is recaptured and returned to control and safety and harmlessness. Nothing is altered, nothing has been allowed to happen. This orderliness and constraint are among the prime attractions of the sport; a handful of men, we discover, can police a great green country, forestalling unimaginable disasters. A slovenly, error-filled game can sometimes be exciting, but it never seems serious, and is thus never truly satisfying, for the meta-

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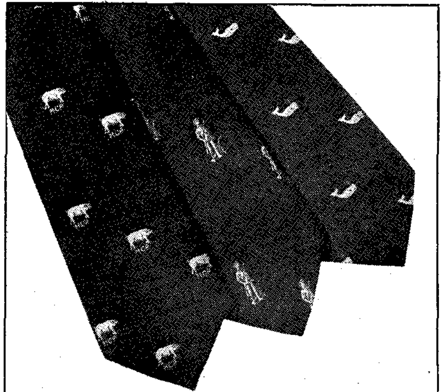

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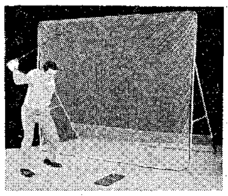

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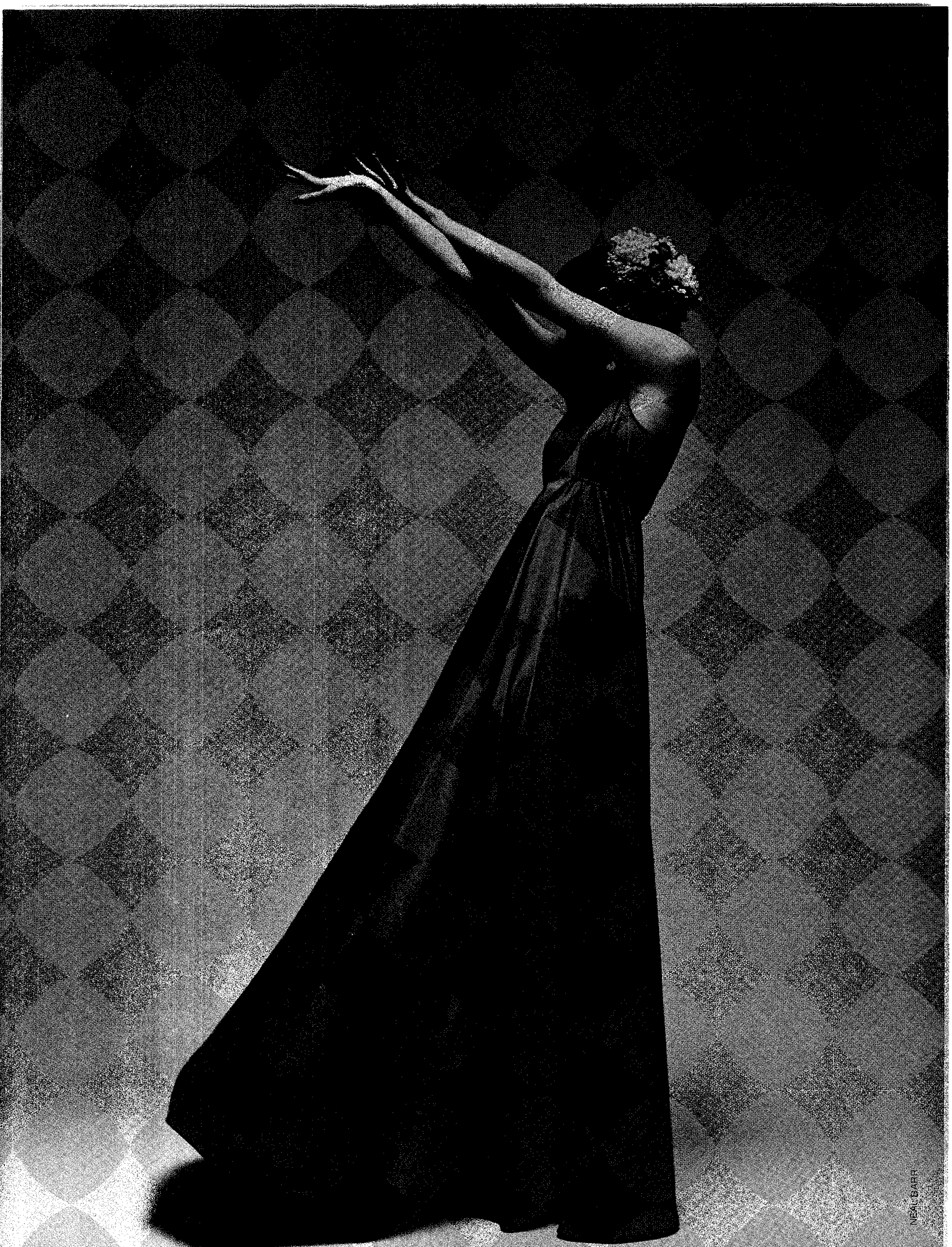

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—Roger Angell

•

THE TURN

The door of the shed,
partway o-
pen, gave out into half-light.

At one side a brown
paper bag,
half full of nails, sat crumpled.

The sun had set just
a minute
or so before, the light was

going fast, the wind
sifting up
from the shore edged past my head,

leaving at my skin
its touch of
northern September. Birds on

the move (a few were
chirping still
outside) would die—so I thought—

thousands, millions in
emptiness
of passage. How would they not—

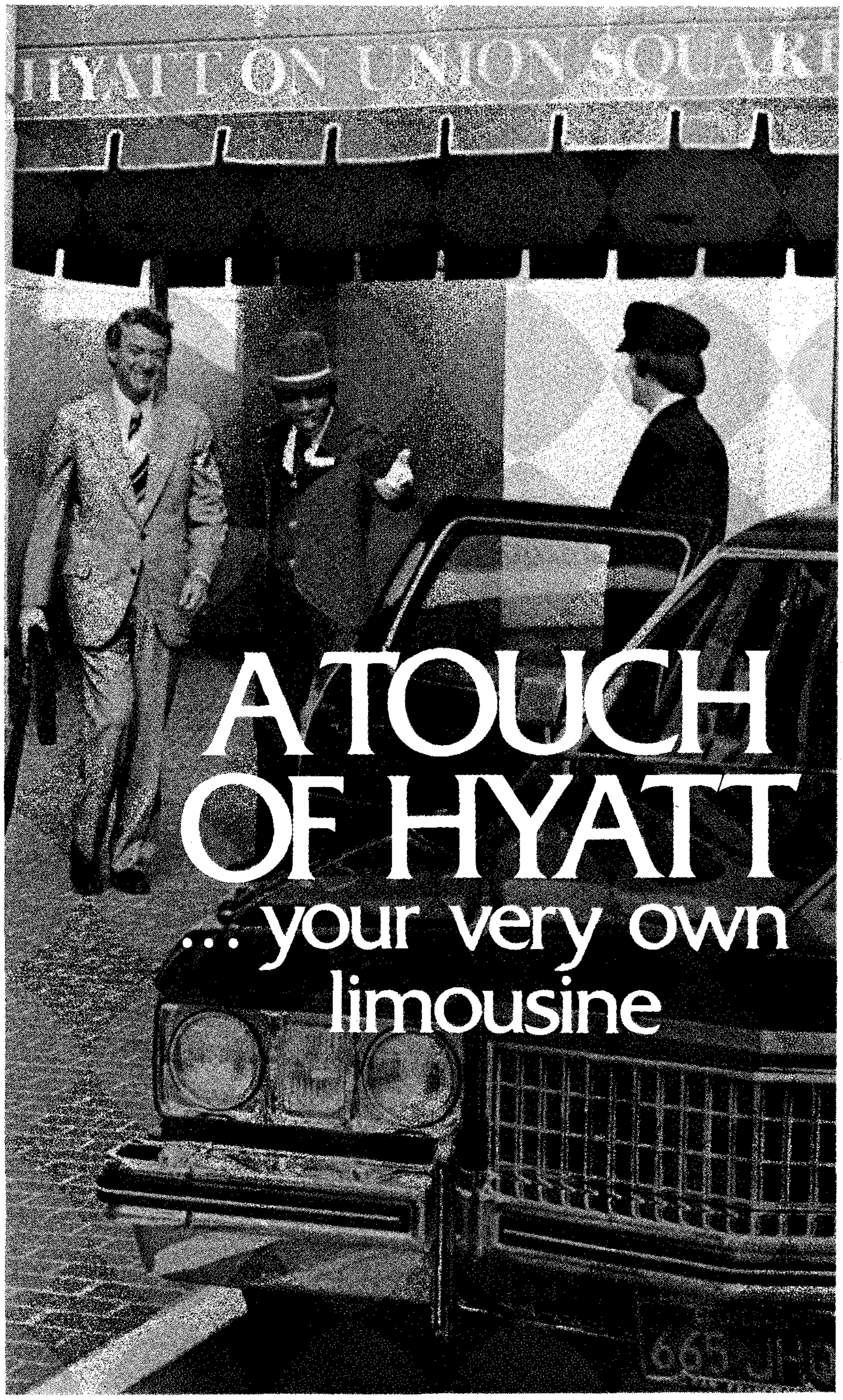
those small, precise minds
fixed on the
one end, not remembering

nests that were cold now?
And I too
would turn (as red clouds dimmed to

night's all color) in
this new can-
niness, sensing how (the mo-

ment of fullness once
attained) no-
thing remains but withdrawal.

—Frederick Morgan



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New York City
September 22, 1976

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

As I noted in these pages last spring, citizens in many parts of India were suddenly awakened by the police in the middle of the night of June 26, 1975, and carted off to jails without a charge or a warrant. This was the first of a series of knock-on-the-door arrests of political opponents by Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's government, as part of its proclamation of a national emergency that day. Such summary arrests have continued to the present time, in keeping with a prolonged campaign to stamp out all dissent, and the ranks of political prisoners have never ceased to grow, despite the release of some individuals. Last May, Mrs. Gandhi's Home Affairs Ministry announced that the number of people it had arrested for printing and disseminating underground broadsheets itself came to seven thousand. The officials insist, however, that many of the prisoners are not Mrs. Gandhi's political opponents ("prisoners of conscience") but, rather, hoodlums, black marketeers, and hoarders ("anti-social elements," or "bad elements") who were previously able to exploit Constitutional guarantees against such arrests to escape prosecution. Even so, the officials refuse to release any information about the prisoners—their identities, the sites and conditions of their jails, the state of their health, the length of their imprisonment—claiming that it is all a "state secret;" they have forbidden families of the prisoners to inquire about them, newspapers to publish their names, and courts to conduct hearings or trials, or, now, even to entertain writs of habeas corpus. Moreover, according to Mrs. Gandhi's Home Affairs Minister, Om Mehta, "in the case of persons whose detention is declared to be necessary for effectively dealing with the emergency, the grounds of detention shall be treated as confidential matters of state whose disclosure will be against the public interest, and shall not be communicated to the person detained." There have been constant reports of torture and mistreatment of the political prisoners, and Amnesty International and other independent bodies have made repeated requests for an investigation of such reports, but Mrs. Gandhi's government has refused to accede to these, or simply permit anyone to see or interview the political prisoners. "Here Mrs. Gandhi's regime shows itself even less responsive to the principles of human rights than many other police states, such as Chile, Taiwan, the Soviet Union, Indonesia, and South Korea," the late Ivan Morris, chairman of the American branch of Amnesty International, noted not long ago in a letter to the *Times*.

There has been much speculation about the number of the political prisoners—estimates varying from thirty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand. Just a few months ago, on being asked to divulge the number, Mrs. Gandhi said, "It's a small number of people, very small, relative to India's whole population"—as if because the prison population was a small fraction of the total population (some six hundred million), it were of no consequence, and as if there were some direct relation between the two numbers.

Mrs. Gandhi's use of sweeping emergency powers has a long line of precedents in recent Indian history. The British made routine use of the so-called Defense of India Rules to peremptorily arrest political opponents of their government. Nehru's government invoked the authority of the Rules during the 1962 Sino-Indian War to peremptorily arrest many Communist leaders. Mrs. Gandhi's own government, during the "emergency" of the 1967-68 guerrilla warfare in Nagaland and the Mizo Hills, on the northeastern frontier, "pacified" entire villages by turning them into makeshift military prisons.

But all along, and especially since independence, questions have been raised in India about the morality and the legality of the use of such emergency powers: How can the suspension of all civil liberties and human rights ever be justified in a democratic society? And if it is ever justifiable, how is the government to determine that an emergency necessitating it really exists? As long as the Indian government used its emergency powers against small sections of society—the Communists, the Nagas, the Mizos—such questions were mostly ignored. But during the present national emergency these powers have been used in such a wholesale manner that last winter the Supreme Court of India itself was asked to address the questions. In seven state High Courts, the government had been the defendant in habeas-corpus cases brought by forty-three political prisoners, including four members of Parlia-

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ment, and it had lost all of them. In its appeal to the Supreme Court, the government contended that it had proclaimed the national emergency under the emergency provisions of the Constitution, and that citizens' rights guaranteed under any other part of the Constitution—such as the rights to life and liberty, the right to equality before the law, and the right of habeas corpus—could consequently be suspended. The political prisoners contended that such rights were so "fundamental" that they were rooted in "the rule of law" and could not be suspended by any procedural provisions of the Constitution.

On April 28th, the Supreme Court upheld the government's position, by a vote of four to one. The case was decided on two narrow legal issues: could the political prisoners file writs of habeas corpus during the national emergency, and, if so, what should be the extent of the judicial scrutiny of the government's grounds for their arrests? Chief Justice A. N. Ray—an appointee of Mrs. Gandhi—wrote one of the majority opinions. "Liberty is confined and controlled by law," he wrote. "It is not an absolute freedom. If extraordinary powers are given [by the Constitution], they are given because the emergency is extraordinary." Ray held that neither the political prisoners nor the courts need be apprised of the government's grounds for the arrests: "Material and information on which orders of preventive detention are passed necessarily belong to a class of documents whose disclosure would impair the proper functioning of public service and administration. The file relating to a detention order must contain intelligence reports whose confidentiality is beyond reasonable question."

In a concurring opinion, Justice Y. V. Chandrachud said that courts of law could not look upon the emergency with any mental reservations: "Judge and jury alike may form their personal assessment of a political situation but whether the emergency should be declared or not is a matter of high state policy, and questions of policy are impossible to examine in courts of law."

Justice M. H. Beg, in his concurring opinion, drew an analogy between governments and parents: "The constitutional duty of every government faced with threats of widespread disorder and chaos . . . cannot be denied. . . . Even parents have to take appropriate preventive action against those children who may threaten to burn down the house they live in."

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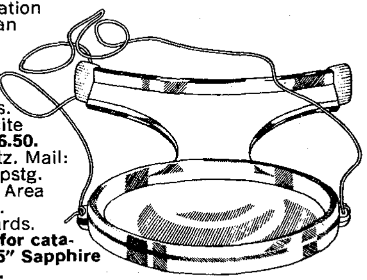

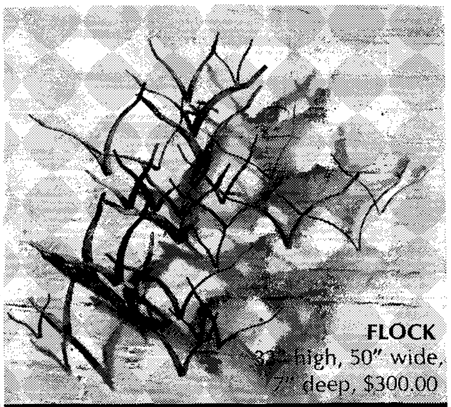

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The lone dissenting opinion was written by Justice H. R. Khanna, who, invoking the tradition of Plato, the Magna Carta, and the American Declaration of Independence, wrote, "The power of the courts to issue a writ of habeas corpus is regarded as one of the most important characteristics of democratic states under the rule of law. The principle that no one shall be deprived of his liberty without the authority of law was not the gift of the Constitution. It existed before the coming into force of the Constitution." Khanna pointed out that without court protection any capricious or malicious constable or petty official could arrest any persons, or even whole families, and keep them in prison indefinitely. Such officials would not even have the need to conjure up the spectre of public disorder or of a threat to national security, and, since they would not be answerable to any law or court, they would wield despotic powers. Khanna wrote, "Whether such things actually come to pass is not the question before us: it is enough to state that these are permissible consequences from the acceptance of the contention that [the Constitution] is the sole repository of the right to life and personal liberty and that consequent upon the issue of the Presidential Order [proclaiming a national emergency] no one can approach any court and seek relief during the period of the emergency against deprivation of life or personal liberty." He noted, "In a purely formal sense, even the organized mass murders of the Nazi regime qualify as law."

The effect of the majority opinions, however, is that the government must now be accepted as acting in good faith. (The dissenting opinion is, of course, a feat of temerity, since all the judges live and work under the threat of arrest, and are no doubt mindful of the fact that dissident members of Parliament were among the first persons to be arrested.) But critics out of the reach of the government have found little reason to credit it with good faith. In Birmingham, on August 10, 1975—six weeks after the proclamation of the national emergency and eight and a half months before the Supreme Court's disposal of the case—a woman named Mary Tyler addressed the Indian Workers' Association, an organization of Indians living in Britain, on the theme of political prisoners in India. She is a British subject who has lived in India and is married to an Indian who has been imprisoned on the suspicion that he was a Naxalite—a member of a peasant Maoist movement

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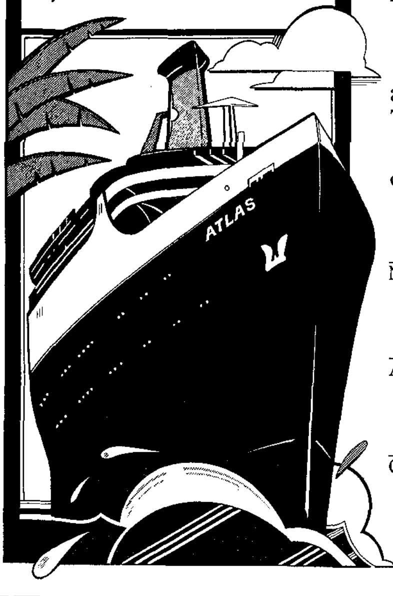

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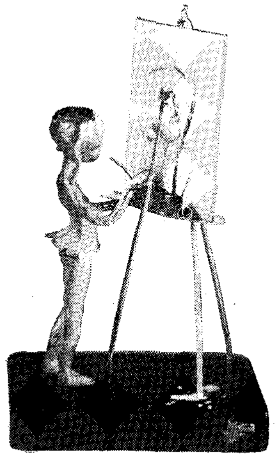

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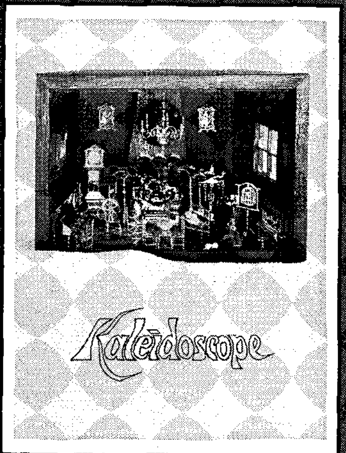

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that originated in West Bengal in 1967. As a result of her marriage, she was also suspected of being a Naxalite and spent five years, from 1970 to 1975, as a political prisoner in Indian jails, most of the time in the Hazaribagh Central Jail, in Bihar. Her remarks were later published in the *New India Bulletin*, a Canadian Marxist publication of the Indian People's Association in North America. Miss Tyler says in her remarks that everyone is always asking, "How *many* political prisoners are there in India?" She says that she does not have the slightest idea, and that the numbers do not really matter; but she recalls that when she was in Hazaribagh Central Jail there were from two to three hundred prisoners like her, whom the government had branded "Naxalites." Many of them were indeed known to be Naxalites, but others were merely suspected of being members of the movement. Moreover, other kinds of political prisoners were always turning up. Sometimes they were demonstrators—students, lawyers, intellectuals—but more often than not they were striking railway workers, striking teachers, or striking hospital workers. As soon as a demonstration was crushed or a strike broken, such political prisoners were released, but she estimates that at one time—at the height of Jaya Prakash Narayan's political agitation in Bihar in 1974, when workers, shopkeepers, students, and local officials went out on strike to protest corruption and mismanagement in the government—there were as many as six thousand political prisoners in the Hazaribagh Central Jail. As a rule, the "Naxalites" were never released, and were singled out for the worst prison treatment. Most were crowded into small, dingy cells—sometimes five to a cell. There was not so much as a fan, and the only light was from a naked electric bulb overhead, which was left burning all night. The only ventilation was through the bars of the doors. The "Naxalite" prisoners were denied decent sanitary facilities, adequate diet, adequate clothing, and even adequate drinking water, and at times were denied any exercise. (What makes Miss Tyler's testimony remarkably convincing is that although she says much about the suffering of the others, she says hardly anything about her own. She merely notes in passing that she owes her eventual release to being a foreigner.) Some of the "Naxalite" prisoners were kept in solitary confinement, without books or newspapers. Few of the political prisoners were allowed visitors, and almost

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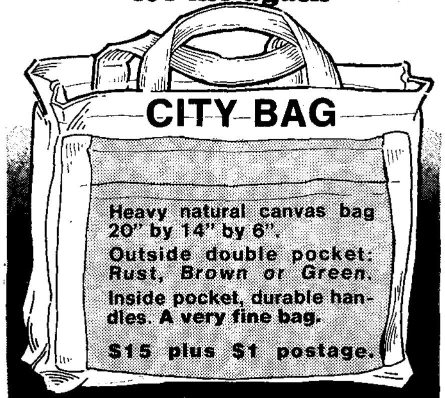

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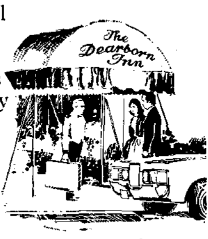

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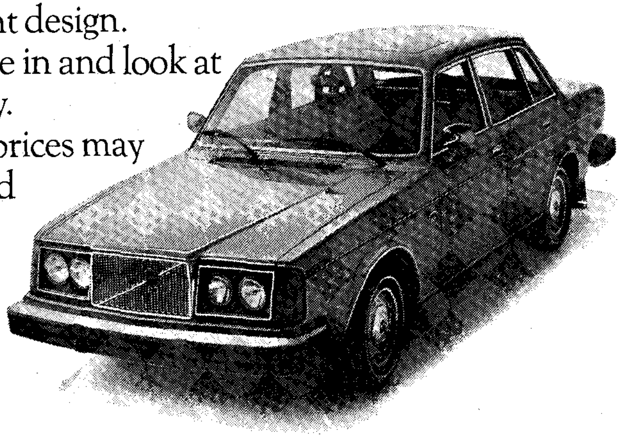
Volvo



their only contact with the outside world was through censored letters, delivered long after they had been written. "Naxalites" were kept shackled in bar fetters—an apparatus of iron rods and rings—which weighed about nine pounds, and which made it all but impossible for them to walk, sit, squat, sleep, or even use the lavatory in an ordinary way. The fetters were put on the "Naxalites" the moment they entered the prison, and were thereafter kept on them night and day, in cold weather and hot. (Bihar is hot much of the year.) The fetters caused running sores, and left many of the prisoners disabled or deformed. "I cannot precisely say how many people are in fetters at a single time," Miss Tyler observes. "Often the prisoners are able to get these fetters removed after hunger strikes and other protests, but they are hardly out of fetters for more than 15 days at a time when the jail authorities put them back on them on the flimsiest excuse." Flies and mosquitoes proliferated. A great many of the prisoners came down with malaria, filariasis, typhoid, smallpox, tuberculosis, leprosy. Some were beaten and tortured, and occasionally one was shot. They had no recourse from the arbitrary punishment of their jailers and no chance of release either on bail or on compassionate or medical grounds.

Of course, in those days the government was legally obliged to prefer charges and issue warrants; a political prisoner could demand a writ of habeas corpus and a court hearing, and could carry his petition all the way to the Supreme Court and perhaps win release. Even if he was rearrested immediately thereafter—as political prisoners often were—he could at least support himself with hope in his prison cell.

Today, the catalogue of Indian acts of brutality, based on eyewitness reports from those imprisoned during the latest emergency—which were gathered by the International League for Human Rights and presented to the United Nations for action last June—includes beating prisoners with steel rods and rifle butts, burning their skin with candles, tying rods to their necks to stretch their spinal cords, suspending them by their feet, inserting live electric wires in crevices of their bodies. To be sure, acts of brutality on this scale, however appalling, are unique neither to India nor to our times. But they have no precedent in the India of Indira Gandhi's father, Nehru—or of his spiritual father, Mahatma Gandhi.

Faithfully,
Ved Mehta

U.S. JOURNAL: ADAMSTOWN, PA.

SOME PEOPLE I HAVE DEALT WITH AT RENNINGER'S

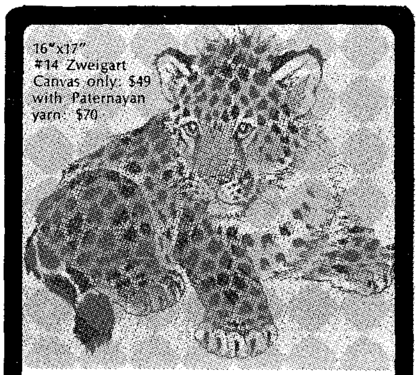
BRUCE BEALE

A COUPLE of years ago, Bruce Beale sold me a nine-by-eleven-foot canvas that had once hung outside the tent of a carnival ventriloquist named Val Fox. There are people—among them people who have seen the Val Fox canvas—who might consider that a triumph of salesmanship, although, as it happens, I craved the canvas so desperately I would probably have bought it even if the seller had done nothing but point out a couple of holes worn through it. The transaction took place at Renninger's flea market, a huge sprawl of connected sheds where a few hundred dealers man booths every Sunday to sell what the voice on the loudspeaker always refers to as "antiques, collectibles, decorative items, and investment items." Beale does not confine himself to a simple booth. He operates out of a huge, awesomely cluttered room in a sort of annex of Renninger's. On Sundays, the room is noisy even when nobody is around. Beale is likely to have in his inventory the sort of old advertising displays that whir and clang and gurgle. For some time, he had on hand a number of nearly life-size animals that once moved here and there in the window of a department store in Milwaukee, and the machinery in their innards made quite a bit more noise than the roar or whinny of real beasts. Beale's dog, a pit bull terrier named Baby, occasionally growls at an advertising display, reserving his more ferocious barks for customers. A lot of Beale's inventory is indistinguishable, in both content and method of display, from what might be encountered in an untended attic—torn political posters, old beer coasters, dusty phonograph albums of some forgotten crooner's greatest hits, lamp bases that discourage speculation on what the shades must have been like. These days, of course, what appears to be an old lamp base may be a treasure for a collector of "early electrical." Some of what looks like junk in Beale's huge room is in fact junk, but some of it is as marketable to the right collector as the Coke trays and advertising displays and gumball machines and music boxes and huge tin signs that Beale and other dealers routinely get rid of every Sunday. Some of Beale's exchanges with his customers amount to no more than a shake of the head—an indication that he has acquired nothing in their specialty since their last visit. At Beale's, I sometimes get the feeling that I am the last impulse buyer left.

I didn't buy the Val Fox canvas to fill out a collection of Middle Period American Carnival and Sideshow items. I loved it for itself. In the center of the canvas, balancing a sort of minstrel-show black dummy on one knee and a white dummy on the other, was Val Fox, ventriloquist—a square-jawed man who looked something like Smilin' Jack. Off to the right, extending stiffly out of a partly opened theatrical trunk, was a pigtailed Chinese figure, presumably another dummy. But the most fascinating figure was a distinguished-looking elderly man sitting on a chair not far from Val Fox. Someone called from the audience to attest that Val's lips did not move? A full-size, human-looking dummy? Val's old dad? I did not see how I could do without the Val Fox canvas, although I had no interest at all in the other carnival scenes Beale had on hand—the Fat Lady or the Mind Reader or the Seal Boy. (Apparently, nobody else has any interest in them, either; they were still around the last time I visited Beale.) While I circled around in front of Val Fox, trying to visualize how he would look hanging in a place that did not look like an untended attic, Beale said very little. Then, suddenly, he offered me a package price for Val Fox and a Moxie tip tray I had been considering for someone I know who collects items associated with Moxie soda pop—early, middle, and the stuff bottled last month. Sold. Even impulse buyers buy collectibles. Collecting has solved the gift problem.

I have seen Beale in action enough to know that the timing of his offer was no accident. He is a good salesman. He says that years ago he was so good at selling life insurance that in 1955 he became the fifth-highest-selling life-insurance agent in the coun-

"Oh, Charles, it's too late for honesty. Let's play Scrabble."



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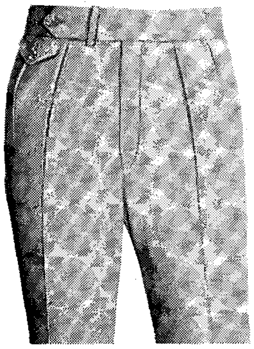

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try—earning himself a long taste of the high life and a large tax debt at the end of the year. The stakes are different at Renninger's, of course, and so is the approach. An old Edison phonograph is not sold with fast patter or steak dinners. The potential buyer has probably bought, and maybe even sold, a few old phonographs before. Beale, sitting behind a table in the corner, seems taciturn, almost gruff. An informally dressed man with a white goatee, he has the air of someone who is hard to surprise. His sales talk often seems to consist of some technical data ("I've got a Sonora here that plays Diamond Discs") or the sort of candid information on markup that one might exchange with a peer. "I can't really do any better than that," he will tell a customer who finds eighty-five dollars too steep for a gumball machine. "I've got seventy in it myself, so it's no big killing." His method of selling a rare figure modelled on a character from the Andy Gump comic strip—an item he has had around for some time—is not to lower the price but to wait for the almost inevitable appearance of one of the few collectors who will have to buy it. An Andy Gump collector, unlike a life-insurance prospect, is moved to buy what he is being offered not by the argument that everybody needs it but by the realization that nobody else has it.

"I consider myself a professional dealer," Beale told me one day. "Most of the people around here are amateurs, part-timers." Beale does not maintain a shop outside of Renninger's, but he spends much of the week buying—concentrating on animated figures, music boxes, old battery radios, sports memorabilia, old musical instruments, toys, old bar items, and old soda-fountain items. His business is so closely tied to collecting that it is not enhanced by the increase in tourist traffic through Pennsylvania in the summer months. An item that is collected usually becomes too expensive for a browser who might have bought it just because he liked the looks of it. "The general public has no meaning for me," Beale says. His business card reads "Bruce H. Beale, Collectibles."

Pauline Thompson

I HAVE bought a lot of chocolate cake from Pauline Thompson. I came across the lunch stand she operates because of its proximity to one of those dime-a-ride animals that are often seen bouncing children up and down outside shopping-center supermarkets. Keeping children entertained at Ren-

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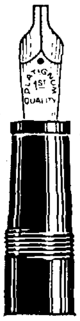

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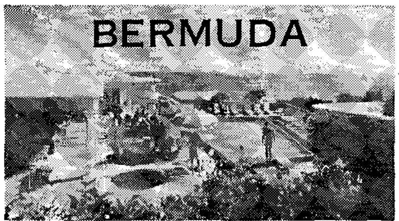

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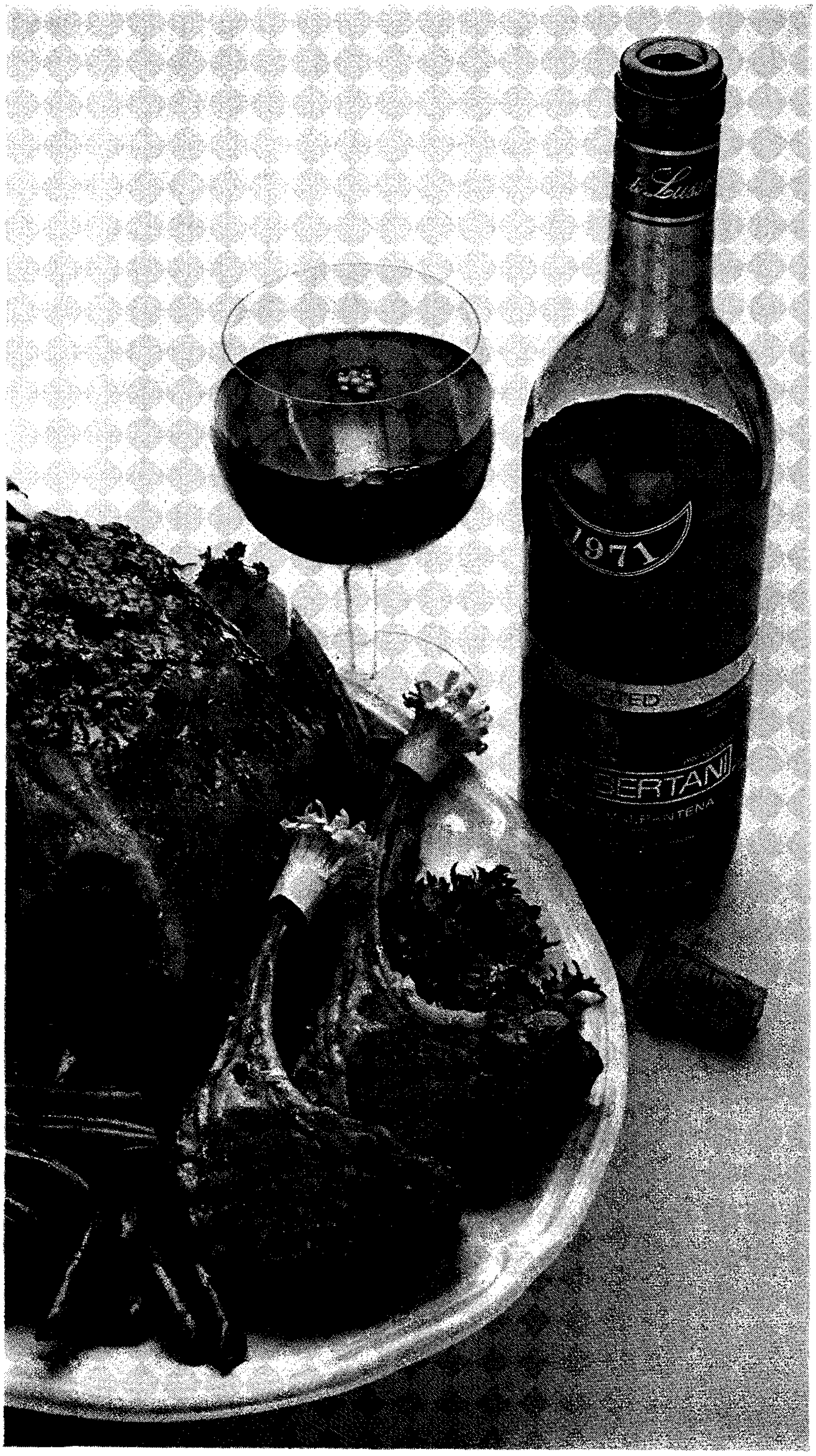
BERMUDA

ninger's is a tricky business. Parents who try to jolly them along with the obvious "Look at that statue of a puppy" or "Isn't that a funny doll!" run the risk of encouraging interest in possessing what may look like a Mickey Mouse cutout but is actually an enormously valuable piece of early-middle Walt Disney. (It was some comfort for me to be told by a dealer recently that the bottom has dropped out of the Mickey Mouse market, leaving those who bought old Pluto dolls as investment items in the position of a Wall Street hustler with a drawerful of go-go electronics stock; even in a depleted market, though, a piece of Disney memorabilia is not a practical item for a four-year-old to covet.) What fixed Mrs. Thompson's stand in my gaze—a gaze that had wandered from the bouncing horse to a purveyor of Second World War souvenirs to a stand that, in the sort of staggering overrefinement common at flea markets these days, displays old picture postcards sorted according to state, city, and field of interest—was the color of her chocolate cake. It was black, not brown—the sort of black that in some lights looks almost blue. It was, without question, serious chocolate cake. I don't collect chocolate cake, of course, but my wife does.

Until I came across Mrs. Thompson's counter, the only food shop I considered absolutely essential at Renninger's was the funnel-cake stand. Funnel cake is a plateful of twisted dough that has been cooked in oil, covered with powdered sugar, and served piping hot—a regional specialty that some connoisseurs believe to be of about equal harm to the fingers, the clothing, and the stomach lining. I still pay a call on the funnel-cake stand, but not before I have braced myself with a bowl of Mrs. Thompson's chicken-corn-and-rice soup or cream-of-potato soup—her soups, it turned out upon investigation, being at least as good, if not as distinctively colored, as her chocolate cake. Mrs. Thompson learned to make soup as a girl growing up on a Pennsylvania farm. The origin of her chocolate-cake recipe, she told me, was the misdelivery of some dark chocolate to a restaurant she once ran—an accident she had the wit to exploit, the way some particularly alert research chemist might take advantage of the fact that the medicinal substance he accidentally spilled had a remarkable cleansing effect on the suède of his shoes.

Mrs. Thompson figures that her lunch counter requires a forty-hour



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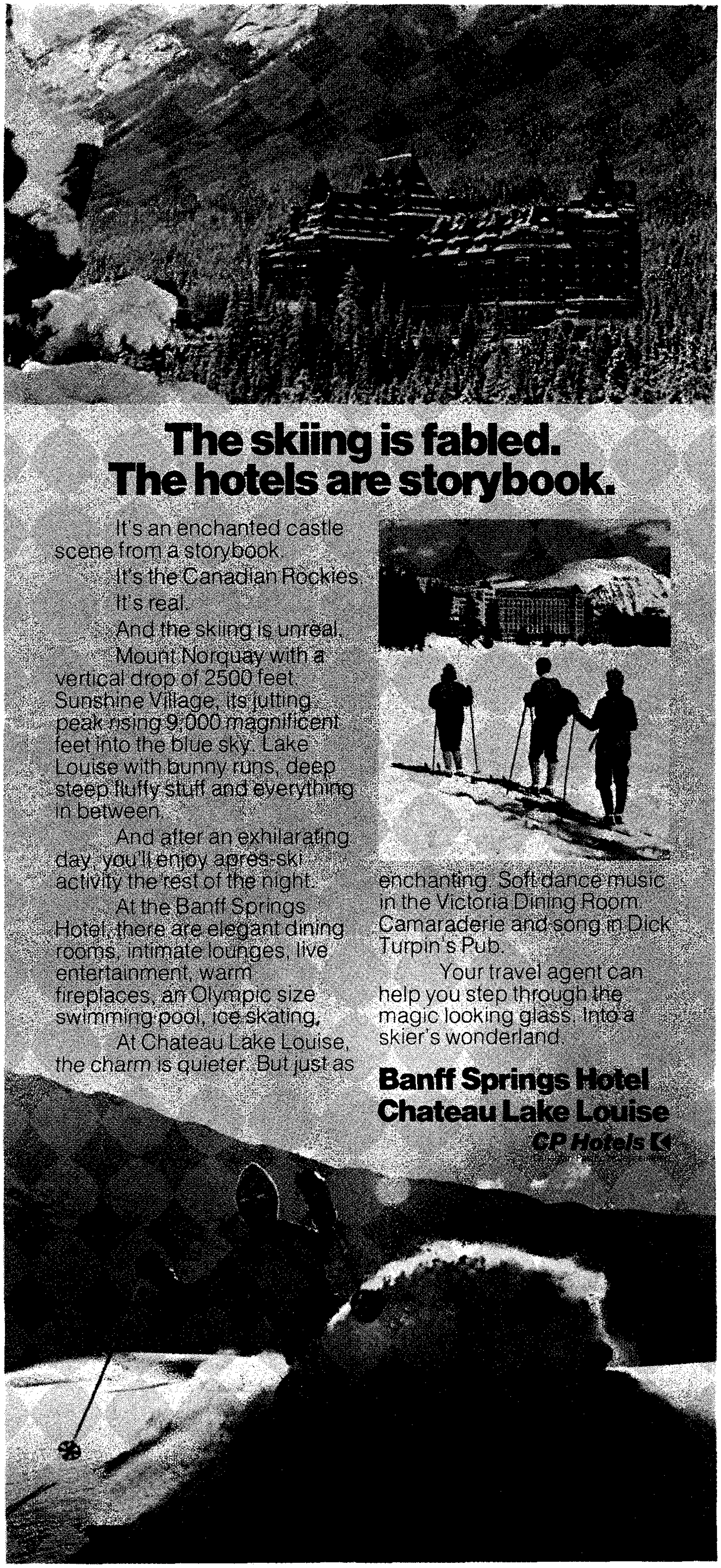
week—although the forty hours are compressed into three days, beginning when she arises early Friday morning to begin fixing her soups. After two days of cooking and baking, she gets up at three-thirty on Sunday morning and loads her station wagon with provisions that include half a dozen chocolate cakes, an equal number of apple cakes, some huge kettles of soup, and fifteen pounds of steak and onions. Then she drives off to Renninger's to start her day. The three-day effort apparently does not significantly deplete her energy; she seems to have plenty left over for what she calls her "little projects."

The restaurant Mrs. Thompson ran was itself one of her projects—an enterprise she thought she could handle because of her cooking ability and several years' experience as a waitress. It had been a garage next to a small, decrepit trailer court she bought. She transformed the garage into a restaurant with an Early American motif, ran it for a few years, and sold it. She still runs the trailer court, having spent a lot of time re-covering its furniture, making curtains, and landscaping. Her main project for the past few years has been the renovation of a small railroad station she came across one day on her way to a factory-outlet sale. Working with a friend, she spent months stripping the paint off the wainscoting, restoring some of the old details, and supervising the conversion of the station into a two-family house. A before-and-after photograph of the station hangs behind Mrs. Thompson's lunch counter. It was there as a sort of "For Sale" sign for a while. One of Mrs. Thompson's sons has bought the station, but she keeps the picture up anyway. Now that the station is gone, she tries to keep busy going to yard sales, refinishing a few antiques, and working on some land she and her husband own in the woods. "I also do some découpage at home," she told me last time I dropped in for some soup and a piece of chocolate cake. "I'm not an expert at anything, but I mess around with the whole bit."

EDWIN HYNES

A MAN I'll call Edwin Hynes runs a booth at Renninger's that is as neat as Bruce Beale's place is cluttered. The items he has for sale are neatly displayed and neatly tagged. Almost all of the tags begin with the word "old"—old tin cranberry scoop, old hand fluter, old wooden churn, old cast-iron lathe, old bottle capper, old dynamite blaster, old telegraph key



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and sounder, old vacuum pump. I almost bought an old vacuum pump from Hynes once; I was stopped at the last minute by a chilly blast of uncharacteristic restraint. I still covet it. (Hynes still has it, or one like it; he says they come out of old science departments in old schools.) I suppose I thought of the old vacuum pump as what the man on the Renninger's public-address system calls a "decorative item." Like most of the objects Hynes has for sale, it had a rich shine to it—shiny copper and wood brought to a high gloss and iron repainted a deep black. I did buy an old wooden walker from Hynes once—a graceful cherry version of the orthopedic aid now usually made out of aluminum tubing. I had at least as much use for it as I had for a vacuum pump.

Hynes is a quiet, gray-haired man who usually wears the kind of off-white half-apron favored by a machinist or a home putterer who likes to keep nuts and screws handy while he's in the workshop. His knowledge of old and not so old implements seems to have been acquired naturally throughout his life—growing up on a farm, working in a steel mill, working for a salvage company, training as an engineer, teaching in a technical high school. Once, when he found it necessary to amass a few extra academic credits in order to qualify for promotion in the school system, he took a course in the geography of Pennsylvania so he could learn more about who settled where and what sort of implements they used.

Hynes likes to talk about wood and metal—about how to bring out the lustre of maple or how to remove the corrosion from copper or how to paint iron so that it is somewhere between flat and glossy black—but he seems to be a man of limited enthusiasm on most subjects. He says he took early retirement from teaching partly because he found it disappointing that the students didn't seem to have enough background in math or science to understand what he was trying to teach them. He doesn't like his name bandied about, because of the possibility of attracting the sort of people who, he says, tend to come "right out from under the rocks" these days. He is bearish about the financial opportunities in the antique trade. He says that he and his wife can supplement their pension and Social Security payments by restoring and selling old wood planes or old meat tenderizers or old butter churns, but that the business fluctuates too much to be a dependable source of income. "I'd

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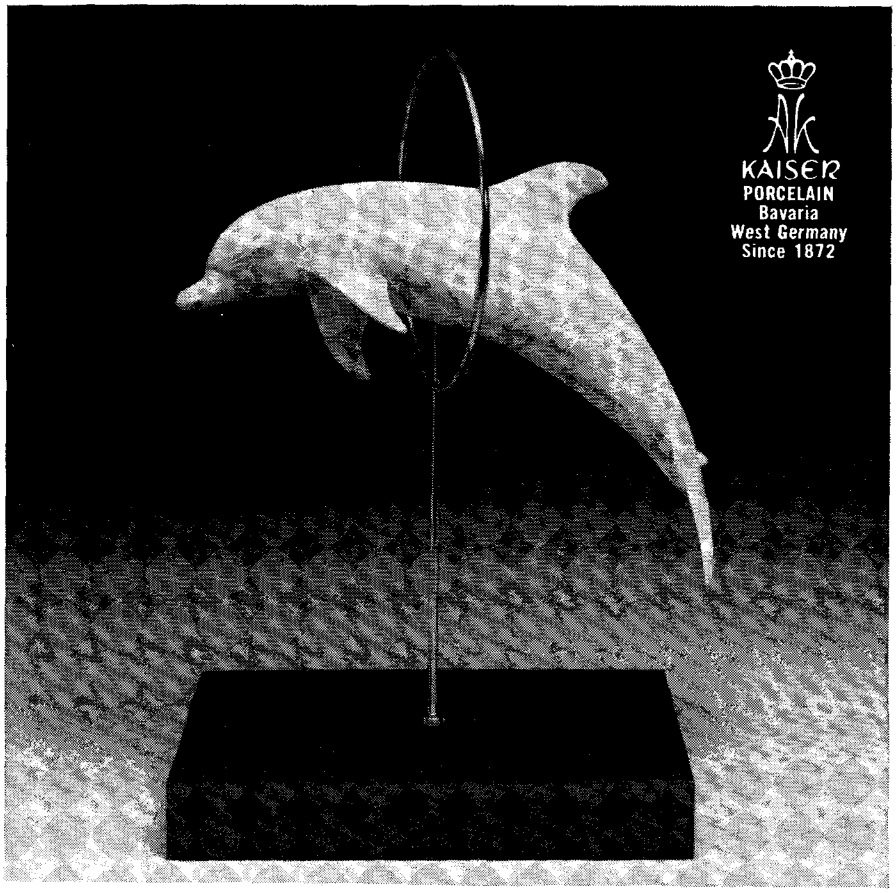

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hate to have to make a living at this," Hynes told me recently.

By Bruce Beale's definition, Hynes is an amateur—a highly skilled amateur, of course, with an established reputation in a specialty. In the antique and collectibles game, the line between amateurism and professionalism is fuzzy. Both Beale and Hynes became dealers gradually, because they had acquired so much as buyers that they had to start selling in self-defense. In a place like Renninger's, dealers sell mostly to each other. When Hynes talks about dealers at Renninger's, the caste distinction he tends to make is between the dealers who have stalls indoors, a more or less permanent arrangement, and those who sell from tables, or even the backs of pickup trucks, in the outdoor section that Renninger's maintains. Hynes says that the outdoor people are sometimes called "junkies." I made a purchase outside at Renninger's one Sunday; it was a Crédit Lyonnais war-bond poster for a friend of mine who finds most things French pure Moxie. I bought it from a family, a man and wife and their teen-age daughter. It seemed like an ordinary flea-market transaction. I may have even remembered to say "Is this the best you can do on this?"—the customary beginning of the bargaining ritual. Then, suddenly, something the family said or some look exchanged among them made me realize that they were on hard times. It was one of those incidents that make me think that some diligent social scientist could probably chart a relationship between the social acceptability of middle-class people selling what they no longer need—in garage sales or tag sales or swap days staged by drive-in theatres—and the rise and fall in real wages. Hynes suspects some of the junkies of failing to pay sales tax, and I suspect his suspicion may be well founded. Being a careful man, he always adds sales tax to whatever he sells. I may yet buy the old vacuum pump from him anyway.

—Calvin Trillin

•

The Scotscape noses among the coastline and islands of the Forth of Firth.—*Monterey (Calif.) Sunday Peninsula Herald.*

Usually called the Back and Forth of Firth.

•

Sunny, Mild

Funny today with highs in 60's.
—*Columbia (S.C.) State.*

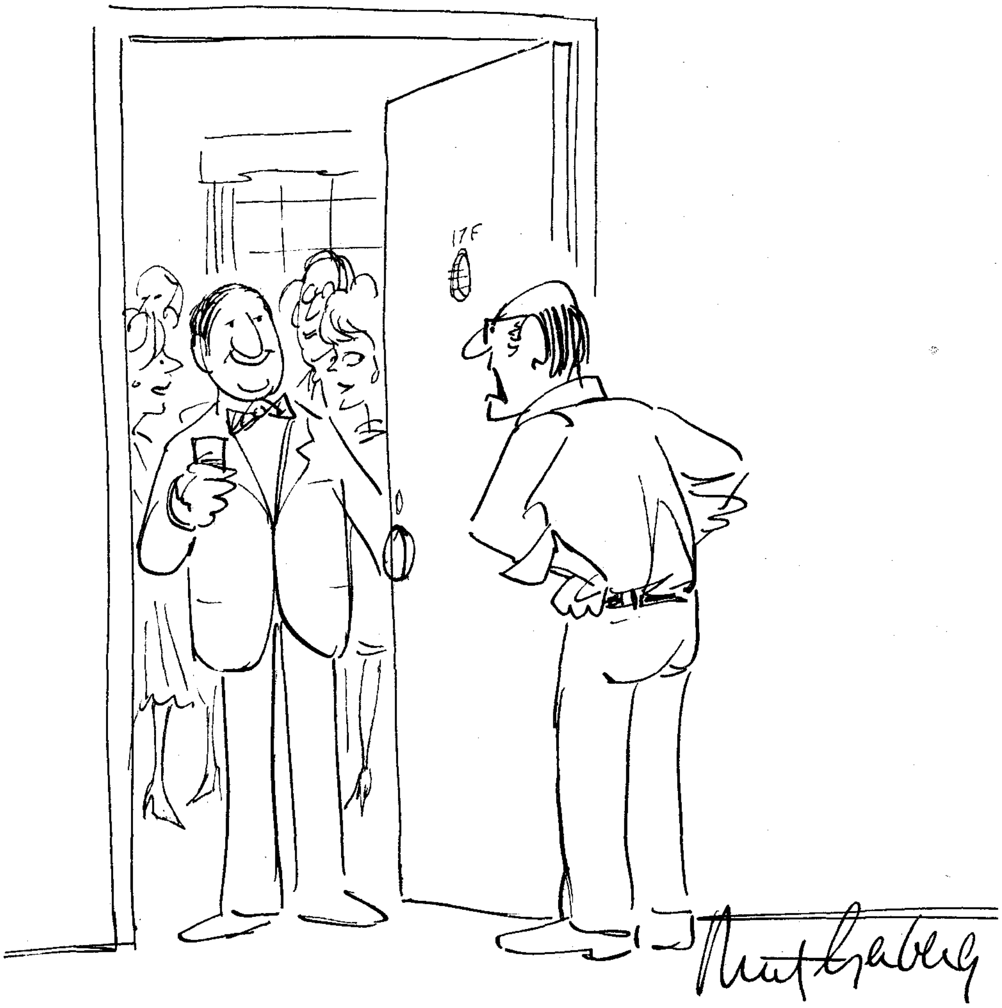
It was *quite* comical yesterday, as we remember it.

LETTER FROM MACAO

THIRTY years ago, when I first visited this picturesque Far Eastern province of Portugal, an anachronistic six-square-mile Mediterranean-style enclave of pale stucco buildings, old churches, and monuments tucked away in a corner of the South China Sea, west of Hong Kong and south of Canton, it did not seem to have much of a future in a postwar Asia that would clearly soon be dominated by Communist China. Macao's unbending representatives of Portugal's Fascist regime even then seemed relics of a distant past. With all that was happening in Southeast Asia, in India, and in China, it was hard to imagine that Macao could withstand the rising revolutionary tide for more than a year or two. As things have turned out, however, Portugal, the last of the imperial nations to let go of its empire, while surrendering almost a million square miles of colonial possessions in the chaotic aftermath of its 1974 revolution, has been unable to divest itself of Macao—which was the first permanent European settlement in this part of Asia and, it now appears, could outlive all the others. Though the Portuguese have been not only willing but positively eager to get out, a complex set of geopolitical and economic imperatives has served to renew Macao's colonial lease. Under the new Portuguese constitution, and by virtue of a new set of statutes for Macao, approved by Lisbon's ruling Revolutionary Council early in January of this year, the Portuguese are holding Macao in trust for China indefinitely as "a special territory." This odd but amicable arrangement, which is in strong contrast to painful Portuguese experiences in decolonizing Angola, Mozambique, Guinea-Bissau, and, most recently, Portuguese Timor (the last has become part of Indonesia), is the result of a tacit compromise between Lisbon and Peking. Since neither has wanted to assume full responsibility for Macao, it has been granted semiautonomy, whereby a new Legislative Assembly shares some of the power with a Portuguese governor—the greatest portion of whose prerogatives, in turn, are subject to veto by a group of dominant local Chinese, themselves enjoying an ambivalent role as capitalist entrepreneurs with close ties to the mainland Communist regime.

It is hard to tell just how long this curious arrangement will endure, but the chances are that it may go on until 1997, which is when the British colony of Hong Kong (or, more specifically, the larger area of it, known as the New Territories), forty miles to the east, is supposed to revert to China at the expiration of a ninety-nine-year lease. No one really knows what will happen on that magic date, or in the two intervening decades, but Peking is certainly in no hurry to take over either of the colonies—whose fortunes, both economic and political, are closely linked—because trade and remittances of funds from overseas Chinese funnelled through Communist banks in the British crown colony and, to a lesser extent, through branches of those banks here provide it with almost half of its foreign-exchange income of three billion dollars a year. Hong Kong and Macao also serve the Chinese as useful political listening posts and as important points of contact with Westerners. In these respects, of course, Hong Kong, which has a cosmopolitan population of four million, is more important than Macao, with only three hundred thousand, but both Peking and London are fully aware that if Macao should be given back to China, Hong Kong's position would automatically be thrown into question. Lisbon has been content to go along with this subtle post-imperial cat-and-mouse game, and, for the moment, everyone concerned is satisfied.

It was not always so. Back in 1966 and 1967, first in Macao and then in Hong Kong, young Red Guard radicals, given impetus by the Cultural Revolution in China, created considerable havoc. In Macao, riots broke out in December, 1966; their immediate cause was the refusal of the Portuguese authorities to allow a group of Chinese on the island of Taipa, which is part of Macao, to set up a revolutionary school. A more deep-seated source of Chinese discontent was the fact that the Chinese Nationalists from Taiwan still used Macao as a point of entry to the mainland. Mainland Chinese Communist gunboats were sent to patrol the harbor, and a boycott was declared against all Portuguese civil servants, who account for most of the Portuguese working population. They were turned away from shops and restaurants, and their homes were deprived



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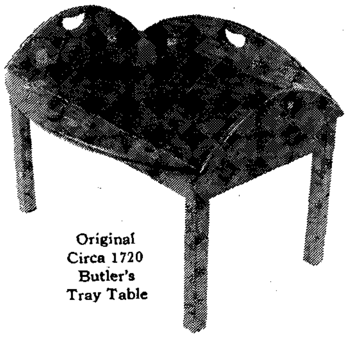

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of public-utility service. During the violence, which lasted a month, eight people were killed and more than two hundred injured. At the end of January, 1967, the Portuguese, acceding to a series of Chinese demands, signed a six-point agreement that banned all Chinese Nationalist activities in Macao, and, according to clauses whose details have never been disclosed, effectively gave the Chinese Communists their present strong voice in the conduct of the province's affairs. The Portuguese administration had been thoroughly humbled, but it had survived. In May, 1967, more serious riots occurred in Hong Kong, during which more than a score of people were killed and hundreds were injured, and the Hong Kong police and armed forces restored order only after several months. Because of the conflicting tides of the Cultural Revolution, it was never clear whether the Macao and Hong Kong disturbances had been ordered by radical elements in Peking or arose from actions taken by Red Guard leaders of the nearby Canton Revolutionary Committee, but Macao has not been the same since, and Hong Kong, though it resumed its customary commercial way of life under benevolent British dispensation, had been reminded of the nasty truth, now often repeated, that Peking could take either place with a phone call if it wanted to.

THE colonial history of Macao is not only three centuries longer than that of Hong Kong but a more precarious, more violent, and altogether more colorful one. Around 1535, Portuguese traders arrived in a small fishing village on the site; they shortly reached an agreement with the Chinese authorities in Canton whereby they were allowed to establish their trading houses in Macao in return for helping the Chinese rid the surrounding seas of pirates. A few years later, the Portuguese helped the Cantonese quell mutinous troops on the Chinese coast. The Portuguese had come to the Far East at a propitious time, for the Chinese emperor had recently forbidden direct trade between China and Japan. The Portuguese quickly prospered as middlemen, carrying cargoes, mostly of silk, from China to Japan, selling them at a high profit for silver, and returning to Macao to buy goods for another voyage. Each year, a Captain-Major of the Japan Voyage, appointed by the King of Portugal, would arrive in Macao in an armed carrack, and he would spend a number of months in the colony before continuing to Japan. While

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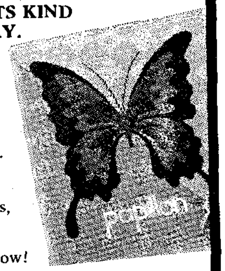

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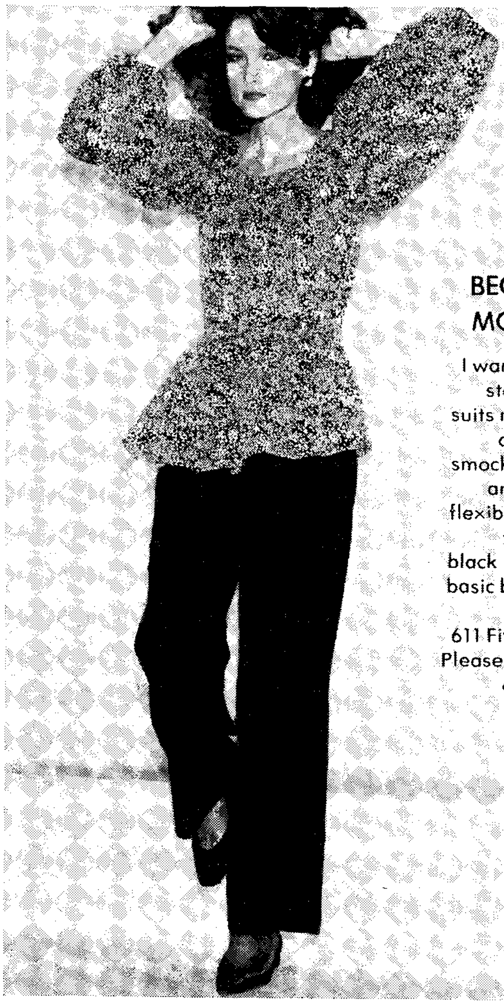
he was in port, he was in charge of the burgeoning settlement, which soon resembled a frontier town. It was crowded with Portuguese and Chinese merchants, with motley groups of adventurers from Europe and India, and with slaves from Africa and Timor. Armed bands of unruly slaves roamed the streets at night, robbing the populace and brawling with the Chinese. Missionaries, mostly Jesuits, arrived late in the sixteenth century, and, in addition to their religious activities, helped train the Macao Chinese to manufacture guns to be sold to China, where the faltering Ming dynasty was fighting off the challenge of its Ch’ing successor. What was more important, a missionary-manned cannon helped in 1622 to defeat an armed attack mounted against Macao by ships of the Dutch East India Company. Soon afterward, under the leadership of the first full-time Portuguese governor, Francisco de Mascarenhas, fortresses were strengthened, a foundry was built, and Macao became a military stronghold. Its lucrative trade with Japan was lost in the middle of the seventeenth century, for the Portuguese were banned from Japan following an unsuccessful Christian uprising in Shimabara, which they were accused of having supported. Macao’s fortunes waned temporarily, while other powers, mainly the British and the French, sought to grab control of the rich Far East trade. But in 1717 an imperial Chinese edict ordered that all English and French ships seeking to trade at Canton had to anchor at Taipa, and for six years thereafter Macao enjoyed a monopoly of Western trade with China, most notably in tea. Even after the edict was lifted, in 1723, the tea trade continued, and it was a shipment of tea from Macao that was thrown overboard in the 1773 Boston Tea Party. The opium trade flourished, too, and Macao remained a focal point of commerce between the West and Canton, with most of the Western companies establishing headquarters in the city at one time or another before Hong Kong was founded, in the middle of the nineteenth century. Among Macao’s memorable governors during this prosperous period was João Ferriera do Amaral, who worked hard at strengthening the colony’s fortifications and ridding it of corruption and decay, but in doing so he aroused the enmity of the British, the Chinese, and some of his Portuguese compatriots. After several unsuccessful attempts on his life (a poisonous snake was placed in his bed and poison was put in his bread), he was killed in 1849 by a



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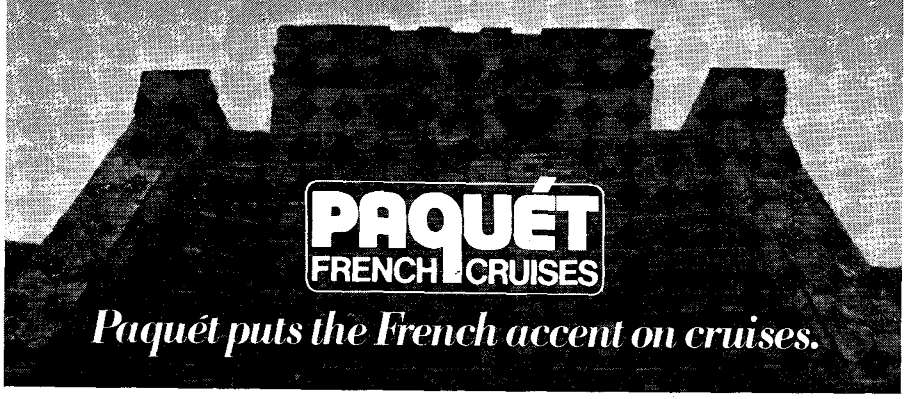

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Chinese who struck him down with a dagger while ostensibly presenting a petition. The Governor's head and one hand were cut off and dispatched to certain Chinese mandarins in Canton whom he had offended.

The development of Hong Kong as the major Western imperial port south of Shanghai spelled the end of Macao's prosperity, but it survived in Hong Kong's shadow as a lesser port and as a place where small factories producing textiles and firecrackers supported a dwindling population. In 1887, Portugal signed a Treaty of Amity and Commerce with China, by which China granted Macao to the Portuguese in perpetuity and officially recognized it, along with its adjoining islands, Colôane and Taipa, as a province of Portugal. During the Chinese revolutionary period between 1911 and 1927, Macao again became a haven for political refugees; earlier, Dr. Sun Yat-sen lived here for a time, and a monument to him is still standing, as is the house he lived in. The final victory of the Communists over the Nationalists in 1949 had little effect on Macao until the 1966 disturbances. Today, the Portuguese, having accepted the fact that the Communists are the dominant influence behind the scenes, and having had their own revolution, are not as nervous about the future of Macao as they were ten years ago. They have adopted a philosophical, or perhaps cynical, view, and are determined to make the most of the time and opportunities left to them.

THERE are always about a thousand or so citizens from metropolitan Portugal, most of them government officials, who spend from two to four years here, enjoying the benefits of gracious living similar to those in the old days; others, who come to Macao to make money, do so in a hurry and remit their profits to Portugal or elsewhere. There are some seven thousand Macanese, or natives of Portuguese-Chinese descent, and they have a considerable sense of loyalty and patriotism; their hope is to see the place endure and prosper and maintain its Portuguese identity. The Chinese, who make up ninety-eight per cent of the population (as they do in Hong Kong), are for the most part apolitical and otherwise apathetic. According to several Jesuit priests I have known for many years, who do some remarkable work among Macao's poor, about a third of the Chinese residents—mostly government employees, workers in private enterprise, and ordinary shopkeepers—can barely make ends meet, and some thirty thousand others are living below the poverty level. I recently visited Casa Ricci, a Catholic church and mission atop a hill, where in 1962, during the great exodus of refugees from China to both Hong Kong and Macao occasioned by China's sudden willingness to allow older people and dissidents to flee, I saw hundreds of men, women, and children lining up to obtain food and lodging. There one of the Jesuits, Father Luis Ruiz, who is as active as ever at sixty-three, despite a serious motorcycle accident last year, was busily handing out bags of rice and some cash to a score of poor and sick Chinese. He depends on donations from abroad to enable him to provide lodging, financial aid, and food for more than four thousand people a month, including aged men and women in five homes that Casa Ricci maintains, the blind and handicapped of all ages, and large families with low incomes. Neither Father Ruiz, who has been in Macao for twenty-five years, nor Father Lancelot Rodrigues, another Jesuit priest, who has been here for forty years and now runs the Catholic Relief Center, has any intention of leaving. Both consider Macao, historically known in Portuguese as Cidade do Nome de Deos, or the City of the Name of God, their permanent parish.

In more materialistic terms, Macao today is a growing tourist center, where gambling in garish modern casinos is the chief attraction. Dominated by the Chinese business community, some of whom commute to Hong Kong by hydrofoil, and, to a lesser extent, by a Catholic bishop and priests who are less socially oriented than the Jesuits, Macao retains an essential conservatism despite its close affiliation with its huge Communist neighbor. The titular head of the Chinese community is Ho Yin, who at sixty-seven is chairman of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce and also of the Tai Fung Bank, one of the largest of eight local

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Chinese banks. When I spoke with him at his bank, he denied that he was Peking's unofficial representative in Macao, but he admitted that he travels to China about ten times a year and is a member of the National People's Congress, which is theoretically China's top legislative body, though it meets only rarely. Certainly Ho Yin has for many years been in a position to keep the Portuguese administrators in Macao informed of what the mainland Chinese are thinking, and, whether he regards himself as a capitalist or a Communist, he is in a unique position to serve both Peking's and Macao's interests. Born in Macao of poor parents, he started out as a charcoal-delivery boy and then came under the wing of a Eurasian family named Lobo, who controlled the lucrative Macao gold syndicate. Because Portugal did not sign the Bretton Woods Monetary Agreement of 1946, which set rigid rules for most international gold dealings, the businessmen in Macao were able to trade profitably in gold until three years ago, when it was declared a free commodity. Ho Yin ultimately took over the gold trade from the Lobos and is said to have received thirty per cent of the profits, with the government getting seventy per cent. If he is not as rich as he once was, he does well enough as head of his bank and from various investments, which include participation in the construction of a new container port being planned on Colôane island. Colôane and Taipa have been connected to each other by a causeway for a number of years, but until last October, when a nearly two-mile-long bridge, costing ten million dollars, was completed between Macao and Taipa, the islands had no direct connection with the mainland. Ho Yin and others regard the new bridge as one of the main hopes for more diversified future investments, which Macao desperately needs.

Important as Ho Yin is, he is probably less important than a shadowy figure of about the same age named O Ching Ping, who is the head of the Nam Kwang Company. This firm has a monopoly of all trade with China, mostly involving basic foods, such as vegetables and meats, for which Macao depends almost completely on the mainland. Each day, dozens of trucks bearing both Portuguese and Chinese license plates come to Macao by road from the adjacent province of Kwangtung (of which Canton is the capital). O Ching Ping, who also has a banking connection, remains in the background and is only occasionally seen at social

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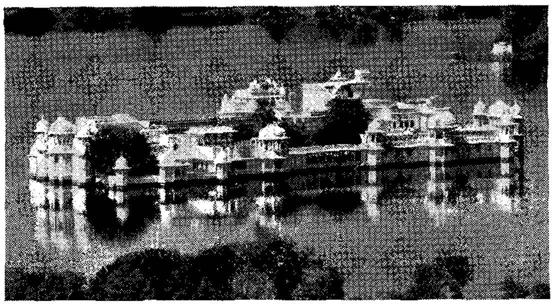

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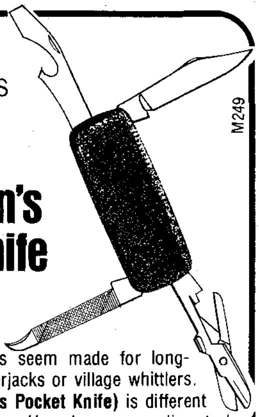

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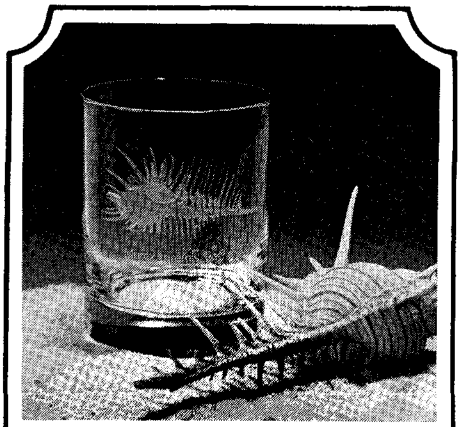
gatherings, but he is regarded by the Portuguese as the top liaison man with the Chinese government. Whether he is a Communist or not, O Ching Ping is the *éminence grise* of Macao, and his role is likely to grow in importance now that Lisbon has acknowledged Macao to be Chinese territory.

BOTH O Ching Ping and Ho Yin deal nowadays, directly or through intermediaries, with the Portuguese governor, Colonel José Garcia Leandro, who is only thirty-five years old, and who was sent to Macao in November of 1974—seven months after the revolution in Portugal—to replace a governor who had been in office eight years. Leandro's job has not been made easier by the fact that the Chinese, who venerate age in their leaders, regard him as too young. He puts on a serious and sombre air—no doubt an effort to seem more mature—as I had a chance to observe when I had a talk with him. As a captain, he was a member of the Armed Forces Movement that overthrew the autocratic Caetano regime in Portugal, and though he professes to have no politics, he is known as a moderate with liberal ideas who—for the moment, anyway—has the full support of the new Portuguese government. (Actually, Portugal is too busy solving its own problems to pay much attention to Macao.) Leandro's popularity here has undergone a series of subtle shifts, owing largely to the fact that he spent his first year trying to assert himself too quickly and accomplish too much, and so got into difficulties with various local pressure groups. Beneath its quiet exterior, Macao is a fairly complicated place, and since the revolution in Portugal, new social, economic, and political rumblings have been heard, expressed primarily by two rival quasi-political associations—the Macao Democratic Center, or the C.D.M., representing reform-minded inhabitants, and the more conservative, old-line Association for the Defense of the Interests of Macao, or the A.D.I.M. Initially, Leandro had the full support of the C.D.M., whose leaders, in fact, had suggested that he be appointed governor after he paid a visit here as an Army delegate, but this support has dwindled in recent months, for he has drawn closer to the A.D.I.M.—with which, despite his reformist views, he realizes he must cooperate if Macao is to prosper by obtaining more trade and investment.

Caught between the volatility of Lisbon and the intrinsic conservatism of Macao, Leandro faces a difficult chal-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lenge in trying to bring about reforms in Macao at what he considers a reasonable pace. On more than one occasion, he has said that what is good for Lisbon is not necessarily good for Macao, that the Portuguese revolution will not be "exported," and declares that he intends to end the exploitation of the vast majority of Macao's citizens by the small minority of Portuguese and Chinese entrepreneurs who have traditionally run the place. Frustrated by the apathy of those he wants to help most, the poor Chinese, and criticized by radicals here and in Lisbon, who feel that he has said a lot but done little, he has tended, over the past several months, to become more isolated and more cautious in his statements. He has had further problems as a result of having originally brought with him from Portugal a group of about fifty young governmental technicians, many of whom turned out to be more ardently revolutionary than he, and some of whom have consequently gone home, voluntarily or otherwise. Last year, Leandro faced a brief internal rebellion when a left-leaning naval officer in charge of the harbor administration, who claimed to be the chief representative of Lisbon's Armed Forces Movement, tried to assert his authority. After a showdown with the Governor, he was peremptorily dispatched to Lisbon. Leandro told me that since then he has "not experienced any difficulties."

Some residents, particularly members of the C.D.M., are worried that the new statutes passed in January give Leandro too much power, since they grant him the right to expel anyone he regards as a troublemaker. Leandro, on the other hand, feels that the statutes, in Macao's semiautonomy, will lead to a decentralization of the executive power, with more control going to the new Legislative Assembly. The statutes, which also provide for the establishment of an independent local judiciary, were approved in Lisbon after being subjected to a limited public debate in Macao, during which both the C.D.M. and the A.D.I.M. voiced many objections to them. Some of the objections were met in a revised version of the statutes. This version has not been released here, pending approval by Lisbon, but the Legislative Assembly now will have the right to revise the statutes every three years by a majority vote. The assembly will have seventeen members—six to be elected by the local population, six to be chosen by the various Chinese associations, including the Chamber of Commerce, and five to be appointed by

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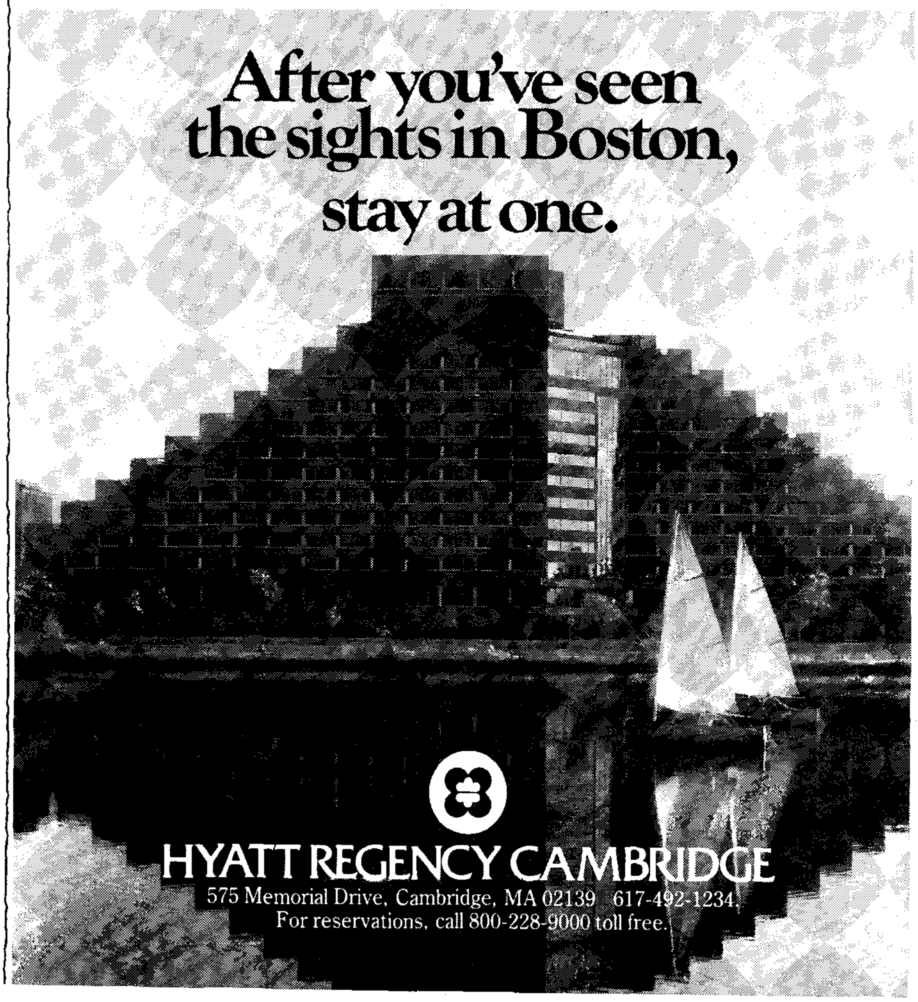

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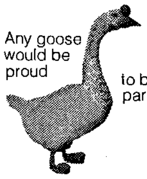
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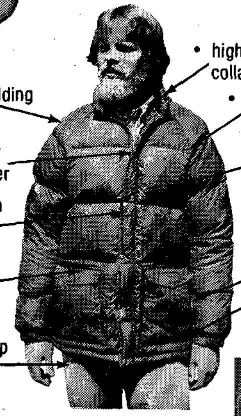
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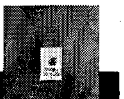

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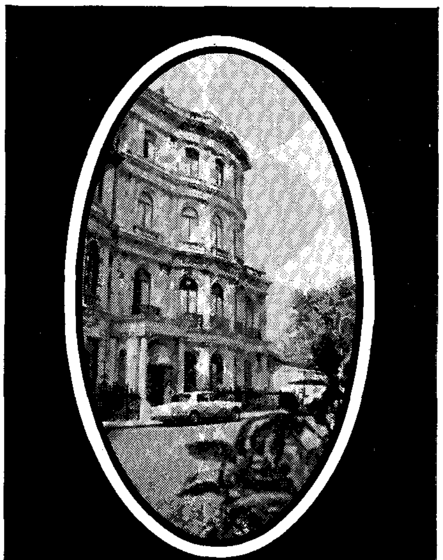
the Governor. After several delays, and an apathetic campaign, the vote for the six elected members was held in July, and the A.D.I.M. won four of the seats, with the C.D.M. and a minority faction, the Group for the Study of the Development of Macao, winning a seat apiece. Leandro's five appointments will almost surely include Ho Yin, while the full makeup of the Assembly will reflect a balance of Chinese and Portuguese. However, despite the executive powers the Governor will retain, with the help of a consultative council of his own choosing, the balance of power and control in Macao is expected in time to move more into the hands of the Chinese. It is still a question whether this will make it easier or harder for Leandro to push through his reform programs, including his plans to improve the lot of the poor.

The British in Hong Kong are hardly pleased with the notion that Macao may be increasingly controlled by Chinese attuned to the mainland. At the same time, it seems highly unlikely that if politically concerned people are debating just how much autonomy is good for Macao there will be any serious disturbances, such as have taken place in Portugal's former colonial possessions elsewhere. Portuguese prestige has, inevitably, declined further with the departure, in January, of the last hundred or so members of the Portuguese Army garrison, which once numbered six thousand but had been gradually reduced over the last several years. It has been replaced by an eighteen-hundred-man local force consisting of security and marine police, administrative and judicial officials, and some other urban officers, among them those who run the fire department. About twenty former Army officers and noncoms have remained behind to join the new force, and it will be headed by the former chief of staff of Macao's armed forces, Major Chito Rodrigues. The military was the dominant force during the Fascist regime, and its departure has been welcomed by most people here, and especially by the liberals in the C.D.M., but, as one of them, an architect named George Graca, told me, "old habits die slowly, and people still look over their shoulders to see if anyone is listening to what they say." Graca and other C.D.M. members feel that Leandro is both unpredictable and ambitious and that the conservatives of the A.D.I.M. have outflanked them and obtained too much influence in Government House. Even in the Fascist days, they say wryly, the people



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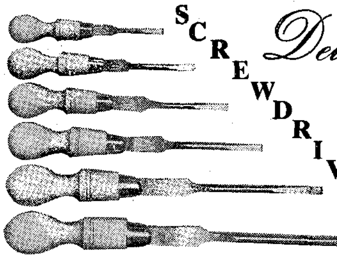

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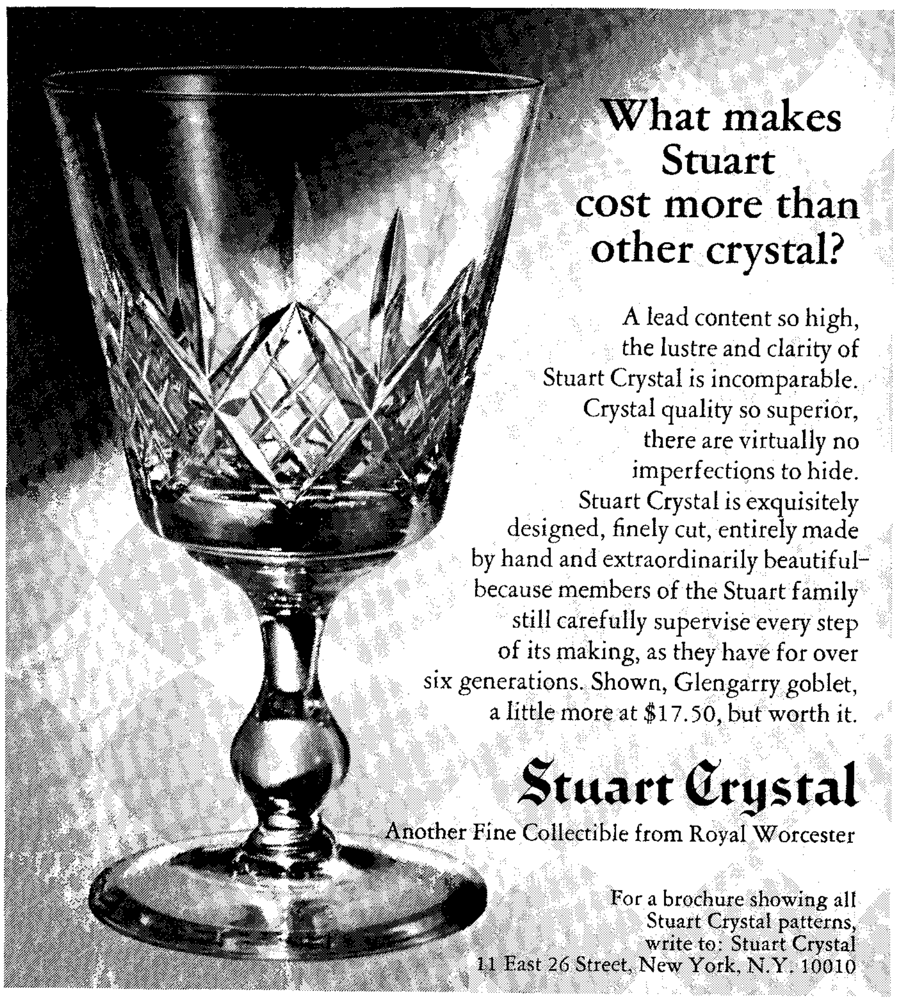
could still appeal to Lisbon, but now all decisions are made here. Still, the C.D.M. leaders admit that the establishment of an independent local judiciary provides a safety valve, and they express a willingness to coöperate with Leandro anew in working out fresh solutions.

MORE important for Macao's immediate future than these uncertain political maneuvers are economic and financial considerations. Over the past year, Macao's currency, the pataca, which is tied to the Portuguese escudo, floundered and lost between ten and twenty per cent of its value in relation to the Hong Kong dollar, which is a strong currency and the main one used here. (Eighty per cent of all business transactions are conducted in Hong Kong dollars.) In the last four months, as tourism and trade increased, the pataca recovered ground. However, in view of the fact that the escudo, which was once a strong currency, is now a weak one, there is talk of establishing a Macao central (or "issuing") bank next year that would create a Macao dollar tied to the Hong Kong dollar rather than the escudo, and in June five high-level banking executives from Portugal came here to discuss the matter. Leandro opposed the move at first, believing that the governorship, the Portuguese flag, and the pataca were the only things left for him to legitimately represent, but when I spoke with him he seemed more amenable to some sort of eventual currency readjustment. He also spoke of revising the tax and banking laws to provide more local revenues.

Having been more or less cast adrift by Lisbon—though Leandro and his advisers hope that some further Portuguese funds for economic development can be obtained—Macao will now have to depend almost entirely on its own resources, and the greater part of those are derived from its gambling concessions. After seven months of negotiations, a new contract was finally signed in April between the government and the principal tourist and gambling syndicate, which controls the four largest casinos, the six-hundred-room Hotel Lisboa (soon to be expanded to a thousand rooms), the smaller but newer Hotel Sintra, and part of the hydrofoil and ferry service between Hong Kong and Macao. Under the terms of a twenty-five-year government contract that was due to expire in 1986 but was renegotiated at the insistence of the new Macao government, the syndicate, headed by



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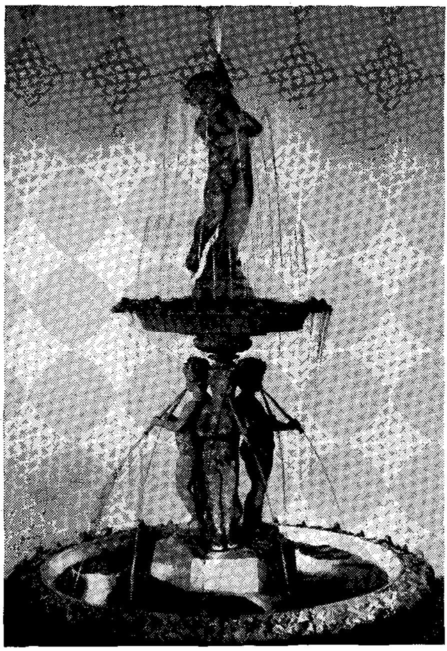

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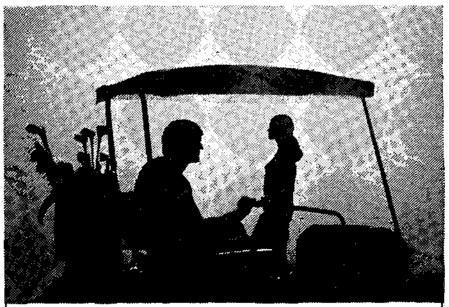
four wealthy Hong Kong Chinese, paid the government slightly less than two million dollars a year. When the renegotiations began, the government demanded twenty-four million but eventually settled for half that amount. The arrangement covers a six-year period, and the sum is to be divided between outright taxes and pledges by the syndicate to pay for various welfare and beautification projects, as well as for diversification and improvement of Macao's industrial base. While no one knows just how much the syndicate grosses, the sum is thought to be between seventy and a hundred million dollars in a good year, but according to Stanley Ho, the most active of the four Hong Kong partners, 1975 was a bad year, since not only did the total number of tourists drop off slightly, to about two million, but the number of big gamblers, mostly wealthy Chinese from Hong Kong and Japanese, declined as well. So far this year, both gambling and tourism have increased, with visitors pouring into Macao on weekends aboard a large fleet of hydrofoils and steamers from Hong Kong, which can carry a total of twenty thousand passengers a day. Only about fifteen per cent of the visitors to Macao gamble; the rest are just sightseers. However, it is not unusual to watch well-heeled Japanese or Hong Kong Chinese gamble several hundred thousand dollars at the baccarat, roulette, or blackjack tables at the Hotel Lisboa casino while others at the same tables bet only a few dollars. Few residents have enough money to gamble heavily, and local government employees are allowed to patronize the four big casinos only during three days of the Chinese New Year period, but the ordinary citizen can gamble regularly at the smallest of the casinos, where they still play fan-tan and other old games. In addition, there is a lottery in town called *pa ka pio*, which is like bingo, and mah-jongg remains a favorite Chinese pastime.

Macao's tourist attractions include dog racing, which makes money; jai alai, which doesn't; and an annual grand prix around its narrow, twisting roads. There is some talk of building a horse-racing track, but such plans depend on whether Hong Kong, which already has one track and is completing another, will permit off-track betting on Macao races. Long-range plans are also in hand to build a multimillion-dollar resort complex on Colôane, which will include two luxury hotels, a golf course, and a marina. Until the real-estate boom collapsed, in 1973, a



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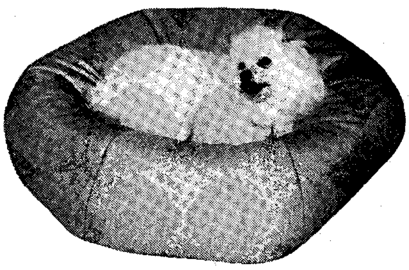

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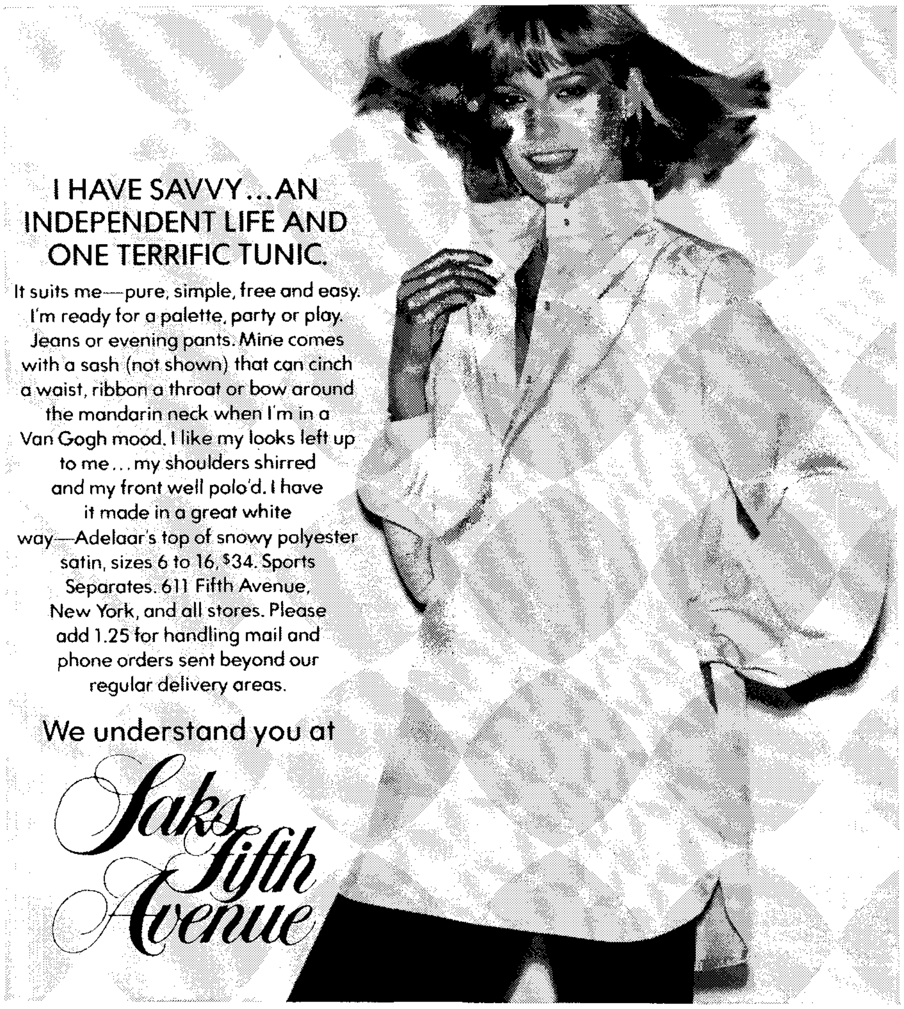
vast amount of building was done in Macao (as in Hong Kong), and the waterfront, once a graceful stretch lined with low buildings and tamarind trees, has been completely altered since I first saw it. Many tall new apartment houses stood empty after the 1973 crash, but they are now beginning to fill up. The new skyline, at the far end of which the Lisboa Hotel—a yellow-brown building with a wedding-cake crown—lends a mock-Las Vegas touch to the scene, has almost obliterated Macao's old Mediterranean charm, but some remains in the cobblestoned slopes of the city streets and the gardens and out-of-the-way corners. Old-time residents resent the changes that have taken place—especially the destruction of old buildings—but the present mixture of old and new gives the place an antic, almost Disneyland appeal.

Macao will surely change even more if the current plans for expansion and diversification of industry are carried out. When completed, the new container port, to cost ten million dollars, will service small ships (up to two thousand tons) for trade between Canton and Hong Kong, and will include refrigeration and warehouse facilities. In order to finance its ambitious welfare programs, which include urban renewal and resettlement of squatters, who abound here (as they do in Hong Kong), the government hopes to attract a variety of small- and medium-sized industries to complement its textile factories, which employ a large percentage of the private work force but are increasingly at the mercy of the new quota system established by the major importing countries, including the United States. At the moment, the bulk of Macao's textile exports go to the nations of the European Economic Community. Cement factories and refrigeration, electronic, machinery, and bottling plants are among the investment opportunities that the government and private businessmen are promoting. In order to attract new investors, however, the new Macao administration will have to make considerable improvements in the territory's basic facilities. Taipa and Colôane badly need more roads, more telephones, and more electric power, and whatever additional public income can be derived from the gambling concessions will have to be supplemented by private-bank loans.

Whether all these hopes are fulfilled will depend on propitious political conditions as well as economic ones. Satisfied as they are with the present dispensation in Macao, the Chinese bankers and entrepreneurs are eager to see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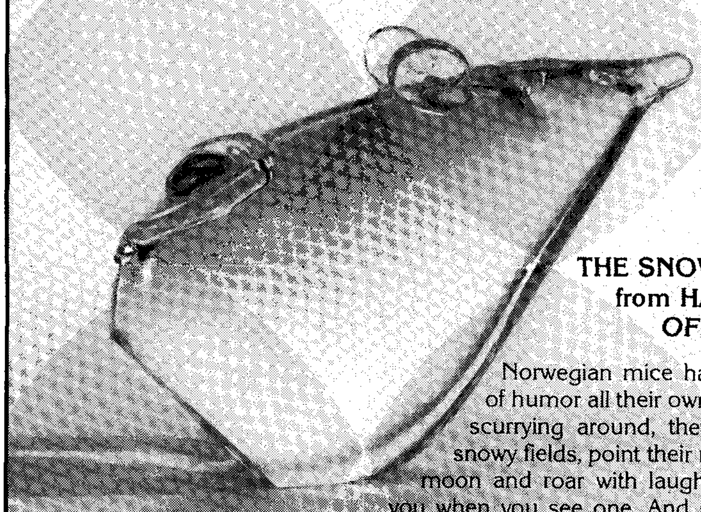

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investment grow, but they do not want to see the territory develop politically to the point where it could enjoy uncontrolled self-rule—something they have managed to prevent in Hong Kong, where the British have been wise enough to know just how far they can go in governing the colony without offending Peking. Whether Governor Leandro and the Legislative Assembly will be able to achieve what Leandro describes as a proper balance between socialism and capitalism remains to be seen. One thing that Peking definitely looks askance at is the influence of the Moscow Communists in Portugal, where they are far stronger than the Maoists. If the former faction should again threaten to seize power, as it did last year, there would unquestionably be repercussions in Macao.

After more than four centuries of existence, Macao has established a certain historical identity, an observable continuum. Though in some ways it resembles such other historical idiosyncrasies as Trieste, Monaco, and Andorra, there is no other place quite like it in the world. Its future, however, obviously depends on forces beyond its control. The Chinese, with their own sense of history, may countenance a separate Macao indefinitely if it continues to serve their interests, but the games of chance that sustain it economically, under the bright ceiling lights of its neo-rococo casinos, have a larger symbolic meaning here these days than they have in Monaco. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Stockton* (*Calif.*) *Record*]

LONDON (AP)—Desiree Lewellyn, pretty and 21, was awarded $3,600 damages because, she said, her lower lip twitches when she is kissed.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

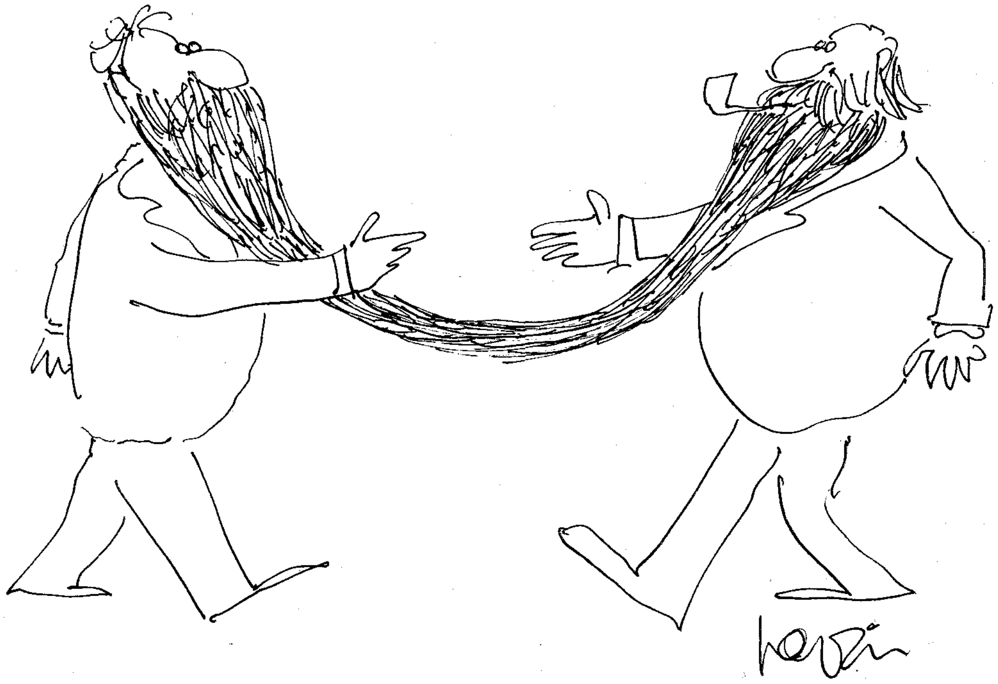
Charmed Lives

BEFORE seeing Truffaut's "Small Change," I was afraid it was going to be one of those simple, natural films about childhood which I generally try to avoid—I'm just not good enough to go to them. But this series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut demonstrates the fickle, unexpected toughness of children; he endows them with the slyness of Sacha Guitry's boulevardiers and with M. Hulot's eager, short attention span. Early on, we're told that children are in a "state of grace . . . they bounce back," and the boys he shows us do seem to lead charmed lives. Their faces are perfect illustrations of the transparency that adults lose. Set in a pleasantly moldering village, "Small Change" is a fair-weather movie, brightened by the primary colors the children wear and their splotchy pink cheeks. The humor has the spontaneity of children's play—which is recognizable as the distinctive Truffaut humor in its purest form. The kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick: they take improbable falls, turn ordinary food items into comic props, leer with confident innocence as they tell their first off-color jokes. Truffaut has reabsorbed slapstick into the everyday life from which it sprang, so that the picture celebrates both childhood and the beginnings of movie comedy, which is re-created before our eyes. When he stylizes the kids' behavior and points up their wit, his deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and more sure than ever before, and if he had been content to treat the material as a collection of skits—a fairy-tale comic strip—"Small Change" might have been a lovely, flawless trifle. It *is* lovely: some of the gags are timed with such sneaky rightness that they pop, like party surprises. But it's far from flawless.

We accept the town as a world viewed in a particular light—a sunshine land with well-meaning, child-loving, generally understanding people. It is a world without villains (only a pair of witchlike crazies), and the children can seem funny to us partly because they are so magically safe. Truffaut, however, appears to believe that his land of the good is the actual world. That's sentimentality, and it's why, despite his unaffected, light touch, he seems here, as in some of his other films, the blinkered, generous poet of the middle class.

Stepping outside comedy, Truffaut tries to convert his wonder at children's resourcefulness into a thesis. The stories of two boys run through his scenes of village life. Patrick (Gregory Desmouceaux), shy, blond, eleven or twelve, lives with his disabled father and, in the confusion of needing a mother and wanting a girl, develops a crush on the mother of his best friend. Patrick's story—far from inspired—works reasonably well. But the other story—that of the mistreated Julien (Philippe Goldman), whose suffering isn't noticed by the townspeople—is planted much too deliberately. It's obvious from the way the camera follows the dark, lonely Julien that the film is working up to a melodramatic revelation, and this long preparation violates the casual springiness of the comedy scenes. When the thesis is finally declared, it comes in a schoolroom lecture about children's rights that kills the rhythm and stops the movie cold. The schoolteacher Richet (Jean-François Stevenin) explains to Julien's classmates that there is a law of compensation, and that children such as Julien, who have had a tough time, may actually be stronger for what they've undergone. Throughout, Richet has been sympathetic and unauthoritarian—the children's ally, like a beatifically kind older brother—and now, in this speech, he tells us that he, too, had a bad childhood. Since we know from Truffaut's semi-autobiographical first feature, "The 400 Blows," of his own neglect and suffering, we realize, of course, that Richet is speaking for Truffaut. Yet, as often happens when a director uses a mouthpiece, we're made uncomfortable; we don't know how we're meant to react. And, worse, here the words seem to falsify the experience of the film. We've been enjoying the shaggy illustrations of children's buoyancy without taking them too seriously. Now, having concentrated the miseries of childhood in the one abused boy, Truffaut asks us to believe that children really are as resilient as his jokes have been saying, and that the battered Julien will spring back, like a hardy weed that's been trampled.

Once the film has lectured us, we start examining its thesis. Children, as each of us knows, don't have to be mistreated by adults to experience misery. Truffaut has left out of his charmed world many forms of childhood suffering, such as terrors, guilts, the cruelty of other children. Despite Truffaut's affinity with children, the happy-go-lucky world of the kids in "Small Change" is an adult's fantasy of normalcy, and never more so than at the end, when the Everyboy hero Patrick, at summer camp, gets his first kiss and the story is complete, with this symbolic end to childhood and the information that in the fall the village school is going coed. Patrick doesn't fall in love, exactly; he's selected by a girl to be her first love. (She writes to a friend, "His name is Patrick"—probably a nod to Godard, who, two years before his first feature, "Breathless," made a warmup for it, a short, from a script by Eric Rohmer, called "All the Boys Are Named Patrick.") This end-of-inno-



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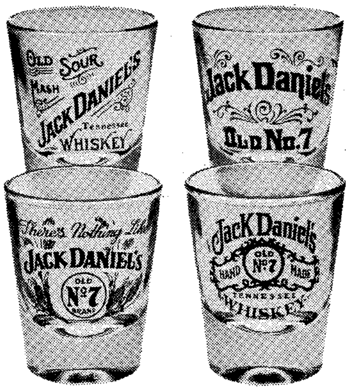
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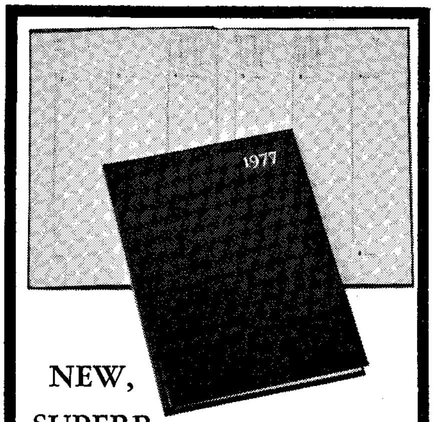
cence view of adolescence is so archly conventional that it makes us aware of how remote and precious Truffaut's view of that earlier "state of grace" is. Is childhood really a different country, from which we emerge unscathed? Only for the purposes of comedy.

Truffaut's unassuming manner here enables us to share his delight in the shifty gestures that he has caught, and in the improvised performances of a hellion toddler and of a little boy who is overcome by the dirty joke he's telling, and of many others. Unlike the run of trained actors, who tend to predetermine a few emotions and communicate them, children permit us to read their faces and movements, and to perceive the infinite shadings. This is what some of the most prodigious screen actors do, too, using their training and instinct to expand a character and achieve the openness of a child; actors such as Brando, De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Blythe Danner in the TV presentation of Tennessee Williams' "The Eccentricities of a Nightingale," and Geneviève Bujold, at moments, sometimes in very bad pictures, make this leap beyond self-protection. What one gets from children who try to *act* is, however, likely to be the opposite: the awkward self-consciousness that Truffaut is stuck with from a few of the older boys who play structured parts and also from some of the adults. He takes the curse off it by the dry offhandedness of his tone, which obviates the necessity of expressiveness. This serves him, too, with the girls in the cast; he hasn't the subconscious rapport with them that he has with the boys, and he keeps their roles to a minimum. But he badly needed more than the one-mood performance he gets from his Julien. The delinquent in "The 400 Blows" felt isolated and was in pain, but we knew he hadn't been destroyed—his face was practically iridescent. Julien is numb and closed in; he lacks precisely the transparency that the whole film is about. Clearly, Truffaut was after more than a comedy, but the jokes in "Small Change" are what make it worth seeing.

MARTIN RITT, the director, and Walter Bernstein, the screenwriter, old friends who had worked together before and after they were blacklisted during the McCarthy era, wanted to make a movie about the ugly injustice done to Communists and Communist sympathizers in the entertainment industry during those years, without getting into too much politics. Bernstein finally hit on what seems like



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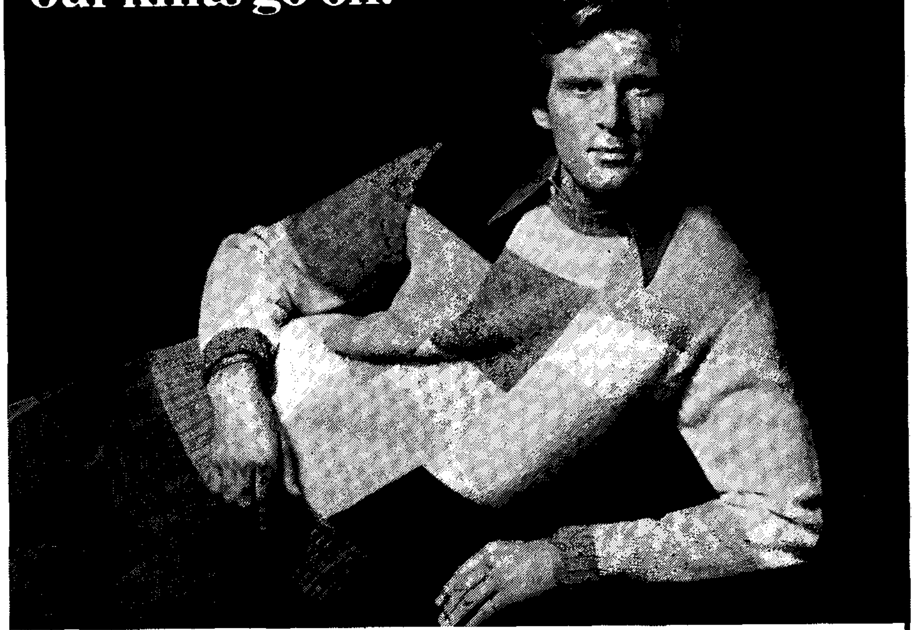
a nifty idea. Since he himself had been able to sell scripts to TV during the early fifties by means of "fronts"—nonpolitical people who allowed him to use their names—he would center his story on just such an innocent.

The result is "The Front," a morality comedy starring Woody Allen as Howie, a restaurant cashier and penny-ante bookie, always in debt, who, for a percentage, lends his name to a pinkish friend from high-school days, a well-known TV writer (Michael Murphy). But damned if the subject didn't get the better of Bernstein. He didn't develop the comic potential of his idea; instead, almost as if by reflex, he has written one of those scripts about how the common man must become involved, must learn what he stands for. Like the heroes of the forties wartime movies written by those who were later blacklisted, Howie must face up to the choice between right (refusing to inform on his friends, and thus accepting the collapse of his career and maybe a jail term) and wrong (naming names in front of the House Un-American Activities Committee and living prosperously with the shame). "The Front" is slightly archaic, not because it's set in the early fifties but because of its problem-play dramaturgy—craftsmanlike, careful, skimpy. There is little suggestion of the pervasive fear of Communism, and no attempt to get into the psychology of the Communist sympathizers or to indicate why they defended Stalin's totalitarian policies when he was wiping out dissent in the Soviet Union. Bernstein avoids a political context so thoroughly that the film is nondenominational—just the good guys versus the bad guys. Martin Ritt had an emotional commitment to the project, which was probably financed on his record, yet the director of such films as "Hud," "The Long, Hot Summer," "The Spy Who Came in from the Cold," "The Molly Maguires," and, more recently, "Pete 'n' Tillie," "Sounder," and the too-little-seen "Conrack" has, to put it gently, done better work. Whatever the causes (has he perhaps so much bitterness still bottled up that the subject paralyzed him?), his pacing is off, the sequences don't flow, the film seems sterile and unpopulated, and passionless. It has, however, got a theme one can't be against. At its most appealing, this movie says that people shouldn't be pressured to inform on their friends, that people shouldn't be humiliated in order to earn a living. Humbly, this film asks for fairness.

"The Front" also has a character—



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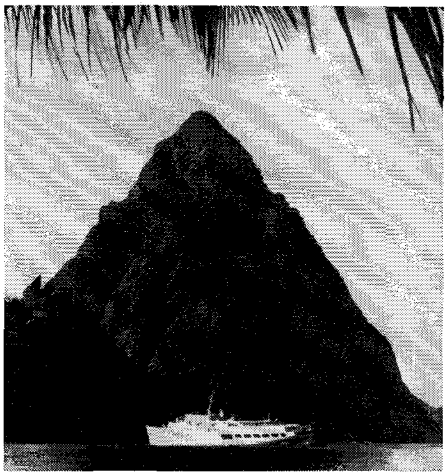

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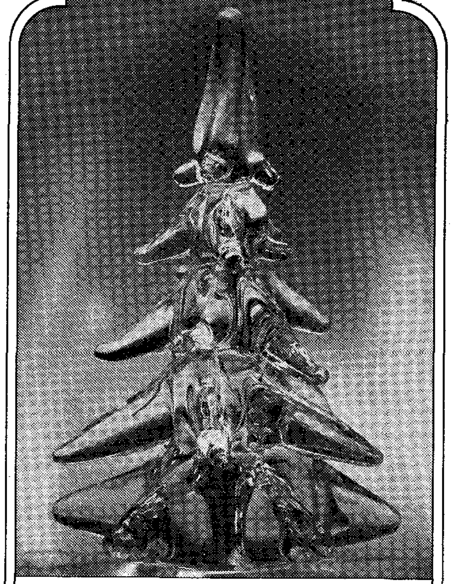
Woody Allen's Howie. Making his début as a "straight actor," Woody Allen is able to fill out Howie with "Woody," and that gives him a great advantage over the rest of the cast. Howie is a smart bum and harmless chiseller who begins to like the idea of himself as a gifted writer. In the most original scenes, Bernstein provides lines that show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer, and Allen's timing and Stan Laurel-Alec Guinness smiles bring everything possible out of the material. When you see Woody Allen in one of his own films, in a peculiar way you take him for granted; here you appreciate his skill, because you miss him so much when he's offscreen. Allen manages to give something close to conviction even to his romantic scenes with Andrea Marcovicci, a deadening partner. Playing an assistant TV producer, she has a dark, solemnly woebegone face, like Joan Hackett doing a takeoff on a Greek tragedienne, and her spirits never run much higher than a big, wan smile. As this heroine comes across, she's a woman of deep political commitment who falls in love with Howie, the front, because she thinks he's a writing genius. Could this have been intended seriously? Played for laughs, it might have done for Rogers and Astaire. The humorless heroine lets us know that the man she gives herself to has to be of impeccable moral fibre; at one point, when she thinks Howie is too cynical an artist to do the right thing, she actually says, "I've made that mistake before—confusing the artist with the man." Inexplicably, Howie is so impressed by her classy dedication to high principles that he rises to the challenge and proves worthy of her. It was ever so in the Hollywood anti-Nazi movies, of which this is a seventies offshoot.

Apart from Howie, there are few tonal changes in the characters. We don't get the feeling of any life going on in or around a character such as Hecky Brown (Zero Mostel), a broken man—a blacklisted TV comic who agrees to spy on Howie in order to clear himself. We don't see the elements in Hecky's personality which would have led to his involvement in Communist causes, so when he tries to wheedle his way out of trouble by claiming he was just chasing a girl and didn't know she was a Red, we don't understand how to read the scene. Mostel is always a problem on the screen, but with more of a context his profoundly antipathetic vibes might have been right for the self-hating Hecky. As it



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is, the only moment in the movie that conveys the obscenity of those days is a shot of a Red baiters' spy snapping pictures of the mourners at Hecky's funeral.

"The Front" is set in a period that was a Byzantine tragicomedy—a period in which the Communists were under attack and had nowhere to turn because they themselves had taken over the liberal organizations and had denounced the anti-Communist left as Fascist. The heads of the networks and Hollywood studios, because of the publicity about those Jewish Communists who worked for them, were terrified by Catholic pressure groups, a few women's clubs, and the American Legion. There was no way to conceal the high proportion of Jews among the blacklisted. The ominous words "international conspiracy" hovered in the air, and the entertainment industry was afraid of bringing down the wrath of the gentiles. All this was going on, and "The Front" gives us a mistaken-identity plot—just as TV's only treatment of blacklisting, "Fear on Trial," dealt with the mistaken-identity case of John Henry Faulk. Even at this late date, blacklisting gets by as a subject only if the victim is totally apolitical—as in those movies that exposed the evil of lynch mobs by showing them killing the wrong person. Is this because it's assumed that TV-watching has made us so lazy and ignorant that we couldn't comprehend the moral and political confusion of that day? Or wouldn't be interested? There's also the possibility that reducing everything to the good guys versus the bad guys may serve a mythologizing function for the once blacklisted who worked on this movie and for those others who will see it: by turning them into simple victims, it protects them from the recognition that their plight, horrible though it was, was also ludicrous. They'd gone to bat for Communist oppression; they'd blown their talents defending an illusion. Naïveté is still being protected. "The Front" is hiding behind another front.

—PAULINE KAEL

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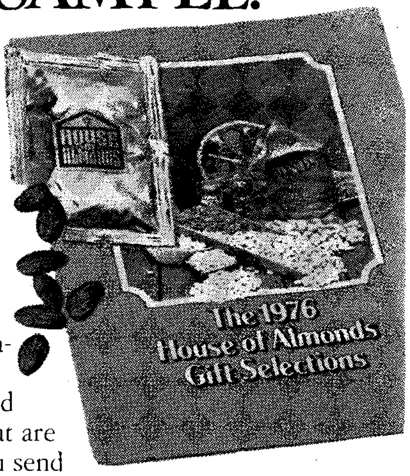

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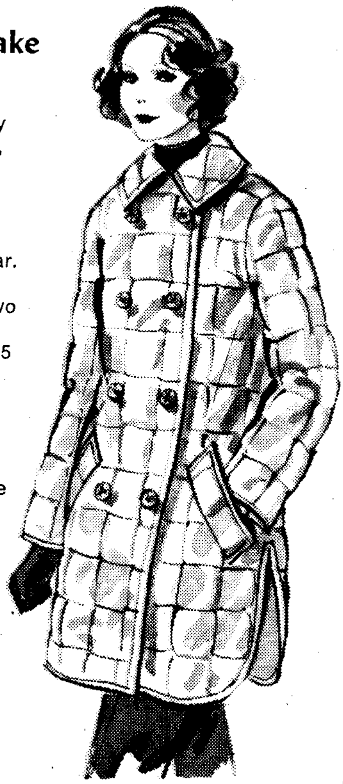

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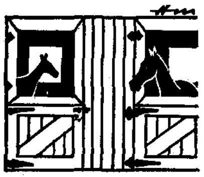
THE RACE TRACK

Here Are Ladies

PROUD DELTA, fairly jumping out of her skin with eagerness, made every furlong pole a winning one in the Beldame Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday, beating the hitherto unbeaten Revidere by three lengths. Half a length behind them, Bastonera II, a mare from the Argentine, took third place by a head from Optimistic Gal. The nine furlongs were run in 1:46⅘, a second slower than the Woodward a week before, but they were every bit as exciting to watch, with Proud Delta winging away in front and Optimistic Gal and Revidere battling all out a stride or two behind her. Before the race, many in the crowd of nearly thirty thousand (and particularly her stable) thought that if Optimistic Gal won she would not only even the score with Revidere but gain a slight edge in the duel for this year's crown for three-year-old fillies. Needless to say, they will meet again—on October 9th at Belmont Park, in the new $125,000 Ruffian Stakes, at a mile and a quarter (a furlong more than the Beldame). The Beldame was the first major stakes victory for Proud Delta since Mrs. Marian du Pont Scott gave a quarter of a million for her at the dispersal of Mrs. Ada Rice's stable a year ago, but the filly has won a number of lesser fixtures and has recouped her purchase price in prize money. Her share of the Beldame purse was $64,920. One of the little surprises of the race was Bastonera II, winner of three stakes at Hollywood Park this year, who runs as well on the grass as she does on a dirt track.



THE Lawrence Realization Stakes, for three-year-olds, has been getting a larger field since its distance was reduced from a mile and five furlongs to a mile and a half. In fact, there were so many entries for the eighty-fourth running, which opened the fourth week of racing at Belmont Park, that it was run in two divisions. In the first, Howard P. Wilson's Great Contractor, whose best efforts this season had been third place in the Belmont Stakes last June and second in the Florida Derby in April, wore down Teddy's Courage in the stretch to win by three-quarters of a length. Easy Gallop, the favorite, didn't have one, finishing sixth. In the second division, L'Heureux, who has been running in California, won by nearly five lengths. Mrs. Warren, winner of the Spinaway and the Schuylerville at Saratoga Springs in August, added the Matron Stakes, for fillies foaled in 1974—the main event on the mid-week card—to her list of victories. Seven ran, and Maple, who rode two other winners during the afternoon, kept her off the early pace, making his move on the turn into the stretch and going on to beat Negotiator by half a dozen lengths, with Resolver third. The time for the seven furlongs was 1:24⅗. Mrs. Warren, a most attractive dark-bay filly by Hail to Reason out of Easy Virtue, is—in my book, at any rate—the best of her age and sex out this season. No doubt Woody Stephens, who trains her, will send her for the six-figure Frizette Stakes on October 4th. Her share of the Matron purse was $51,162, bringing her earnings to $114,856. A fair start.

IT'S hard to look beyond Forego for the winner of the $250,000 Marlboro Cup Handicap, at a mile and a quarter, at Belmont Park on Saturday. The big fellow will be meeting some of the same runners he beat in the Woodward—notably Dance Spell and Honest Pleasure—and some others he didn't, and he will be giving all of them big chunks of weight. (As this is written, the weights have not been announced.) But he will also be going a furlong farther than he did in the Woodward, which will be to his advantage. As you know, in the Woodward he was last of ten out of the starting gate and ran far behind Honest Pleasure, who stepped the first half mile in 0:45⅗ and the six furlongs in 1:09⅕, and he was almost three lengths behind Dance Spell as the latter passed the mile mark in the track-record time of 1:33⅖. Forego must have run that last furlong in ten seconds flat. My outriders report that since the Woodward he has trained well. Though racing is full of delightful uncertainties, as they call them, my choice is Forego to win the Cup.

—AUDAX MINOR

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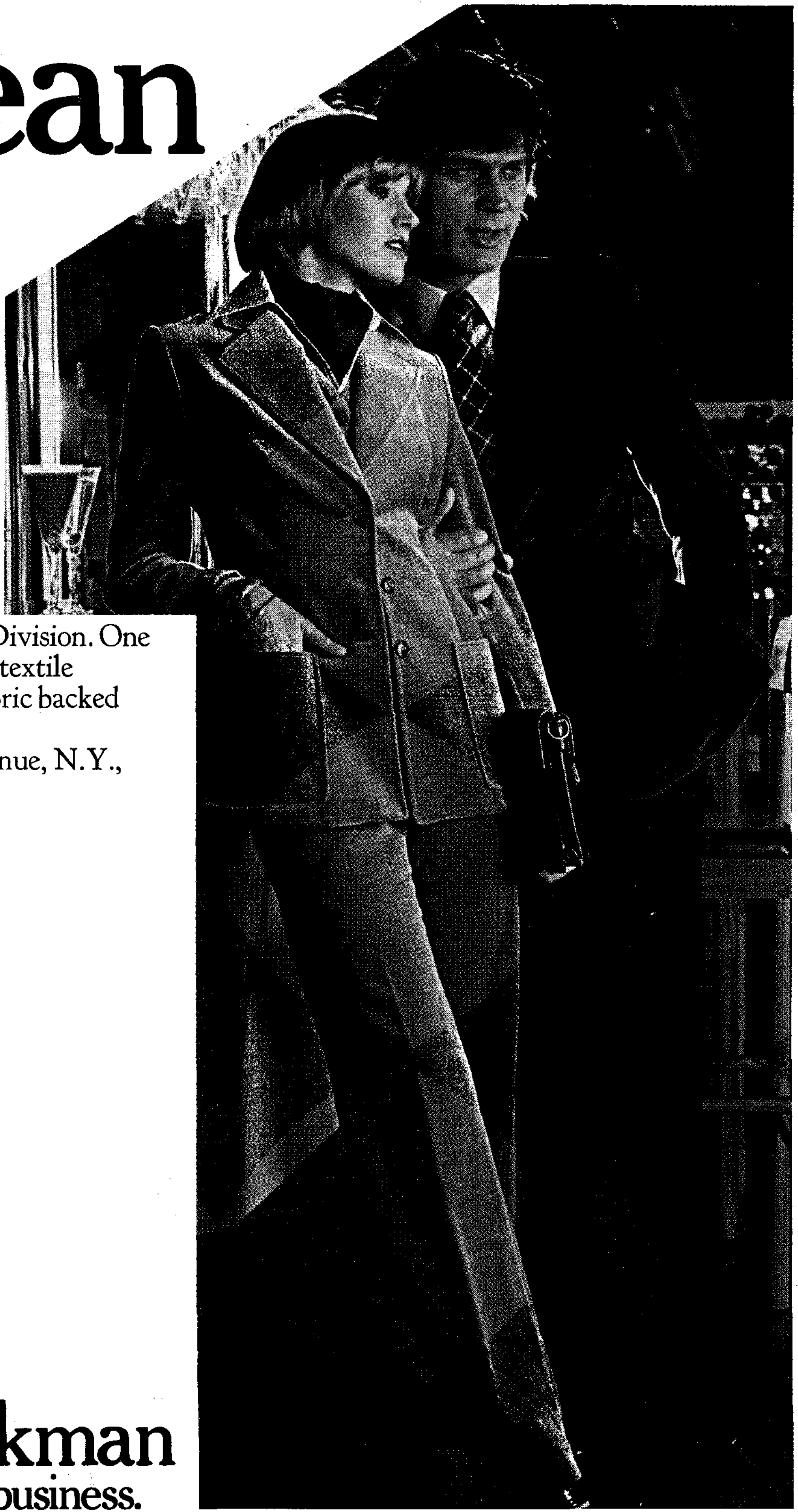


Photographed in The Great Bar, Windows On The World.

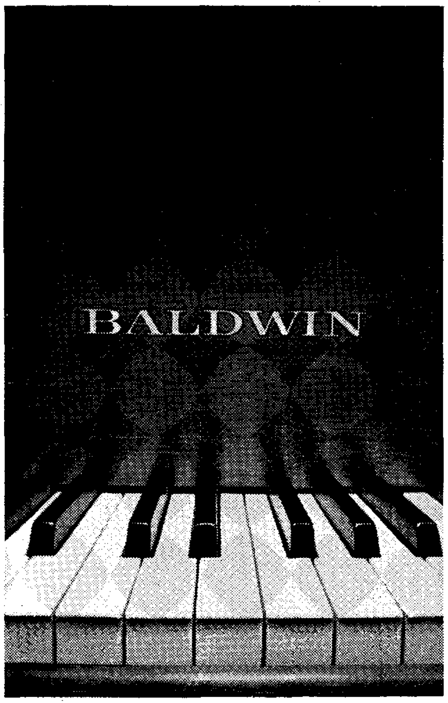
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 25

BEFORE the first Ford-Carter debate—or, more properly, their joint press conference—it was the view of most observers that the President, as an incumbent running behind in the polls, had more at stake than his rival, and that if he seemed to do approximately as well as Carter it would be a victory of sorts for him. "Most people, including most Republicans, perceive Ford as plodding and inarticulate, sometimes incompetent," one opinion analyst said a few days ago. "They see Carter as the more intelligent of the two, a quick study and a glib talker, though hardly a spellbinder. If Ford merely stands up to Carter, he should gain." It was clear from the outset Thursday evening that Ford was equal to the challenge, if it can be described as one, and in an Associated Press poll completed ninety minutes after the principals at last went off the air Ford had a slight edge—a bit less than three per cent. Surveys made on Friday produced roughly similar results, though one made in this city for Metromedia Television gave Carter a five-per-cent lead. But if this means only that Ford exceeded the expectations of some respondents, it is of little political significance. What is probably a more telling figure is that one-third of those questioned either felt that the debate was pretty much a draw or had no opinion, and this third is probably part of a far larger bloc of viewers who found the affair boring, often unintelligible, and offering nothing that could lead a committed voter to change his mind or an uncommitted one to make up his. (A Harris Survey made Thursday night and Friday showed that Carter's lead had dropped from thirteen points to nine, but the slippage, it is felt, was probably attributable to other factors—particularly to the interview in *Playboy*, which was found offensive by many of his fellow Baptists and Southerners.) Not one memorable phrase was struck in the debate, and there was nothing approaching a fresh idea, or even a fresh approach to an old one. As drama, it was as flat as a reading from a statistical abstract, which was what much of it sounded like. The sponsoring organization, the League of Women Voters, had hoped that putting the men together on the same platform would generate a kind of tension that would somehow bring out qualities in both that had not been manifest when each appeared alone. Jim Karayn, who was largely responsible for promoting and managing the confrontation, had said that "the real test is how candidates react under stress." That they were under stress was quite apparent, but they reacted by tightening up and revealing less of themselves than in earlier appearances: they seemed little more than job seekers disgorging facts and figures they had memorized (which were often at some distance from the truth) and stock arguments they had absorbed and rehearsed.

It cannot, though, be said that the exercise was entirely futile. For one thing, it probably eliminated experience, or "Presidentiality," as an issue. Carter had said that he wanted a chance to show "how much I know compared to what he knows," and he got it. On the score of information and misinformation, the two were roughly equal, and it showed that, at least on domestic matters, what a President learns in the White House can also be learned by an assiduous student in Georgia. And Ford scored a good, though obvious, point when he said that the tax code, which Carter in almost every speech calls "a disgrace to the human race," was not his work but that of the Democrats who have controlled Congress for the past twenty-two years. (He might have added that he never tried to do anything about it, but that would have been, for a beleaguered candidate, an excess of candor.) Moreover, although practically no mention was made of some of the largest issues—urban problems, race relations, education, the environment—the debate did serve to highlight several important issues for a national audience (or whatever part stayed the course until the sound system broke down) and to give a way of measuring at least the ideological differences between the two. It provided a kind of perspective that is not gained by listening to set speeches delivered mostly for the benefit of partisan audiences, and in this respect served viewers in the way that newspapers sometimes serve readers by printing conflicting claims or contrasting viewpoints in parallel columns. It also served as a kind of substitute for the expository speeches—one to an issue, and lasting a half hour or so—that used to be a staple of Presidential campaigns. (Such speeches are now considered a wasteful use of expensive television time; voters who wish to know what the candidates propose on, say, agricultural policy are referred to position papers obtainable at campaign headquarters.) The opportunity for instant, on-site rebuttal makes for useful clarification. If nothing was

"There was a time when everything bugged him. Now nothing bugs him."



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said in the opening debate that had not been said countless times earlier this year, it does not follow that all those who watched and heard it had heard it all before. Much of it must have been news to perhaps half the nearly captive audience, and if anything like ninety million people are attentive to the rest of the series, the electorate should be better informed than it has been in most recent elections. The prospect, however, seems to be that the ensuing encounters will attract audiences considerably smaller than the one that endured even an hour of the ennui of watching and hearing what came out of Philadelphia this week. Candidates for all federal offices have encountered more political apathy this year than at any time within memory; indeed, it seems likely that fewer than half of qualified voters will go to the polls on November 2nd—the lowest rate in a century and a half. It is an irony of the season that the League of Women Voters, which has so often taken the lead in voter-registration drives, may have added to the rolls of the indifferent and the political dropouts by sponsoring the event it hoped would help promote civic virtue and overcome apathy.

IT was because the League volunteered to arrange the debates that they qualified as "news events," as distinct, in the eyes of the Federal Communications Commission, from purely political events. Had this not been so—had the networks been the sponsors, as they wanted to be—it would have required a change in the law to enable broadcasters to provide time for Ford and Carter while denying it to Eugene McCarthy, Lester Maddox, and the Vegetarian Party. In fact, of course, the debate was not a news event but very much a media event, or, as the historian Daniel Boorstin has put it, a "pseudo-event": a happening that would not have happened unless someone had planned it to happen—in this case the League, the media, the candidates, and their staffs. Without such happenings, there could be no civilized politics. Conventions, news conferences, interviews, investigations—all are media events, arranged in advance for a maximum of publicity by the press, radio, and television. If they are often flawed by the transparency of their contrivance, they have the advantage of being more or less manageable. If they seem to work, they can probably be repeated; if they fail in some respects, efforts can be made to eliminate the shortcomings on future tries. It seems

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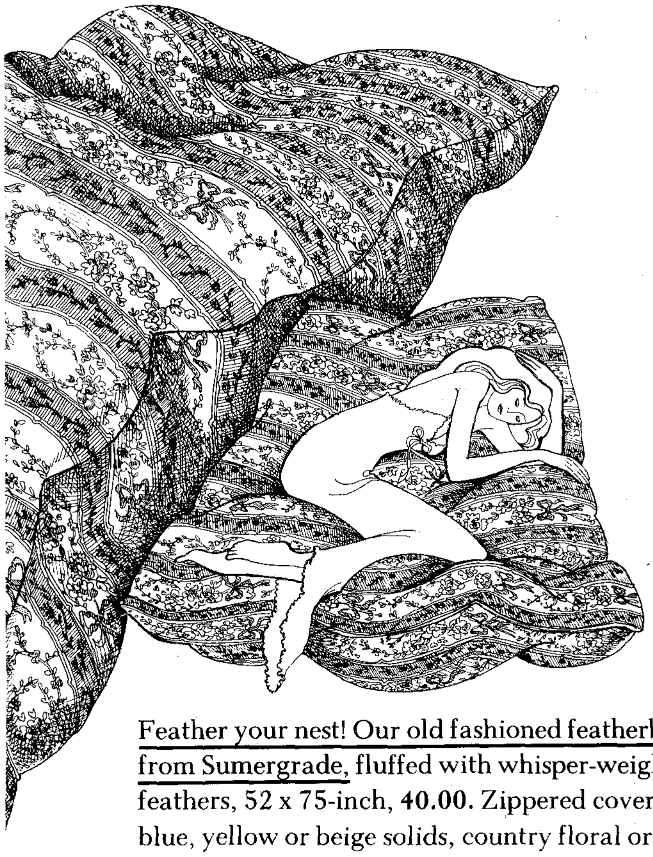
now to be the view of all involved in the first debate that its evident failure to heighten public interest and concern was a failure of planning—and not of too little planning but of too much. It lacked spontaneity because spontaneity had been programmed out. The awareness of the planners that it was essentially a media event was in the end self-defeating. The Kennedy-Nixon debates of 1960 were hardly models of political discourse, but at least those who viewed them got a sense of the ways in which the candidates' personalities and their views of leadership differed, and they got this not so much from what they heard as from what they saw. (Most of those who heard them on radio thought that Nixon had the better of it; most of the television audience—by far the larger one—was more impressed by Kennedy, whose performance was said to have won him three uncommitted voters to Nixon's one.) This year's planners sought to rule out visual perceptions as much as they possibly could. To compensate for the disparity in the candidates' height, they ordered lecterns constructed so that the two would seem of about the same physical stature. (One interested observer said that the sight of them on the stage reminded her of the pair in Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," the difference being that these two performers seemed to be expensively dressed and standing in the most elegant of garbage cans.) The coaches discouraged the kind of gesturing that was a memorable feature of the Kennedy-Nixon debates. Having been advised that closeup shots on television reveal unattractive facial expressions—petulance, impatience, superciliousness, anxiety—as they are seldom revealed to a theatre audience, both men tried to look as immobile and emotionless as they could. Carter was visibly ill at ease in the first few minutes, but he regained his composure and for the rest of the evening looked, like Ford, frozen.

Apparently, those who proposed and those who accepted the ground rules agreed on the proposition that stored knowledge is evidence of competence. Prepared notes were not allowed. The rule has its uses for judges of school and college debates, and it served Carter by eliminating the issue of experience. But on this occasion the display of facts, or what were meant to be taken as facts, got in the way of lucidity and made for a confusing and soporific exchange. In any case, it matters hardly at all what a Presidential aspirant has learned in order to display the prowess of his memory; the thing



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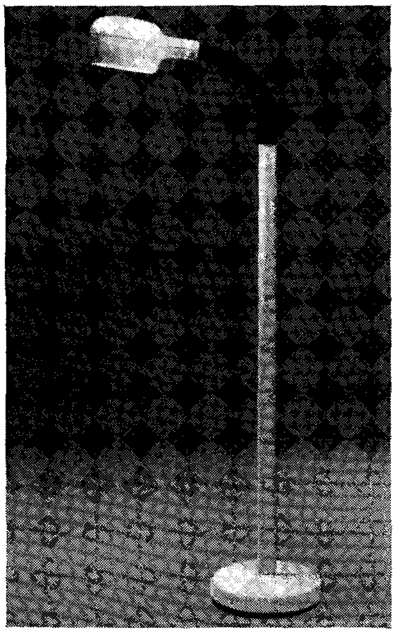

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that does matter is his ability to think, to plan, to exercise sound judgment. Indeed, after discovering how unreliable much of their memorized data was, one might argue that neither Ford nor Carter should ever be allowed to undertake any serious project with only such information as his mind could hold at a given moment. The one-subject format also robbed the occasion of spontaneity and interest. When Kennedy and Nixon met, they were led, or led each other, into a variety of unanticipated subjects—including Harry Truman's use of profanity, at which Nixon professed to be scandalized—and this provided some test of their ability to shift mental gears. Apart from expressing opposition to inflation and unemployment and citing statistics, there is only so much politicians can say about these ills, and not much of what they do say reveals their understanding or their ability to deal with them. It would probably be more instructive and revealing to have the candidates address themselves to the question of what they regard as the proper uses of, and the necessary limitations on, the kind of power they are seeking—particularly in the light of its recent abuses. If people could get reassuring answers to such questions, some of the current disillusionment might be dispelled; to those who think the system may still be salvageable, such matters are of more interest and importance than what candidates have to say on export controls or whether a President should be compelled to retain a chairman of the Federal Reserve Board whose views differ from his own.

Before Ford and Carter meet again, some changes in rules may be made. The moderator may be empowered to cut the speakers or their questioners short on the ground that they are being repetitious or irrelevant. Because it was only in the time allowed for rebuttals that there seemed any hope that the debate would come alive, more time may be allowed for them and less for the presentations. Both sides seem agreeable to such changes. But the one-subject format will remain until the last meeting, and by then there may be no real national audience. The change that might rekindle public interest—the provision of time in which the candidates could address each other and turn the show into a real debate—will almost certainly not be made. Candidates for lesser offices sometimes confront one another directly—generally before a small audience and with no television coverage—but few politicians wish to risk it. Most seem to

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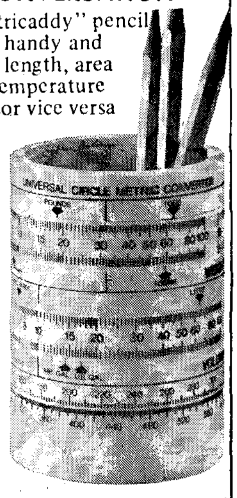

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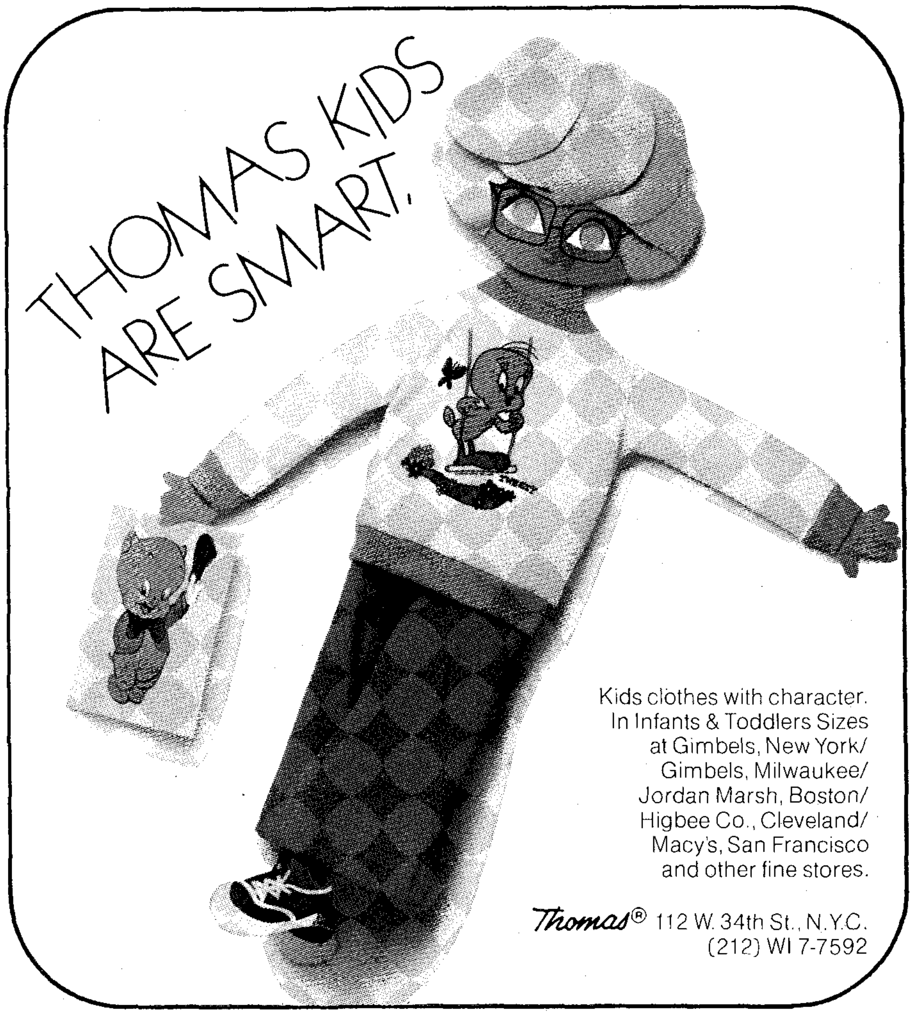
share the view that their vulnerabilities would be more apparent in such encounters than in news conferences. This is probably not the case. Journalists are generally more adept than they are at asking pointed questions, and part of their reluctance may arise from a lack of confidence in their own forensic powers. They feel safer answering questions with versions of speeches previously delivered than in testing their ability to dissect someone else's arguments and to come up, on the spot, with better ones. They are given to speaking frequently of "dialogue"—generally saying that more of it is needed, particularly in sticky situations—but they are less adept at it than at monologue. They would sooner offer warmed-over knowledge and make flat assertions than have their logic tested. For this, most of them have good reason.

THE next meeting of the candidates, on October 6th, will deal with foreign policy and is likely, even with changes in format, to be less interesting, if that is possible, than the first. At the same time, it may be more important, and perhaps even crucial. On diplomatic and military affairs, Ford and Carter have fewer differences of policy than they have on domestic affairs, so it will again be a contest of information, particularly since Ford can count on the widespread belief that sitting Presidents have better access to such knowledge than anyone else. That Ford does have better access is undeniable; he knows how many C.I.A. agents there are, and since the recent investigations he may even know what most of them are up to. He also knows what the C.I.A. people tell him, and he probably knows what George Bush, the present head of the agency, hasn't told Carter. Whether what he knows and Carter doesn't know is of any real importance in the conduct of foreign affairs is another matter. Facts about other nations' nuclear capabilities aren't of much use in forming a Latin-American policy or in making sound decisions on the Middle East or southern Africa. But people assume that such knowledge is of high importance, and it is more difficult for the challenger to persuade voters that though he may have studied the budget with as much care as the President, he is sufficiently well informed to conduct our dealings with the Soviet Union or Panama. It happens, though, that Ford may this time find it difficult to persuade voters that he is really in charge. It is clear that he intends to make much of Henry Kis-



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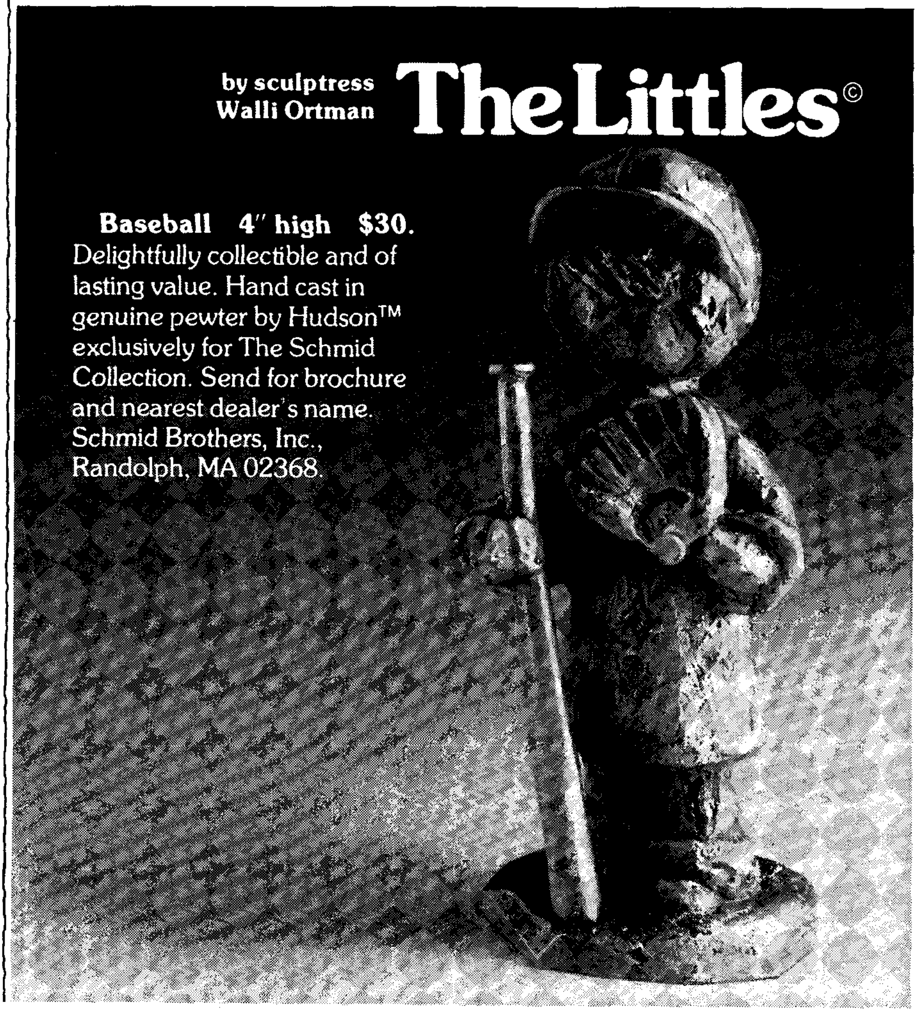

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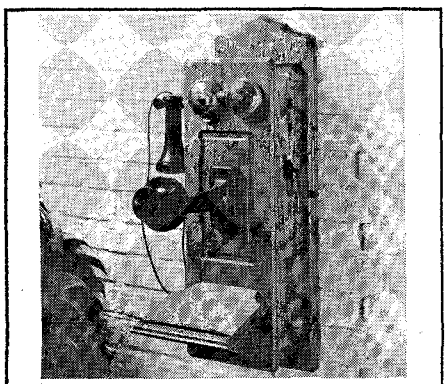

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singer's deal with the Rhodesians. According to press accounts of his announcement of the deal, he went so far as not to mention Kissinger once, and to claim it as "our success." But no one who has followed any part of the negotiations can believe that Ford had anything more to do with them than to allow his deputy to negotiate as he saw fit. It is possible that the deal will still look like a good one ten days from now, and if it does Ford will get some credit for it—if only for retaining the man who made it. There are a good many observers, though, who think it more likely than not that the arrangement will fall apart before the President meets Carter in San Francisco. What Kissinger has at the moment is little more than Ian Smith's verbal acquiescence to the principle of majority rule. That in itself is quite a bit to get from a man who said a few months ago that "not in a thousand years" would white Rhodesians submit to the black majority. But there are many other parties to be heard from, and the Soviet Union could blow the plan apart tomorrow by announcing that it will use its Security Council veto against a motion to drop United Nations sanctions, which is part of what Kissinger has promised Smith. The deal may turn out to be a great accomplishment; even trying it was a remarkable feat of diplomatic initiative and imagination. But if it proves unworkable, Ford, having trumpeted it as a great breakthrough for "his" policies, will be forced to accept it as a loss, and Carter will be strengthened in his case that it is time for a change.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

I don't think you can help but be deeply moved by the strange hallucinatory look of "Replika," by the grunting, groaning, squealing, keening, moaning sound of it. Shapeless bags swing through the air, heads are carried around in cases adorned with candles, three-legged dummies are placed on top of ghastly, burnt-looking pianos.
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Well, yes and no.

•

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composite, common name for the Compositae, by far the largest family of vascular plants. —*Page 464.*

grass, any plant of the family Gramineae, the largest and most widely distributed group of vascular plants. —*Page 858.*

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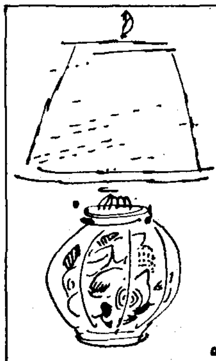

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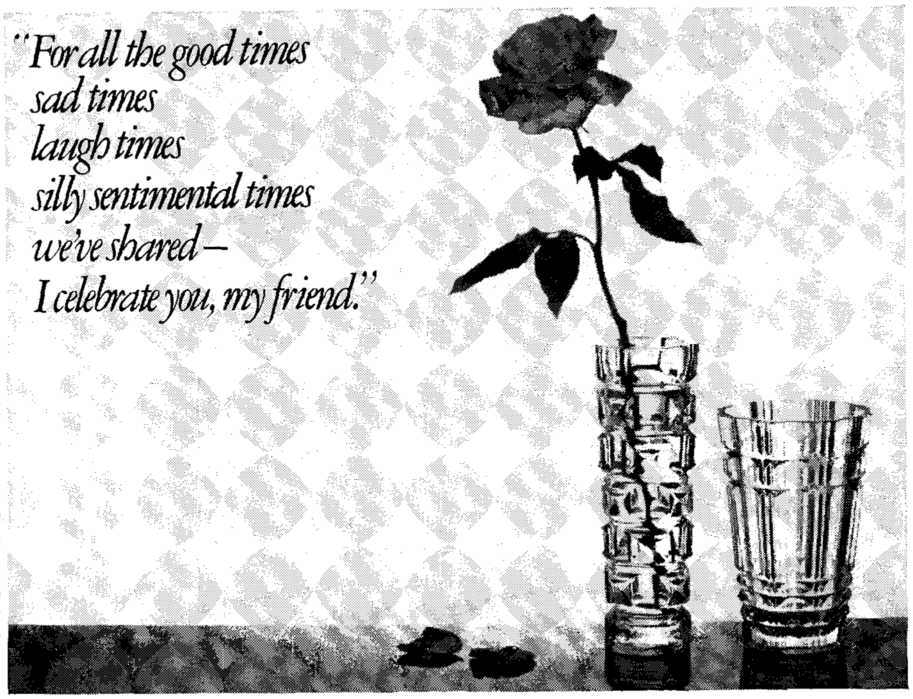
NIGHTTIME football is rarely an Ivy League diversion, but the opportunity of catching Pennsylvania at play with Lehigh, a worthy outsider, in a truly regional match on a truly benign evening the last Friday in September was temptation enough to journey down to Philadelphia; there, as if the merry mingling of misdemeanors, mishandlings, and a few draughts of poetic brilliance under an artificial moon were an insufficiency, the display was rounded off with a Bicentennial outburst of fireworks—nothing to rank with the Tall Ships barrage, but nevertheless a pleasure. Lehigh 24, Pennsylvania 20 was the net result, and three of the contributing touchdowns were brought about by those misdemeanors and mishandlings. It was early-season activity, all right. The stunner of the affair was a ninety-seven-yard pass play, Kershaw to Weaver, for Lehigh's second touchdown, but the ball was up for grabs so often that the whole occasion was, in a word, breathtaking.

Next afternoon, the real invasion of the League began. The barn dances that go on in the Rutgers backfield before the ball is shuttled in its ultimate direction are a wonder to behold. They were a puzzlement to a dogged Princeton defense, and after Lang, a linebacker who excels at analyzing barn dances, was damaged, it was clearly indicated that Rutgers would win going away, and it did, 17–0. The Princeton offense, which has managed no more than three points this fall, is mainly Isom as runner, and when he, too, had to withdraw, there was little that a set of quarterbacks with no field experience worth the mention could accomplish. Columbia entertained Lafayette, so to speak, by beating it, 38–31, but, inasmuch as Lafayette has had a bad case of the willies this season, it must rate as the least dangerous guest the League teams went up against on Saturday last. Colgate, which not long ago sent two dazzling running backs (Hubbard and van Eeghen) to the Oakland Raiders, still effervesces, and it put away Cornell, a Leaguer that



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has yet to shape itself up, by a count of 25–20. Andrewlavage, who kicked one field goal at thirty-two yards and another at fifty to help Colgate out, retains this commentator's unflagging admiration.

A theory held in respect by many incognoscenti is that the New England state universities must, when they are mentioned at all, be coupled with the word "little." A visit to, say, Durham, where the University of New Hampshire sequesters, would hastily end this illusion. Non-little New Hampshire battled mightily in its own assault on the Ivy League before it gave way to Dartmouth, at Hanover, only in the third quarter, at 24–13; non-little Rhode Island held Brown, which has at least the potential to run rampant, to a score of 3–0; Yale had to come from behind in the third quarter to wrestle down non-little Connecticut, which had been ahead, 10–7, at halftime. Whether it is good luck or just plain planning makes no matter: a year ago, Yale was unhappy when Gesicki, its jauntiest *running* back, played his last game; this year, Pagliaro has taken his place, and with a Bicentennial-fireworks bang.

A resolute and undefeated Massachusetts tried its best to put Harvard to the sword, and Harvard, doing without its favorite catcher, Curry, who has departed the team, was properly perturbed. The Harvard offense lined up in a formation that had not been seen in these parts since Crisler resigned his coaching post at Princeton several decades ago—a sort of deep-kick layout, with Kubacki, the team's patron saint, all by himself and his flanker backs spread wide. From this setup, Kubacki, celebrated mainly as a passer, whipped the ball (not very often) to McDermott and other friends, far downfield, or ran the ball himself. It was a scheme devised by Crisler at a time when he was shoulder-deep in skilled performers at every position and could therefore royally disdain any effort at deception. As Kubacki, a burgeoning Wizard of Oz, ran the show, Massachusetts hadn't a clue to his intentions on any move he made, and for the most part its guesswork was sadly in error. By dint of Coleman and Jessamy, two running backs who were superb until the Harvard linebackers used them up, Massachusetts went ahead, and quickly, but Kubacki, once he got the machinery devised for him oiled, broke loose—two touchdowns, one on a sprint of more than forty yards, to cite only a portion of his track record, and to say nothing of his throwing. Harvard 24, Massachusetts 13—an afternoon's outing that gave new meaning to the word "exhibition."

Another delight of this department is Army's Hall, and though he pitched three passes into the hands of North Carolina, thereby enormously benefitting the enemy, he kept on wafting the ball aloft—fifty-five times, and twenty-eight times to the right man. Four of these passes went for Army touchdowns. Hall is an essential ingredient to Army, which has no runner of the style of Voight, who went for four touchdowns on North Carolina's behalf. And yet, and yet—at the very last minute it did appear that Army might have triumphed, at 39–34, instead of losing, 34–32. If an Army onside kick had travelled a foot more before an Army man downed it, a glorious opportunity would have made itself known.

—J. W. L.

• •

STONE CANYON NOCTURNE

Ancient of Days, old friend, no one believes you'll come back.
No one believes in his own life anymore.

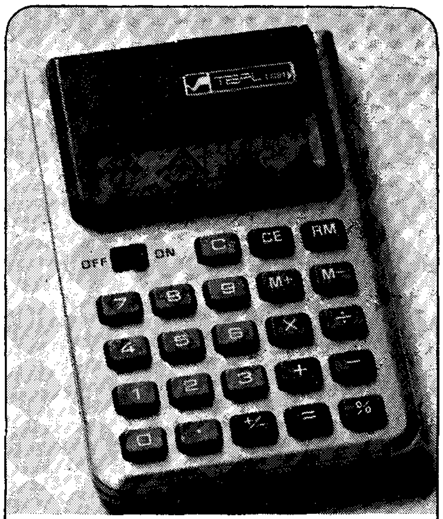
The moon, like a dead heart, cold and unstartable, hangs by a thread
At the earth's edge,
Unfaithful at last, splotching the ferns and the pink shrubs.

In the other world, children undo the knots in their tally strings.
They sing songs, and their fingers blear.

And here, where the swan hums in his socket, where bloodroot
And belladonna insist on our comforting,
Where the fox in the canyon wall empties our hands, ecstatic for more,

Like a bead of clear oil the Healer revolves through the night wind,
Part eye, part tear, unwilling to recognize us.

—CHARLES WRIGHT



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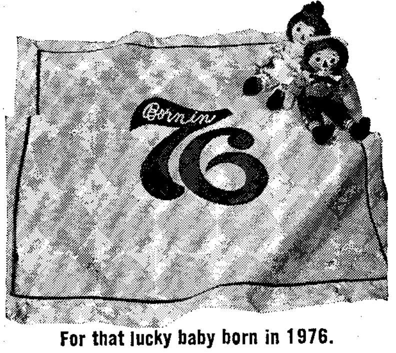

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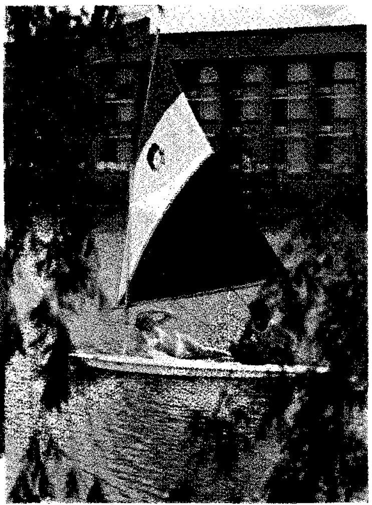
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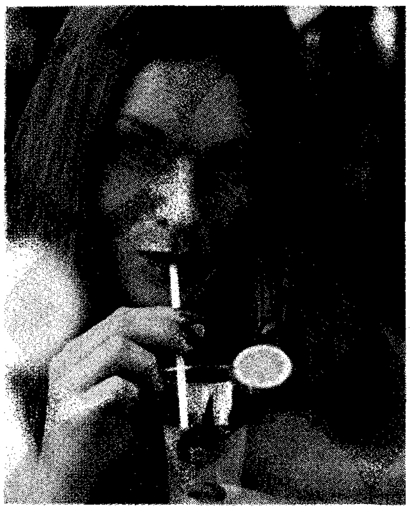
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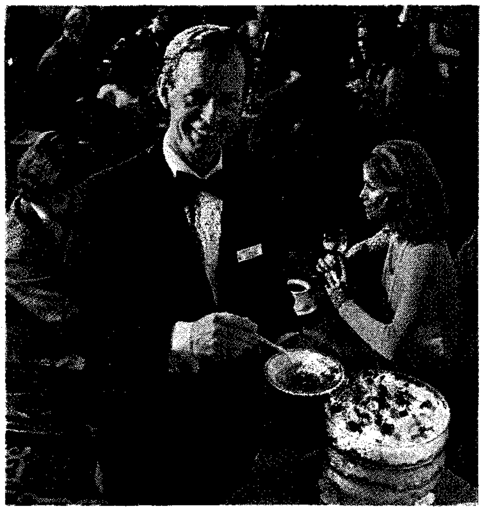
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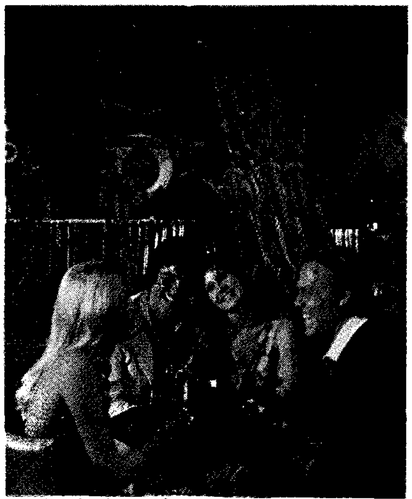
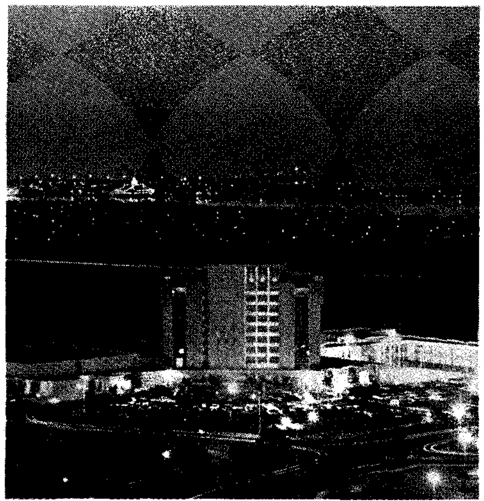

King's Wharf on the lake, Kansas City Int'l Airport.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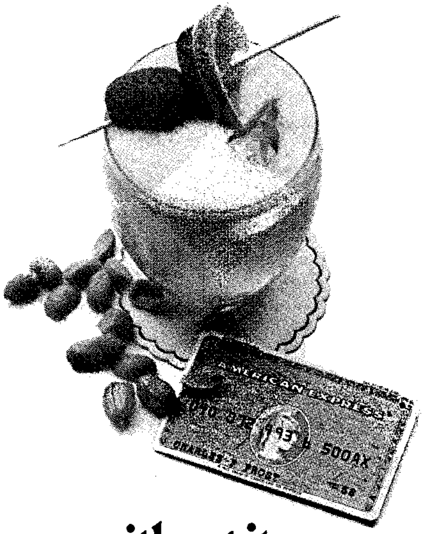

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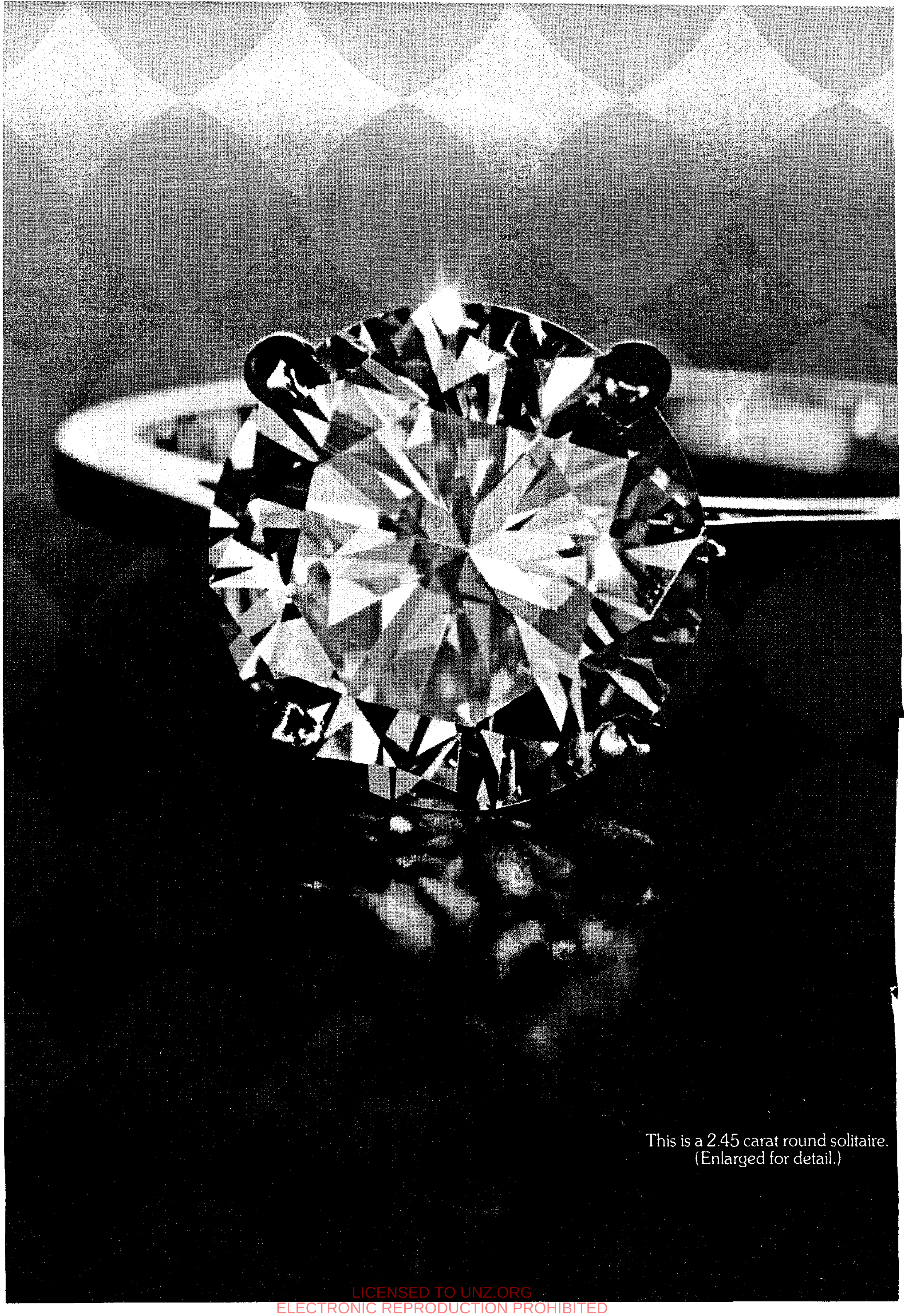

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BOOKS

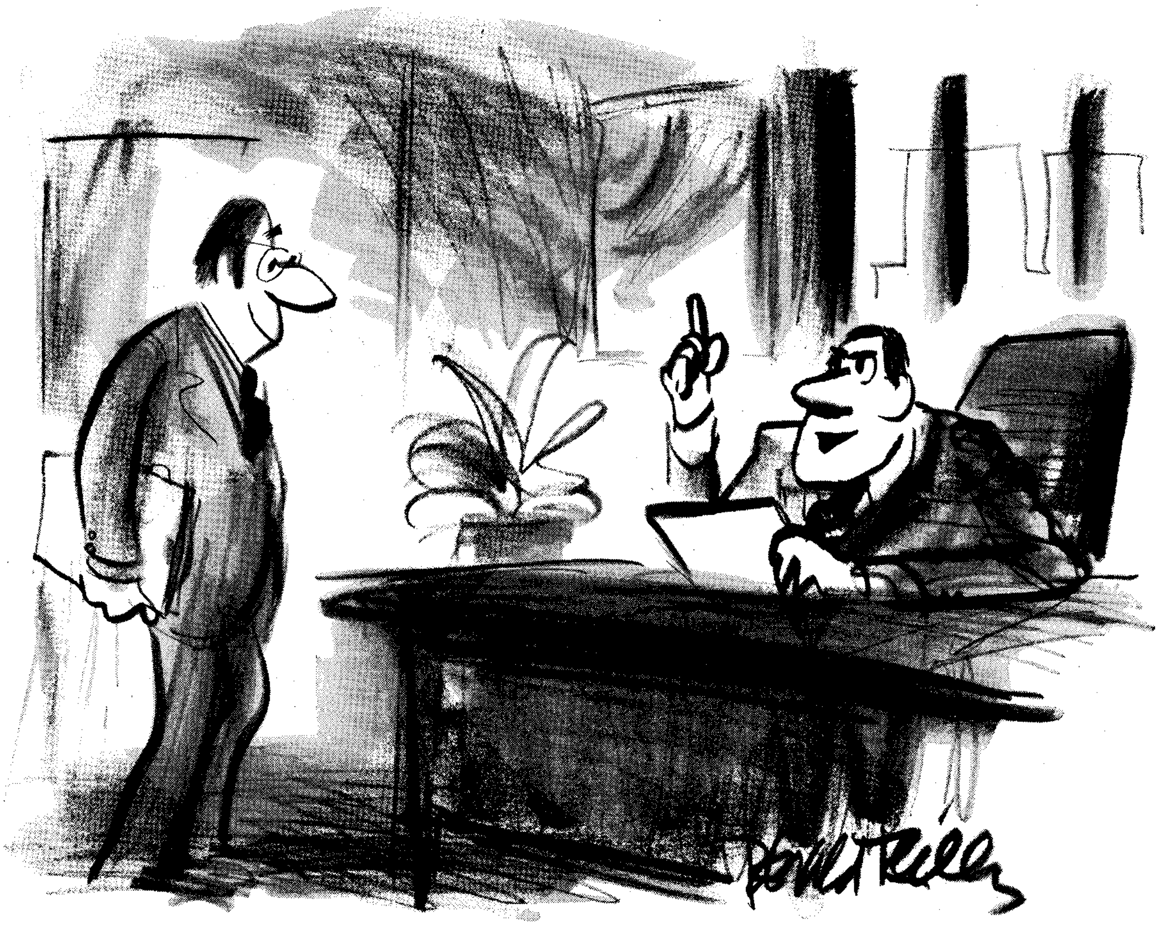
Texts and Men

SOME immortals are more so than others. Plato hangs in the sky conspicuous and immutable as Deneb; other names wink at the edge of visibility, crowded by historical overpopulation into a shadowy word-game status, best known for having once been better known. Five such secondary luminaries—St. Ignatius of Loyola (1491-1556), Giovanni Battista Vico (1668-1744), Donatien Alphonse François, Comte de Sade, commonly called the Marquis (1740-1814), Johann Gottfried von Herder (1744-1803), and François Marie Charles Fourier (1772-1837)—are the subjects of two compositely titled volumes: "Sade/Fourier/Loyola," by Roland Barthes (1915-   ), and "Vico and Herder," by Isaiah Berlin (1909-   ). Neither volume proposes biography, save incidentally, or exhaustiveness. Contemporary intellectual currents flow unevenly around the five subjects: Vico and Sade might be said to be fashionable; Loyola got a hammerlock on history by founding the Jesuits; the two figures closest to us in time—Herder and Fourier—are the dimmest in our perspectives, though the latter's scandalously blithe utopian schemes were once taken seriously here, by Horace Greeley among others, and Fourierist communities were attempted as far and wide as Texas and New Jersey. Not only does no wave of timely interest compel these studies (Berlin's book originated in lectures given in 1957-58 and in 1964; Barthes's is assembled of articles composed during the last decade) but in neither is any thesis of mutual influence urged. The title pages emphasize discreteness; Barthes's lists the names without connectives, as did the original Hogarth Press edition of Berlin's volume, which is subtitled "Two Studies in the History of Ideas." Though Herder read Vico, it was after Herder's main ideas were formed and promulgated, and anyway, Berlin says, "one wonders whether he ever more than merely glanced at his work." As for the three others, Fourier is claimed to have read Sade, and Sade, of course, rebelled within the Catholic tradition of which St. Ignatius is a part; but nothing so dreary as ideological content is at issue. The "theoretical intent of these studies," according to Barthes, is "the displacement . . . of the text's social responsibility." The three so disparate authors are considered as "Logothetes, founders of languages": "It is not a matter of taking into ourselves the contents, convictions, a faith, a cause, nor even images; it is a matter of receiving from the text a kind of fantasmatic order."

> It makes little difference how their style is judged, good, bad, or indifferent: they persist, never stop the weighing and elaborating operation; as the style is absorbed in the writing, the system disintegrates into systematics, the novel into the novelistic, prayer into the fantasmatic: Sade is no longer an erotic, Fourier no longer a utopian, Loyola no longer a saint: all that is left in each of them is a scenographer: he who disperses himself across the framework he sets up and arranges *ad infinitum*.

Though Professor Berlin seems a more traditional critic of the past than Professeur Barthes, delineating painstakingly the sinews and veins of ideational content, he, too, chooses the image of writing to link Vico and Herder, who were separately able "to read the symbols with which societies and civilizations express themselves as a graphologist reads handwriting." Both groupings of studies are united not by any substantial interplay of the subjects but by an act of the authors—the act of recognition which perceives a likeness. Both books are exercises in constellation-making, an intellectual game that soothes our nervous modern sensation of dissociation and scatter.

Barthes's critical triplet (published by Hill & Wang, and translated from the French by Richard Miller, who renders the author's idiosyncratic locutions with a growing intelligibility and ease) may be the best introduction to Barthes's work now in English. Not so arid as his treatise on semiology or his relentlessly semiological explication of Balzac's



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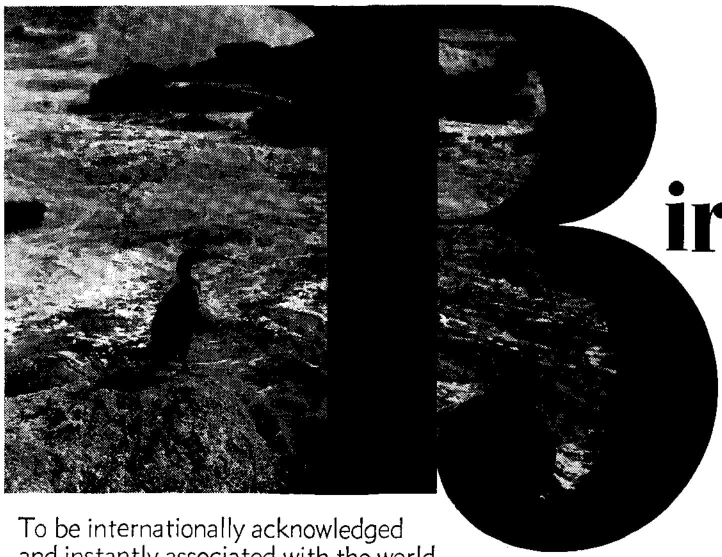
"Sarrasine," and not so breezy and arch as "Mythologies" or "The Pleasure of the Text," "Sade/Fourier/Loyola" shows his deliberately superficial technique of analysis attaching itself to texts that in their perverse strangeness arouse in him something like affection, and in the reader of his exegeses a corresponding excitement. For Barthes's mind to display itself with such contagious animation it was perhaps necessary that the texts be, though historically prestigious, negligible at the level of personal intellectual engagement. There can be little question of his, or our, following Loyola into sainthood, or Sade into sadism, or Fourier into utopia. The texts have the sort of discreditability which Barthes relishes; he finds bliss in the very vacuity of languages founded "precisely in order to say nothing, to observe a vacancy," each set of coinages admirable not through any meaningful signification but "precisely because it hangs together well." The three authors share, he tells us, passions for isolation (Loyola's retreat cells, Sade's hermetic orgy sites, Fourier's self-sustaining phalansteries of exactly sixteen hundred and twenty persons), for enumeration and classification, "for cutting up (the body of Christ, the body of the victim, the human soul)," for ordering and ritual and planning, for the theatrical. The elements of Sade's language are, of course, bodies—organs and orifices arranged in *tableaux vivants*, in impossible pleasure machines of flesh that function, Barthes points out, in silence: "This silence is the silence of the libidinous machine, so well oiled, brought to such easy efficiency that we can distinguish only a few sighs, quiverings." These machines are, as it were, sentences, whose components Sade never wearies of rearranging, in a French of notable correctness and grammatical "tact." The elements of Fourier's language are less easily construed. Barthes enjoys the "insane" calculations in the utopian's airily unpragmatic programs for a Harmony that if effected "would be hell itself" and that in attempted effectuation proved "doomed to instant fiasco;" but it remains unclear how this language of fraction and multiplication, "free from any referential illusion," in its "vast madness . . . permutates" and "goes beyond system and attains systematics, i.e., writing." Fourier's infectious detail-spinning drives Barthes's own writing to prodigies of profuse articulation, such as a sentence punctuated by seven colons, two semicolons, three parentheses, eight pairs of quotation marks, and thirteen commas.

Loyola's "Exercises," an ancient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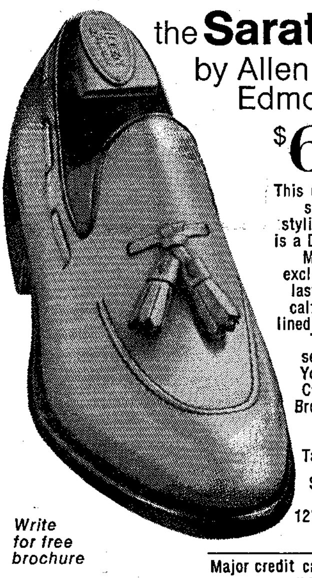

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and, one would think, tedious manual of regulated devotions for a four-week retreat, provokes Barthes's most striking and cogent analysis. The Saint's prescribed regulation of the exercitant's every waking minute is seen "to determine what might be called a field of exclusion. The tight organization of time . . . allows for the day to be completely *covered,* to cover over any interstice in it through which an outside word might come; to be repellent, the day must be joined together so perfectly that Ignatius recommends beginning the future tense even before the present tense has been exhausted: in going to sleep, think already of my awakening." The Saint's emphasis on inner visualization (of Christ's person, of specific Biblical scenes) is understood as an attempt, at the historical moment when the ear yielded to the eye as the "perceptive sense *par excellence,*" to create an orthodox vocabulary of image, an "image linguistics" over and against the languageless religious experience of the mystics. The numerical obsession inculcated by the "Exercises" (an accountancy that "cannot be completely foreign to the new capitalist ideology") creates "between the sinner and the countless number of his sins a narcissistic bond of property." Loyola's manual, written for the directors of retreats, is a multiple text whose final act of communication is to set up a language whereby the Divinity can speak to the exercitant. The language is binary: prayer offers God a choice, and the exercitant resolves himself into an equipoise of indifference. Ignatius writes, "I must be indifferent . . . so as not to be either more inclined or attached to taking what is offered me than to leaving it. . . . I must be like the needle of a scale." God tips the scale, then, with subtle signs (tears, inner states, visions), of which the subtlest is the withholding of a sign altogether. Zero, that is, enters the language constructed for the Divinity to speak: "The divine vacuum can no longer threaten, alter, or decentralize the plenitude which is part of every closed language."

As far as I know, criticism so theoretical yet apprehensive, so lofty in its overview yet so piquant in the details it seizes upon, so adroit at coaxing the classics to turn their faces to the light of a radical new aesthetic, is a triumph peculiarly Gallic. By comparison, American criticism seems leaden, carping, compendious.

ISAIAH BERLIN offers the reader a British texture. His pages on Vico and Herder (published by Viking) have kept much of a lecture's orotundity, confidingly inflected circumspection, and helpful (in case we sneezed, or came in late) repetitiveness. Like T. S. Eliot, Berlin is a master of what Barthes designates as "paralypse"—"the rhetorical figure that consists in stating what one is not going to say." For example, "I wish to confine myself, so far as possible (and at times it is not), to what is truly original in Herder's views, and by no means to all of this . . ." Or "I have not attempted to trace the origins of these ideas, save in a somewhat tentative fashion, nor to give an account of the historical or social circumstances in which they were conceived, nor their precise role in the *Weltanschauung* of the age, or even that of the thinkers themselves." The same scholarly gesture, a solemn covering of one's flanks, directs the prose again and again into rather wearying series: "In Vico's conception man is not distinguishable from the actual process of his development—at once physical, moral, intellectual, spiritual, and, equally, social, political, artistic;" "The relationship between what men 'make' and the laws and categories which govern their operations, like the related tension between value and fact, human purpose and the nature of things, freedom and determinism, action and 'the given'. . ." Whereas Barthes disregards the ostensible message of his authors in order to "listen to the message's transport," Berlin offers what often seems a laborious paraphrase.

It was Vico's genius to suspend certain judgments of the Enlightenment and to propose the idea of culture. We can best know what we create, and men create aggregations of law, myth, institutions, and works of art that form serviceable wholes. The legends and monuments of early men were not the "absurd fantasies of helpless primitives, or deliberate inventions designed to delude;" they were "natural ways of conveying a coherent view of the world as it was seen and interpreted." Men of later cultures can, through an effort of historical understanding, enter into these remote social processes in a way that they cannot enter into the workings of the nonhuman world. It remained for Herder, who was born the year Vico died, and was not directly influenced by him, to state the ultimate implication of cultural relativism: all cultures are equally valid, and there is no such thing as the perfect civilization. "This is perhaps the sharpest blow ever delivered against the classical philosophy of the West, to which the notion of perfection—

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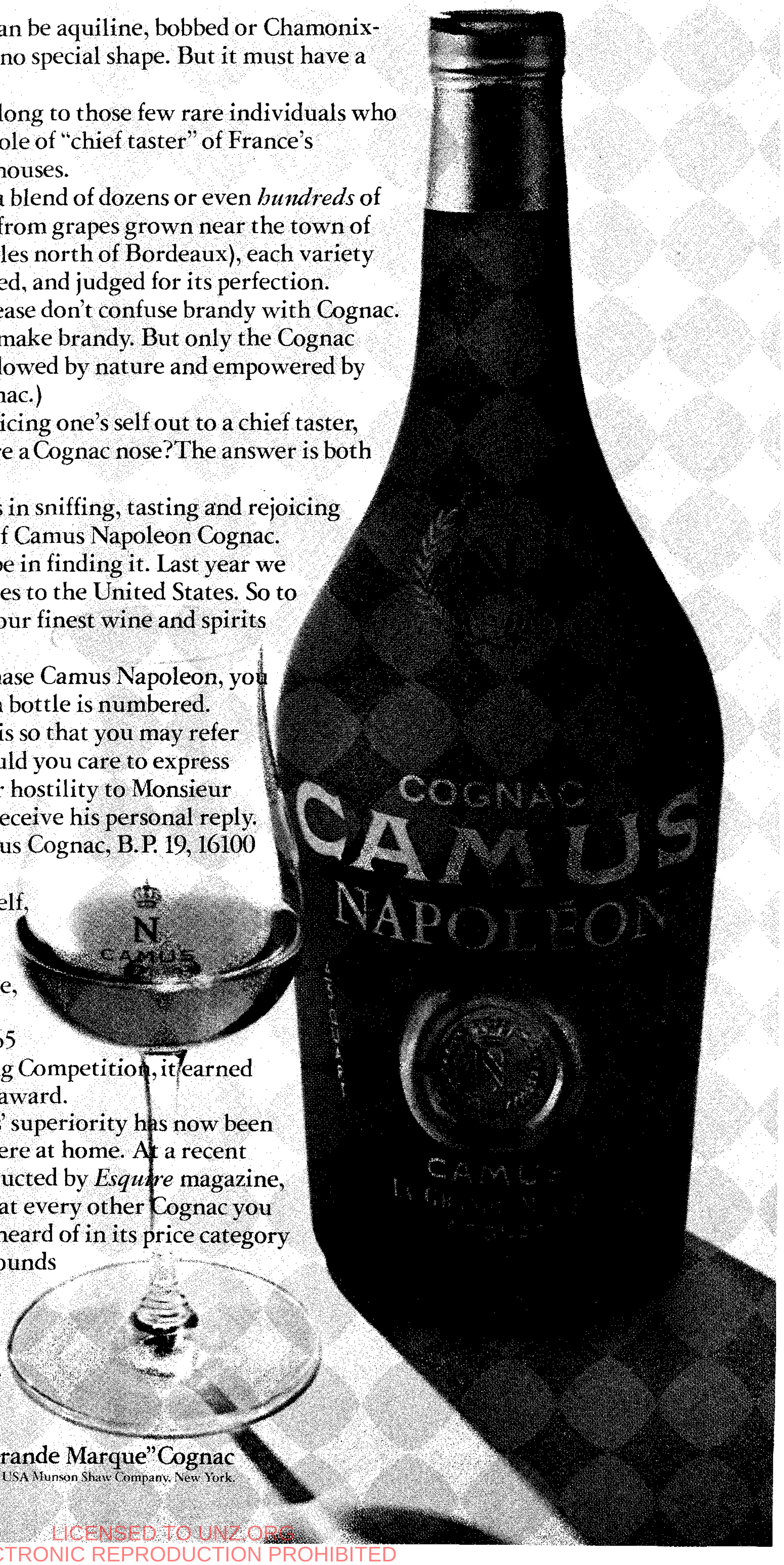

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the possibility, at least in principle, of universal, timeless solutions of problems of value—is essential." The reader hovers, in the course of Berlin's exposition, between two kinds of excitement: the excitement of Vico's ideas themselves, which are by now thoroughly absorbed in our own cultural equipment, and that of the modern historian's tracing, in the web of Western historiography, their origins and subsequent influences. These are tenuous. Vico's theses apparently lay fallow until their discovery, and exuberant misapplication, by the French historian Michelet a century later. Discussing their antecedents, Professor Berlin pulls many a dusty name from the library of his mind:

> Indeed [Vico] blames Grotius, for example (and could have criticized Bodin), for offering principles which are not "necessary," but merely probable and "verisimilar," whereas the true constituents or "elements of history" can be established with absolute certainty—in the manner of Plato rather than Bacon. Are these "elements" the categories, the basic relationships, presupposed by historical thinking—an application of Kant's transcendental logic *avant la lettre*—as Jacobi thought?

He shows a power of creative assemblage mostly toward the end, when, in a piece of original speculation, Vico's relativism is linked to the forgotten disputes of sixteenth-century jurists as they sought to recover Roman law in its presumed purity from its medieval and Byzantine accretions. Vico was "above all, a legal scholar preoccupied with the history of jurisprudence," so he can be presumed familiar with the textual studies, carried forward primarily in France, by legalists like Baudouin and Budé and Dumoulin and Hotman, that produced, in Berlin's account, such an arresting result: "The more faithfully the despised medieval accumulation was removed, the stranger the classical world appeared: if anything, it was the alleged monkish distortions that gave it such affinity to the ideas of later ages as it once seemed to have." Here, in the researches of once heated controversy, lie the seeds of a historical relativism; the scholars themselves, though without the generalizing power of a Vico, were brought to perceive that languages and institutions have "their beginnings, progress, corruption, end." And here, in a set of warmed-over lectures that breathe a stale air of recapitulation, glitters a brilliant exercise of knowledge, a plausible collation of obscure texts that enables us to enter into the intellectual adventures and horizons of the Renaissance as no instancing less

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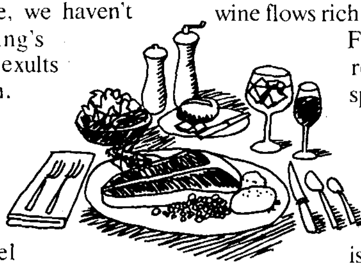

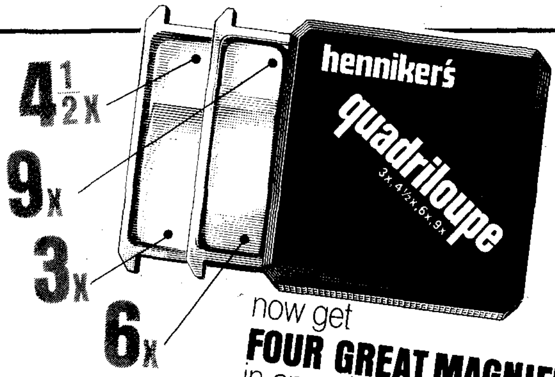

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concrete could do. Vico himself said, in a sentence chosen as an epigraph to this book, "The useful historians are not those who give general descriptions of facts and explain them by reference to general conditions, but those who go into the greatest detail and reveal the particular cause of each event."

HIS lust for particularity, though it led Vico into all sorts of incorrectly specific suppositions, is the heart of his vitalism and of his value now. What are we, after all, to make of the great men we inherit, with their outworn theories and weighty oeuvres—a veritable debris of greatness, as overwhelming as all the other wastelands of disposable containers? We can, like Barthes, treat their texts and their lives indiscriminately, as raw material for a new kind of connoisseurship, an elegant and amused examination that from vast fields of dispersed energy plucks a few " 'biographemes' whose distinction and mobility might go beyond any fate and come to touch, like Epicurean atoms, some future body, destined to the same dispersion." For example, "Sade's white muff, Fourier's flowerpots, Ignatius's Spanish eyes." Or we may follow, with Berlin, a more or less muscular delineation of great men as knots, loci of special confluence and intensity within the onflowing "history of ideas." Though such an approach appears solidly respectful and, as it were, anatomical—listing names, dates, books, significant conversations (Herder talks to Goethe, Hawthorne talks to Melville; result: greatness)—the men in question evaporate even more thoroughly than in Barthes's fey distillations. For if ideas have an evolution, they will evolve regardless of the minds that momentarily carry them. By the description of Professor Berlin's own book, Vico left behind him a few unread treatises and a strictly local reputation; Herder, arriving at some of the same ideas without any direct awareness of Vico, fathered German nationalism and the Romantic movement. His time was ripe; Vico was premature—an inventor, like da Vinci, in advance of the available technology. When this reviewer was a child, inventors were still presented as great men, almost all of whom happened to be American: Fulton and the steamboat, Bell and the telephone, Edison and the light bulb, Ford and the assembly line. Now who knows who invented the Xerox machine, the pocket calculator, the squeezable shampoo bottle? The stream of technology is recognized to be just

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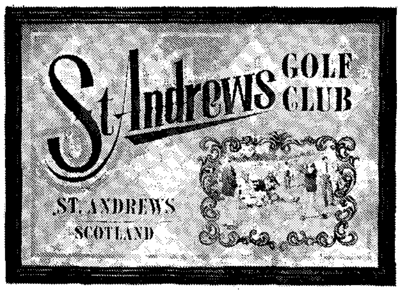

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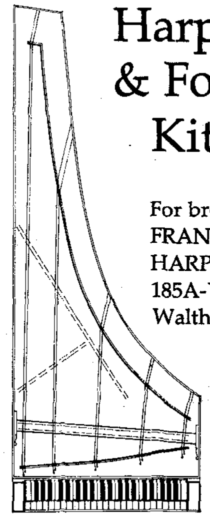
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that, and a savor of exploitative cleverness clings to the entrepreneurs who turn a personal profit from some ripple within it. So, too, with philosophy. Berlin credits Vico with seven thought inventions: "Every one of these notions is a major advance in thought, any one of which by itself is sufficient to make the fortune of a philosopher." But he does not show us Vico making a fortune (he lived as a petty pedagogue, crippled and poor), nor does he persuade us that, had Vico not lived, others would have failed to deduce from the mounting mass of data the essential perceptions of the "New Science"—that is, of what are now called the social sciences. The tide of information is inexorable. Every month, in the pages of *Scientific American*, men, generally conjoined in teams, using mirrors and radio telescopes and the statistical manipulations possible to the computer, arrive at empirical conclusions about questions of perception and cosmology that used to belong exclusively to philosophers. Einstein was the last man to make a popular impression with an individual feat of thought, and, while particle physics accumulates its bizarre microcosmic truths, the tarnish of old glamour gathers on his name. Amid reality's grainy multiplications, who can track a single mind, however brilliant?

James Joyce's use of Vico in the composition of "Finnegans Wake" is a well-known incident, which Professor Berlin refers to slightingly; the Viconian theory of cycles that underlies Joyce's epic composition is, he says, "probably the best known and the least valuable among [Vico's] achievements," and Joyce is lumped in a footnote with Norman O. Brown as a "modern irrationalist thinker." True, Joyce used, along with the profound suggestions in Vico, much patently naïve anthropology—the thunderclaps, the god-fearing race of giants. His use of Vico was skeptical and, in the sense of scholarly conscience, conscienceless. He wrote to Harriet Weaver, "I would not pay overmuch attention to these theories, beyond using them for all they are worth." Asked if he believed in the "Scienza Nuova," Joyce answered, "I don't believe in any science, but my imagination grows when I read Vico as it doesn't when I read Freud or Jung." Can we do better than to use these men descended to us by the accident of their greatness as stimulants to our imagination, much as we use our living companions? Vico held that we can understand human history because it is human. By the

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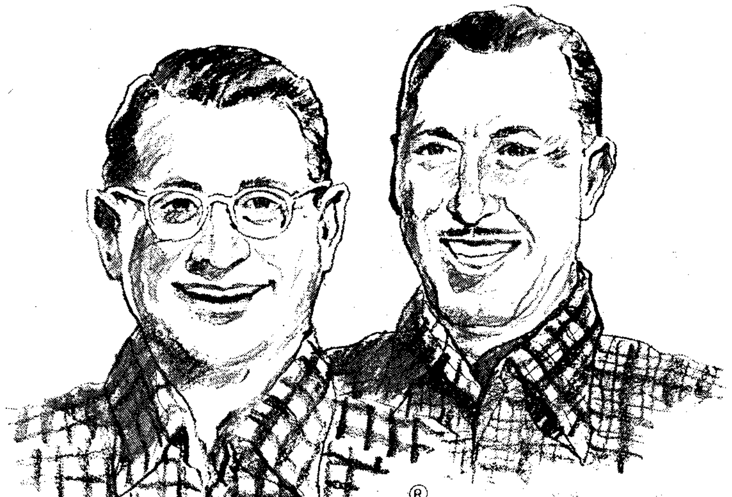

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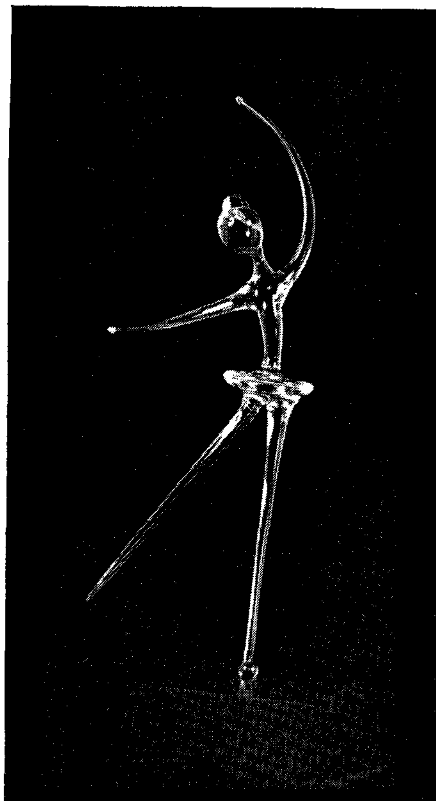

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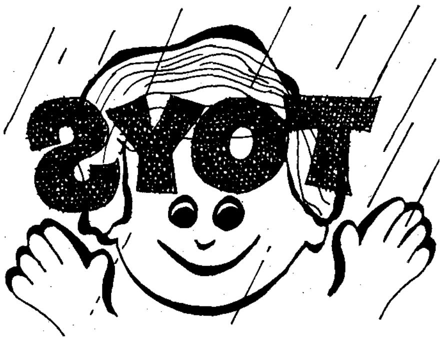

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same benign principle, we can still, in our age of rampant obsolescence, confront and enjoy what is not obsolete in classic texts: the men they embody.

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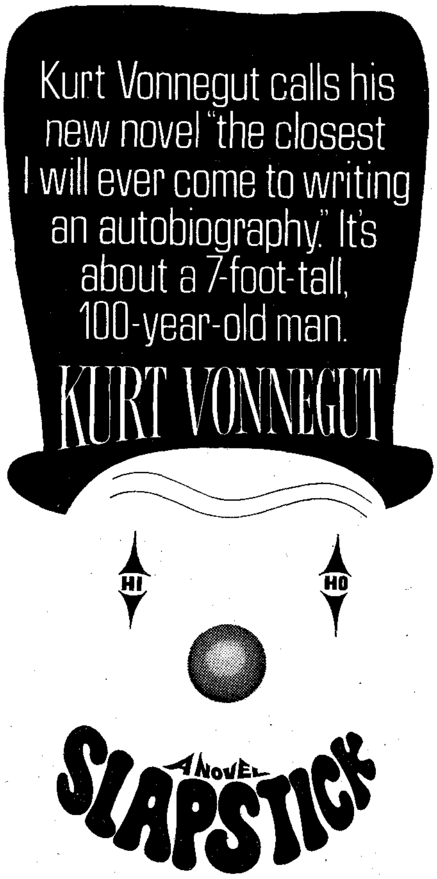
FICTION

THE HATTER'S PHANTOMS, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Willard R. Trask (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A psychopathological study (as distinguished from the famous Maigret detective thrillers) that was originally published in France in 1949. It is thus a product of the author's most interesting and ingenious period. The subject is murder, and Simenon examines, with his keenest sensitivity to nuance and detail, the degenerating effect of public gossip, learned speculation in the press, and other "phantoms" on a multiple murderer who embarks upon his crimes with a not unreasonable sense of justification. The date is sometime in the nineteen-thirties, and the scene is the fishing port of La Rochelle, with its misty rains, its narrow streets, and its club-like cafés.

GENERAL

DEAN ACHESON: THE STATE DEPARTMENT YEARS, by David S. McLellan (Dodd, Mead). A fascinating character study and a thoughtful political appraisal. The author, a professor of political science, shows how Acheson managed to get into so much hot water with so many American politicians and, while Secretary of State, managed to be accused of both dangerous pro-Communism and dangerous anti-Communism. Acheson was widely regarded in the United States as hoity-toity, because he was; he had great difficulty learning to conceal his sense of intellectual and social superiority—he never wholly did—and so made enemies on personal as well as political grounds. The author's careful, readable scrutiny of the tangles of international diplomacy is enlightening. He thinks that Acheson's policies in regard to Europe were by and large about the best this country could do at that time; Acheson's major errors, he believes, were in dealing with Asia, and he tells us what they were and why Acheson made them.

THE SHADOW OF THE WINTER PALACE: RUSSIA'S DRIFT TO REVOLUTION, 1825-1917, by Edward



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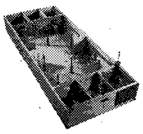

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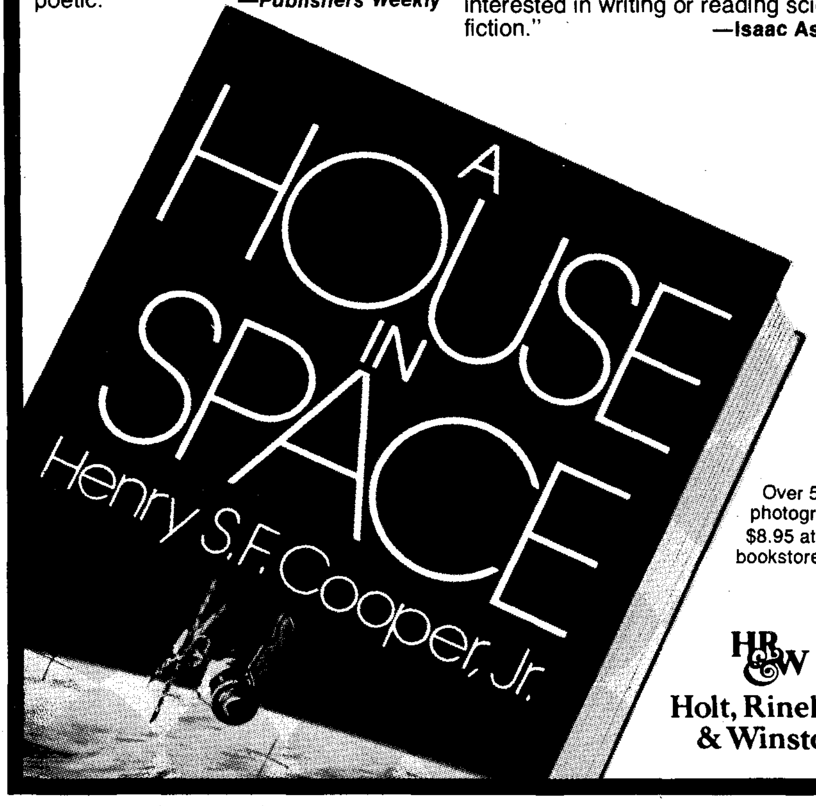
Crankshaw (Viking). A fluent, vivid account of what went wrong. The reader follows Mr. Crankshaw through a darkening labyrinth of missed opportunities as he shows how Russia never found a middle ground between violence and apathy, and why, throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, many intelligent Russians, convinced that there is no alternative but anarchy, have supported autocracy or dictatorship. What Russia's innumerable non-Russian subjects have thought has never mattered: whether Poles to the west or Circassians to the south, they were to be broken as peoples. Mr. Crankshaw is not shy about expressing his opinion, and he believes that the Communist dictatorship is little more than a continuation of Czarist autocracy. Indeed, there seems to be a Czarist precedent for almost every post-Czarist policy—in 1890, for example, the Minister of Education, a nonentity named Delyanov, fired Russia's most eminent scientist, Mendeleyev, from his university post because Mendeleyev "had dared to pass on to the minister a students' petition of which he disapproved." One of Mr. Crankshaw's many assets, as readers of his earlier works will recall, is his familiarity with the arts. Here that virtue is particularly pleasing: the achievements of Russian artists make an attractive contrast to the idiocy, venality, and destructiveness of Russian politicians. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

ENERGY AND CONFLICT: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EDWARD TELLER, by Stanley A. Blumberg and Gwinn Owens (Putnam). The authors of this fine book have done something that one might have thought impossible: they have written an objective biography of Edward Teller. Teller is a person who polarizes whatever atmosphere he moves through. The older generation of scientists has never completely forgiven him for his negative testimony at the security hearing that finally condemned Oppenheimer, and the younger generation cannot forget his opposition to the nuclear-test-ban treaty and his association with right-wing ideas and organizations. He is, however, a man of considerable charm and great scientific ability, and his fanatic obsession with thermonuclear weapons may well have helped in stabilizing world politics. (The authors point out that the Russians exploded an H-bomb before we



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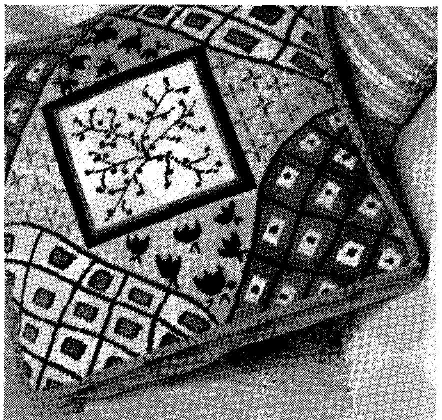

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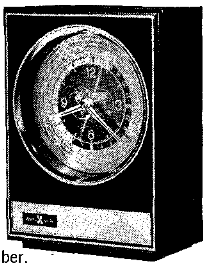

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knew how to build one—a dangerous situation, if one believes that a balance of terror is the only realistic way of preventing nuclear war.) Mr. Blumberg and Mr. Owens interviewed almost everyone who has been close to Teller, admirers and detractors alike, and many of these interviews are reproduced verbatim. One comes away from the book with insight into the forces and events that produced Teller's attitudes and with new understanding of important aspects of our recent history.

THE GREAT ANGLO-BOER WAR, by Byron Farwell (Harper & Row). A broadly inclusive account that discusses causes and aftermaths, diplomacy and politics, and the nature of two mutually uncomprehending, and probably incompatible, societies, as well as the purely military events of the war itself, which lasted from 1899 to 1902. In its own time, the war was seen very disparately, depending upon the viewer, and Mr. Farwell explains the various eddies of feeling. Most other powers envied British paramountcy, and the Empire's early humiliations in the field were greeted with glee. (Even now, the British military complacency and unpreparedness make astounding reading.) But the imperial idea had caught the imagination of the majority of the British population, and the nation rallied, fought, and won for no better reason than that the English could not bear to lose. The contrast between the Republican Boers—armed civilians (a crack militia, really) fighting in their own back yards—and the caste-ridden imperial forces, ill-trained and badly commanded by the well-connected, is heartbreaking, wherever one's sympathies lie: the war was brutal. What confounds all wisdom, of course, is that, considering Boer society today, it looks very much as if imperial Britain in 1899 was right for the wrong reasons. Mr. Farwell—his preface is especially good—is content with more measured, or perhaps measurable, judgments.

GEORGE SAND, by Ruth Jordan (Taplinger). Mrs. Jordan explains how her moneyed, well-born heroine happened to grow up without the education in inhibition that was the lot of most upper-class girls of her time (1804-76). The tomboy heiress was financially as well as emotionally extravagant. She turned to writing to make money, and made plenty: her first published novel was

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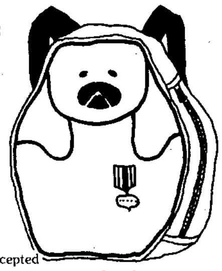

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a best-seller, and she was blessed with unfailing fluency. In Mrs. Jordan's account, at least, Sand's love affairs seem fustian; her most interesting relationships are with her children—an adoring son and an embittered daughter.

BEYOND THE PRESIDENCY: THE RESIDUES OF POWER, by Marie B. Hecht (Macmillan). An easy, anecdotal, sensible survey of post-Presidential careers. Few ex-Presidents have wielded any great political influence. Most of them were unhappy at stepping down. Many were broke; a Presidential pension, which was instituted only in the twentieth century, would have made all the difference to Jefferson and Monroe. Ex-Presidents have often felt debarred from ordinary money-making pursuits, lest they compromise the dignity of their former office. Several turned to writing; most wrote badly. But Mrs. Hecht notes exceptions to every generalization: John Quincy Adams had a great post-Presidential career as an antislavery spokesman in the House of Representatives, and Grant's memoirs are first-rate.

NOTE: "A House in Space," Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr.'s, account of the Skylab space program, has been published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Most of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Volunteers One and All," a report by Bruce Bliven, Jr., on the end of national conscription and its effect on our armed forces, has been published by Reader's Digest Press. Again, much of the material originally appeared here. . . . "The View from Highway 1," a collection of Michael Arlen's appraisals of television in its various manifestations, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. All the contents first appeared in these pages.

•

8:05 P.M. (WDUQ—90.5) Concert Hall. "All-Stravinsky Program." Selections include "Le Sacre Du Printemps"; "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Tango for Jazz Combo."—*Radio listing in the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

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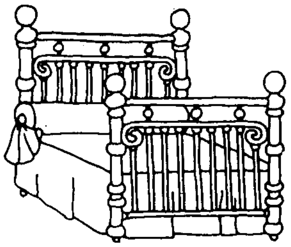
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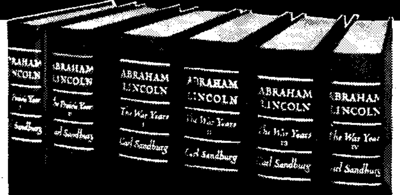

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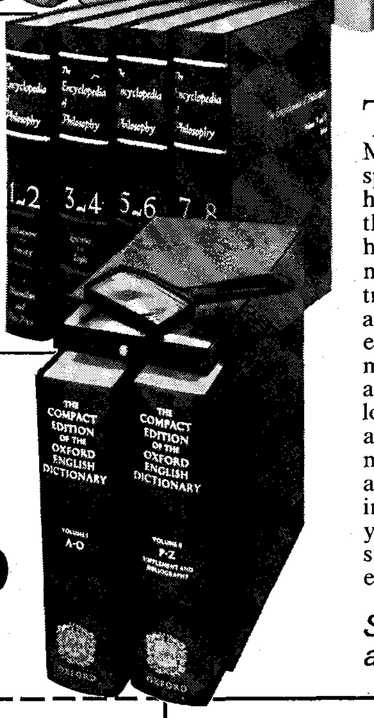

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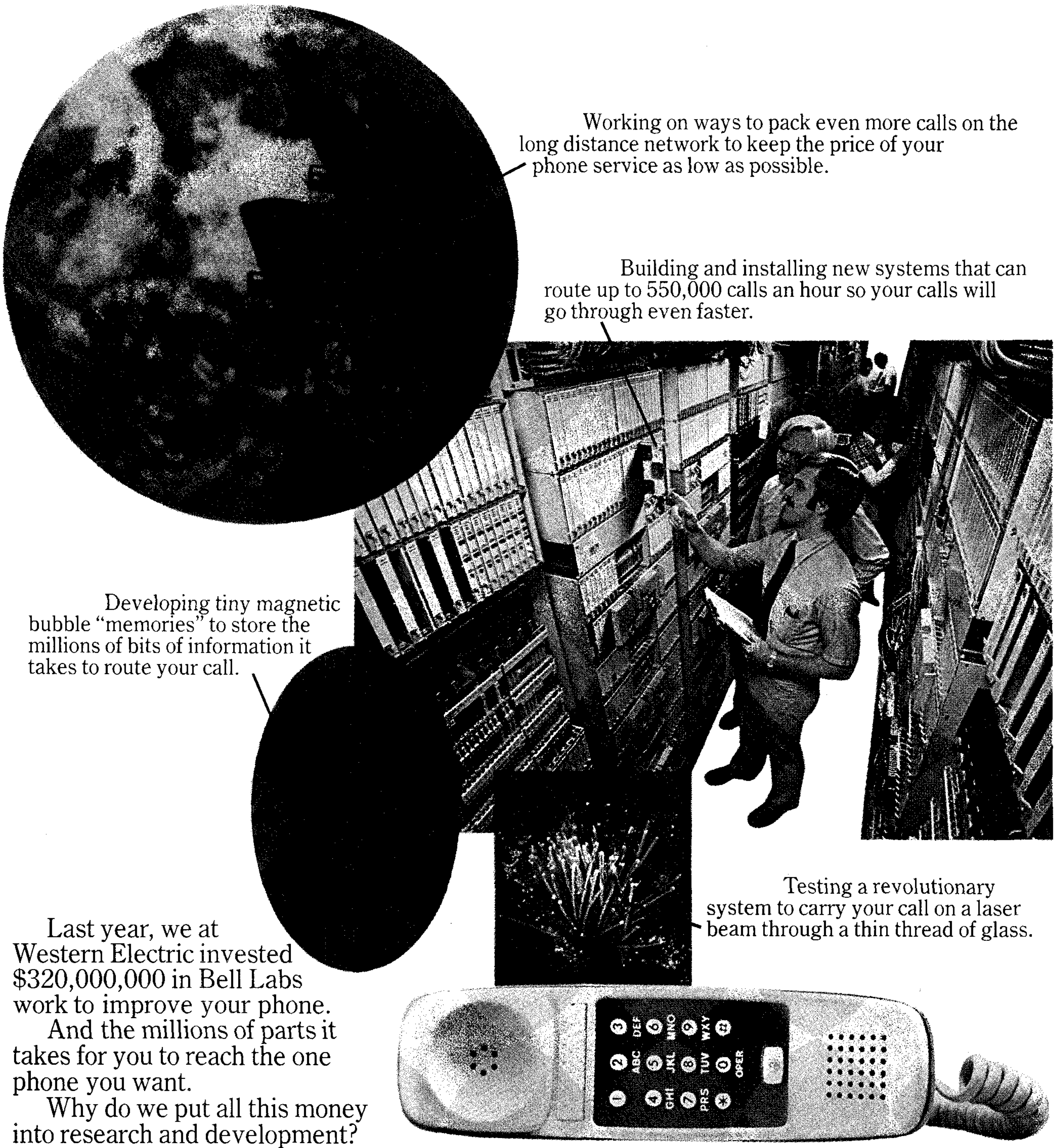

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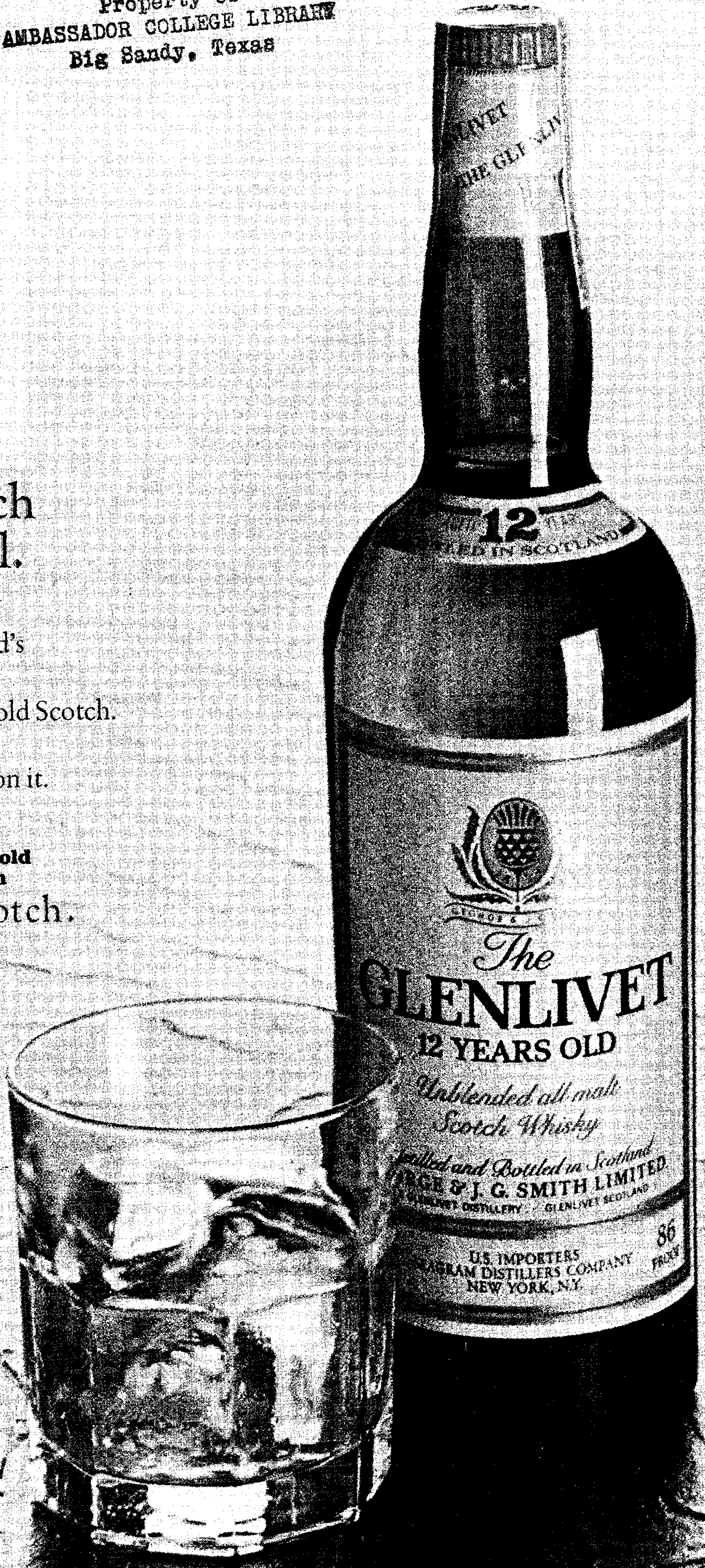
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